# The Public Sphere of Birds

## Volume 3
## 1801 to 1810

The Public Sphere of Birds. Volume 3. 1801 to 1810

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## Volume 3

### 1801 to 1810

This volume collects bird-related articles in U.S. newspapers from 1801 through the end of 1810. These articles were found using the search terms "bird" and "birds" in two commercial newspaper archives. Please see the introduction to volume 1 in this series for more details about the origins and purposes of this project.

The term "public sphere" is used deliberately and for two related reasons. First, this is a collection of items about birds that circulated in the print networks of the day. Second, it highlights the fact that communication and media, particularly in political discourse, were often figured as birds.

In the period covered by this text there are two moments to which I want to draw special attention. One was the publication of the first three volumes of Alexander Wilson's *American Ornithology*. Newspaper content related to this event included publication of the initial prospectus, solicitation of subscribers, promotion via advertising, and reviews and extracts, some drawn from other periodicals. Wilson's book was both the deepest and most accurate account to date of the birds that could be found in the territory of the United States and a material object designed to equal anything produced in the Old World. Although the book itself was too expensive for most of the public to afford, excerpts from the book, including species accounts and poetry, were available via newspapers. The project drew more public attention than ever to birdlife.

Wilson's prospectus and subsequent advertising took aim at the "prejudices" and inaccuracies of European writers. (see the sensationalistic 1808 account of the Andean Condor as a case in point). But he also aimed at native prejudices, making a special effort to comment on each species' "usefulness," in line with the framework used by Peale and Barton (see Vol 2), to vindicate birds like the kingbird, which had been persecuted for supposedly preying on honeybees.

Even before Alexander Wilson's book, public discussion of birdlife in U.S. newspapers had shifted toward native birds and away from British species. Included in this volume are considerations of Carolina Parakeets, Hummingbirds, Wrens, Nighthawks, Whippoorwills, Robins (including "the robin's return," a new theme, as the European robin overwinters), Bluebirds, Ospreys, Brown Thrashers, and an extensive discussion, across newspapers, of the bird now known as the Northern Shrike.

U.S. poets invoking "Philomela" were now at risk of ridicule. A case in point is an exchange in 1810 in the pages of the *Boston Mirror*, which had a section dedicated to reader-submitted poetry, in which a critic pointedly requested of a poet still writing in the Augustan style where he might be able to find a "nightingale "in America. Indeed, the eclipse of the nightingale as the bird of poetry was a salient issue. One poem in 1805 depicted a contest between the Nightingale and the Mockingbird in which the

losing Nightingale expired.

Nevetheless, British writers continued to be published in U.S. papers. James Grahame's *Birds of Scotland*, a wide-ranging work that meshed appreciation for bird life with human social conditions, became a newspaper favorite—this enthusiasm would continue into the next decade. And Americans learned that Joseph Addison had been a knowledgeable bird lover.

The second item of special notice is one such British production—a novella originally published in 1782 titled "The Shrubbery: A Tale," that was serialized in several American newspapers (Oehlkers, 2019). This story shows the strong linkages between the philosophy of "sensibility" and the love for and protection of birds; it includes an elegy to a blackbird, an appreciation of music and soundscapes, and a shrine to Laurence Sterne. Today it reads like a parody, but at the time it was apparently taken at face value. Andrew Burstein (1999), in *Sentimental Democracy*, reports that it was included in a pamphlet from a publisher of sentimental material, together with a vignette from Henry Mackenzie's *The Man of Feelin*g, and a sketch from Thomas Jefferson. Because of its length, it is included at the end of the collection.

Samuel Jackson Pratt's work (author of "The Partridges: An Elegy," in Vol. 2) was featured in The Shrubbery. His apparently true story, The Bird Catcher and the Canary (1802), was widely reprinted in newspapers, a heightened example of the "dead pet" genre of sentimentality. We might compare its positive relationship of canary and trainer to the Boston outrage over trained canaries in 1786. (see Vol 2).

Birds of all sorts were being destroyed in large numbers, both as efforts to protect crops (see the elaborate 1804 plan to kill roosting crows) and for the market, aided by a perceived superabundance of passenger pigeons, shorebirds (including the doomed eskimo curlew), and ducks. There was also increased attention to recreational shooting, including reports of British pigeon shooting contests. Despite game laws in some locations, gun use was widely perceived as being out-of-control, both a continuing public safety issue and a concern for sportsmen trying to conserve the species they liked to hunt. Groups of sportsmen were organized to enforce hunting restrictions, which they did by threatening to turn in violators and shame them by having newspapers publish their names. An 1810 article provides some detail about the struggles communities around Philadelphia had establishing state-wide game laws.

Bird shooting-related human deaths continued to accumulate and were widely reported. Newspaper alerts went out in the winter urging readers to avoid partridges and robins that ate poisonous laurel berries, and to house or feed them if necessary. Such alerts were sometimes suspected of being deliberately engineered more for conservation than for public health purposes. There was also a widely circulated plea voiced by the birds themselves, "The Humble Petition of the Aboriginal Nations of Quails" in 1806.

This volume includes several items in the "spare the birds" genre, especially an 1801 letter that both cites the usefulness of birds (following Peale's evidence) and makes a plea for bird protection and a pledge to not allow shooting by his family and

on his land. While some of the anti-shooting appeals were linked to usefulness, others focused on cruelty. Children were a common target of such appeals in the belief that "humane" attitudes needed to be cultivated. Of note was an imported series published by Jacob Johnson that told stories of birds, from a first-person perspective, being tormented by children. There are also several poems in this collection that criticize the shooting of American robins, including the 1809 poem "On the barbarous practice of shooting robins and other harmless birds." And there is a hint of bird sanctuaries to come in an account of a hermitage in 1805.

Fables were still popular. One example of note in 1805 repeated Hutchinson's 1787 retelling of the bat and the war between beasts and birds (see volume 2), but aimed it at divisions within the Democratic party rather than the Revolutionary War. Sometimes fables turned satiric, such as an 1807 parody of Gay's fable of the sparrow and the vulture (a figure of "democracy"). Indeed, bird-related satire dense with topical references abounded, as in the 1803 "Adventures of the Crow," and bird-related metaphors representing political discourse became commonplace. Voters were "gulls," easy to catch, who would gulp down anything given them. They were also "parrots" and "mocking birds," who brainlessly repeated campaign slogans, continuing "to sing about liberty" as those birds would "in their gilt cages after they have lost it." Even the story of Psapho (see Volume 1) made a reappearance. Newspaper discourse was so vitriolic that one poet in 1810 wrote of the pleasures of birdsong as an antidote to the "Democratic growl."

Other newspaper items simply used talking birds as a device of humor, including the lament of the doomed turkey Gallini Gobbo in 1802, Skip the Magpie pleading for his life (1807) or the fanciful ornithological poem for children, "The Peacock 'At home,'" published in 1809.

Consistent with the acclaim of Wilson's ornithology, there was an increasing public interest in natural history, or as both Peale and Scudder put in advertising for their Museums, the "Book of Nature." (This was by no means obscure philosophical language during this era!) Amateurs learned how to prepare the birds they shot for collections, and what shot to use for difficult species (hummingbirds, according to an 1806 story, should be shot with sand.) At the same time, this occurred within a Christian/Deist cosmology, so such studies and exhibitions were pious ways of reading "the language" of the Creator. Note an 1806 French account that noted the human trust in birds as a true calendar (written not in the "fallacious calendars of a sage," but on the "infallible meridian of Him.") And making the news in 1809 was a dove that that flew into a church and lit upon the top of the pastor's head just as he was speaking about the Holy Ghost.

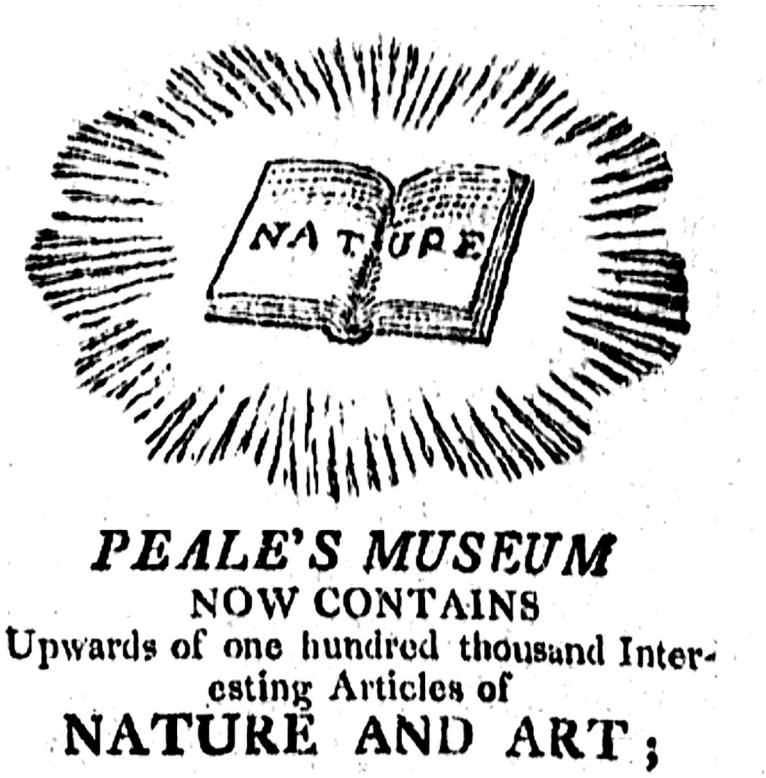
The plan for this volume is straight-forward: a collection of bird related-articles (including verse, fiction and advertising) listed in chronological order. Items largely about birds or bird-relevant topics are included in full; items that mention birds but are not mainly about birds are included in edited form. Each item header includes the name of the publication the item appeared in, the state in which the publication was based, the date of publication, the page number, and when available, the headline and/

or author. I've also indicated in brackets the original source of the text and made a note in cases where item was widely circulated or uncredited. I have used endnotes for additional commentary.

## References


Burstein, A. (1999) *Sentimental Democracy: The Evolution of America's Romantic Self-Image*. Hill and Wang.

Oehlkers, P. W. (2019) Blackbird elegies. Notes on "The Shrubbery: A Tale," late 18th century sentimental novelette. <https://medium.com/@oehlkers/blackbird-elegies-notes-on-the-shrubbery-a-tale-late-18th-century-sentimental-novelette-46cd98aa332b>


Header image for advertisement of Peale's Museum. July 18, 1810.

## 1801

*Alexandria Advertiser and Commercial Intelligencer* (VA) 1801 02 19 page 4 (very widely circulated)

The following is the description of the Green River Paroket[1], handed by a young man of credibility late from that place in the state of Kentucky—

This bird is about the size of a pigeon, of a green colour except the head, which inclines to yellow; they go in flocks or companies about the plantations; are remarkable for their docility; when once taken and caressed a few hours, will have no inclination to leave their captor, but will remain about his house, enjoying his bounty with unparalleled indifference and security, when thus reclaimed they serve as a decoy by being perched on a pole or scaffold—While a flock are flying by they will readily alight as conveniently as possible, and are so attached to each other that any of the strangers that alight within reach may be taken by the owner of the decoy without difficulty, which in two or three hours becomes as gentle as the other; they are possessed of an uncommon degree of sociability and friendship towards each other. When travelling about the house, one of them discovers a grain of corn or other food, it immediately raises the alarm, and by a chattering peculiar to themselves, invites its fellows to partake. When assembled, the discoverer splits with his beak the corn as with shears. They are remarkably fond of cockle burs; the same friendship takes place on finding a plant or bush of these; they lodge or sleep suspending themselves by the beak, from a pin or crevice in the wall of the house, or any convenience which hollow trees afford, in which a whole flock will assemble, if sufficiently capacious.

The females of a flock lay their eggs together in a hollow tree promiscuously, and when thus deposited, the males assume the charge of hatching and supporting them; it frequently happens that there are young in the nest half fledged when others are yet in the shell.

*Norwich Packet* (CT) 1801 03 24 page 2 Melancholy Accident (widely reported)

On Tuesday last, Mr. Thomas Pickering and his brother Mr. Nicholas Pickering, 3d. the former aged 22 and the latter 19, both sons of Lt. Nicholas Pickering of Newington, went off in the river in a boat, a fowling; each of them were in the act of firing at a stock of birds, the youngest brother's gun went off and the other's flashed in the pan but on bringing his gun down from a poise, it discharged its contents through the head of Nicholas, which put an instant period to his existence.

*Newhampshire Sentinel* (NH) 1801 03 28 page 4 Letter from "A Farmer"

Mr. Prentiss, An address to the inhabitants of Boxford which I lately with much pleasure read, respecting the usefulness of birds, has fully confirmed me in an opinion which I have long entertained respecting their advantage, and the groundless and absurd opinion of destroying them. His address has a more particular reference

to blackbirds, which he considers as advantageous to the agricultural interest, and reprobates the idea of destroying them—and he observes in one of his lectures on birds, which he delivered last winter, he quoted Pennant, p.256, who says, "Some of the colonies have established a reward of three pence a dozen for the extirpation of the jackdaws, &c in New England, the intent was almost effected, to the cost of the inhabitants, who at length discovered that Providence had not formed those seemingly destructive birds in vain. Notwithstanding they caused much havoc among the grain, they made ample recompense by clearing it of noxious worms;—the caterpillar of the *bruchus pisi*, or pea beetle in particular; as soon as the birds were destroyed the reptiles had full leave to multiply; the consequence was the total loss of the grass, 1749; when the New Englanders were obliged to get their hay from Pennsylvania and even from Great Britain." No one, upon reflection, can doubt that this is a case fully in point. And whoever is in the least conversant with the natural order and constitution of things in our world, must be convinced, that there is a gradation and dependence from man to the lower order of beings; that all the living creatures in the world depend on each other for their support and existence; and that everything existing was made for man, for his usefulness, and to conduce to his advantage and support, either immediately or otherwise.

Birds of the air have their food; each according to its species has its particular food for existence. And how numerous are those of the feathered kind who live on flies, worms, and devouring insects, which destroy vegetable creation? I firmly believe that if we took as much pains to set out trees round our houses and gardens, and thereby encourage those useful birds, as we do to destroy them, their eggs, and their young, we should soon see vegetation more rapid in our gardens, and no devouring insect would destroy the plants, besides contributing greatly to the health of the inhabitants around.—And now respecting the Crow, which is hated by all as unworthy of life, on account of his ravenous disposition, which is displayed in pulling up and eating corn—every farmer with a little trouble may prevent any mischief that will accrue from this bird, and how much more does the good that accrues recompence the evil that the farmer suffers by this bird?

He lives chiefly upon the filth of creation and devours those putrid substances whose exhalations would otherwise putrefy the air we breathe, and by that means disorders the most fatal to mankind would be generated by thole noxious qualities which are entirely extirpated by this bird.

I think that birds are useful and ought to be encouraged—and every person ought to discourage their extirpation. When I see a boy with a gun firing at Robbins, it always gives me pain, and for sport to destroy any birds. Boys ought ever to be discouraged from destroying them or taking or destroying birds eggs or their young. They ought to be taught their usefulness, and that their merciful Creator hath made nothing in vain.

No person under my care shall ever destroy a bird's nest, or take her eggs; neither have I ever suffered a bird's egg to be hung up in my house: I admire those songsters that usher in with ecstatic music the dawn of day, and who are the first of creatures to hail their Marker's praise[23].

*Newhampshire Sentinel* (NH) 1801 05 16 page 4 Natural History. Herons and Rooks

A remarkable circumstance, with respect to these birds, occurred a short time ago at Dallon's Tower, in Westmoreland, America, the seat of Daniel Wilson, Esq.

There were two groves adjoining the park, one of which, for many years, had been resorted to by a number of Herons, who there built and bred. The other was one of the largest rookeries in the country. The two tribes lived together for a long time without any disputes. At length, the trees occupied by the Herons, consisting of some very old oaks, were cut down in the spring of 1793, and the young brood perished by the fall of timber. The parent birds immediately set about preparing new habitations, in order to breed again; but as the trees in the neighborhood of their old nests were only of a later growth, and not sufficiently high to secure them against the depredations of boys, they determined to effect a settlement in the rookery. The rooks make an obstinate resistance; but after a very violent contest, in the course of which many of the rooks and some of their antagonists lost their lives, the herons at last succeeded in their attempt, built their nests and brought out their young. The next season the same contest took place, which terminated like the former, by the victory of the herons; since that time peace seems to have been agreed upon by them—the rooks having relinquished possession of the grove which the herons occupy. The herons confine themselves to those trees they first seized upon, and the two species live together in as good harmony as they did before their quarrel[4].

*Farmers' Journal* (CT) 1801 06 16 Out at Last or, The Fallen Minister by Peter Pindar

Some time ago the Lyric Peter,
With much sublimity of metre,
Did prophesy a minister would tumble?
…
How like unto a crow or rook,

Shot near his nest (a mortal wound),
He hung & bled, with downcast look,
Before he sous'd, at last to ground!
Yes like those *black* birds, much too long we saw
The Culprit hanging by a single claw….

*Norwich Packet* (CT) 1801 07 21 page 4 Philo, to the Humming Bird by Theodorus (widely circulated)

Poor little thief, of varied hue,
That robb'st each choicer flower
Of all its sweets and honeyed dew;
And hum'st around my bower:

Ah! blossom robber, this small cove,

Round which thou lov'st to be,
My care had built for her I love,
And not, thou rogue, for thee

But happier is thy flow'ry fate,
Far, far more blest than mine;
Where I had hop'd to see my mate,
Thou supp'st in bliss with thine.

'Tis thus in life—Those rosy scenes,
Which all our aims employ,
We gain at last with toilsome pains,
For other to enjoy.

Sip, little thief, joy's nectar'd bowl—
I'll not thy bliss molest;
If I'm unhappy, tis no rule,
That thou should'st not be blest.

*The Eastern Herald & Maine Gazette* (ME) 1801 08 24 page 4 The Wren [from the *Port Folio* (June 20, 1801, p 200)] (widely circulated)

Sweet, oh! Sweet's the robin's note,
The goldfinch too, I love to hear,
The mocking-bird with trembling throat,
Can oft my gloomy moments cheer.

Yet little warbler, thou hast charms,
I love to hear thy simple strain,
Thy simple strain my boson warms,
Any my warm'd bosom feels no pain.

Unlike those solitary birds,
Who shun with fear the haunts of men:
Who startle at the lowing herds,
And hie them to the lonely glen.

The woodcock, pheasant, partridge, snipe,
The moor game, and the plover shy,
And all, whose rude discordant pipe
Can have no claim to melody.

These are such game, as sportsmen seek
And such as these, are food for men,
But who would shoot by songster meek,
Ah; who would hurt my little wren.

But, fear not, charmer, harm from me,
Thy confidence I'll ne'er abuse,
Come, at my window, sing with glee,

Inspire me with thy gentle muse[5].

*The Providence Gazette* (RI) 1801 08 22 page 1 Natural History: Submersion of Swallows [*American Magazine*, letter from H. Pollock of New-York] (widely circulated)

The following curious and apparently well-authenticated circumstance is related in the American Magazine, in a letter from H. Pollock of New-York:

"On the afternoon of the 24th of August 1798, I was sitting in my parlor which looks towards the North River, about fifty feet from the bank, in company with our mutual friend Mr. Jacob Sebor. Our attention was attracted by numerous flights of birds, which appeared to come across the town from the eastward and descend immediately into the river. So singular an appearance excited our particular observation. We went out and stood close to the bank and then perceived that what we at first imaged to be blackbirds, were actually swallows; and that, as soon as the various flocks had cleared the houses, and got directly over the river, they plunged into the water, and disappeared. This was not confined to the vicinity of the place where we stood but was the case as far as the eye could reach, up and down the river, and continued without cessation for nearly two hours, when the closing of the evening prevented our further observation.

"Aware of the importance of affording any additional) information on this long-disputed question in the natural history of the Swallow, I procured a telescope, and watched attentively many of the flocks, from their first appearance until their immersion, continuing my eye fixed upon the spot long enough to be fully convinced that not one of the birds returned to the surface again. Indeed one flock of about two hundred birds plunged into the water within thirty yards of us, and instantly disappeared, without the least appearance of opposition that might be expected to arise from their natural buoyancy, and, at the same time, the evening was so serene, and the river so unruffled, that no deception of our sight could possibly have occurred.

"When the birds first came in view, after crossing the town, their flight was easy and natural; but when they descended near to the water, they appeared much agitated and distressed, flying in a confused manner against each other, as if the love of life, common to all animals, impelled then to revolt against this law of nature imposed upon their species.

"As some time has elapsed since the above mentioned facts occurred, I thought it proper, before l gave you Mr. Sebor's name, as having been a witness to them, to consult his recollection on the subject; and I have pleasure in assuring you he distinctly remembers every circumstance I have recited, and of which I made a memorandum at the time.

"It may be worthy of remark, that as far as my observation went, the swallows totally disappeared on the 24th of August, 1798; for during the remainder of that year I did not see one."

*Columbian Centinel. Massachusetts Federalist* (MA) 1801 09 09 page 3 Advertisement

> E. and S. Larkin, have received by the late arrivals, an addition to their former assortment, among which are the following New Publications…
>
> Bewick's elegant figures of British land birds; engraved on wood. To which are added a few foreign birds, with their vulgar and scientific names.

*Norwich Packet* (CT) 1801 09 22 page 3 Boston, Sept 10 (widely circulated)

On Tuesday last, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the body of a Mr. Silas Blanchard, of Weymouth, in Massachusetts, was found dead under a tree near the dwelling house of his mother. A Jury of Inquest was immediately called, and gave a verdict, "that he came by his death thro the means of insanity." The circumstances were, as near as can be recollected, that the unfortunately young man had recently returned from Salem, where he had been some time, on a visit to his friends; that he had been unwell for a considerable time past, and since his return uncommonly melancholy; his friends observing this, had used their endeavors to relieve his mind from its unhappy reflections; and on Tuesday, about 2 o'clock, his brother invited him to go out, and amuse himself with shooting small birds; they accordingly went out for about an hour, and returned. Soon after, the unhappy youth went out again alone, with the gun; and in about twenty minutes after, his brother, feeling anxious for his safety, sought him in the field, and found him weltering in his blood. It appeared, from the situation he was in, that he put the muzzle of the gun in his mouth, and moved the trigger with his foot, as the whole charge of the gun went through his head, and came out at the back of his neck. This unhappy event has created the most agonizing distress in the bosoms of a fond and endearing parent and several amiable brothers and sisters.

*Raleigh Register, and North-Carolina State Gazette* (NC) 1801 11 03 page 3 Advertisement

> Lately received from London, And to be had at J. Gale's Store, in Raleigh…
>
> In two Volumes octavo,
>
> Buffon's Natural History, abridged: Including the History of the Elements… Quadrupeds, Birds…Illustrated with a great variety of copperplates, elegantly engraved.

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1801 12 08 page 3 Scraps from Late London Papers

…The following melancholy accident happened in a field in the parish of Hallow, near the city of Worcester, on Monday last: On the morning of that day, Mr. Henry Williams, aged 21 years, fourth son of the late John Williams, Esq. of St. John's, went out for the purpose of shooting partridges, taking with him a double-barrelled gun.

On finding birds, he is supposed to have discharged one of the barrels only, and in the act of stopping to pick up the game, the other barrel, it is thought, went off, the whole contents of which entered his head. From the appearance of the wound he is conjectured to have died instantly. His body was not discovered till Tuesday morning about 11 o'clock, when his two pointer dogs were found faithfully guarding their unfortunate master. He was a young gentleman of great promise, and highly respected by all who knew him. A Coroner's Inquest was taken on Wednesday morning. Verdict—Accidental death.

## 1802

*Georgia Gazette* (GA) 1802 01 07 Page 4 *Reliquae Turcicae* Or, the remains of Gallini Gobbo, who was murdered in the dead of night by his servant maid and carried off in a basket (by Rev. Thomas Ford, *Gentlemen's Magazine* 1792, uncredited)

Fuimus!
I, who, erewhile in Leicestershire,
Breath'd and enjoy'd the purer barn-door air;
Lord of the court, maintain'd terrific sway,
Cocks, hens, ducks, geese, pigs, puppies, kept at bay;
I, who at sight of scarlet coat took fire,
And loud proclaim'd my glist'ning, throbbing ire;
Miss scream'd, my little Master ran, nor dar'd
His mischief-plotting comrade cross the yard,
I, who—but ah! the human murderer's knife
Cuts short at once my story, and—my life!
  Mourn, all ye kindred poultry, mourn my lot!
For ye must come to spit, or go to pot.
Crow cocks! quack ducks! hiss geese! grunt swine!
And ye, soft swans! ye favorites of the Nine,
Who sing before your own death—sing at mine!
  Oh! for thy spirit, Gay! Whose pitying pen
Pleaded the cause of birds and beasts with men!
Gave to the cruel tyrants all their due,
And forc'd conviction from the harden'd crew!
  "But man, curs'd man! on turkies preys,
  And Christmas shortens all their days,
  Sometimes with oysters they combine,
  Sometimes assist the savory chine;
  From the low peasant to the lord
  The turkey smokes on every board."
So spake our tender bard; and for a season
Mortals behav'd like creatures bless'd with reason;
On fruits, and milk, and vegetables, fed,
And, without surfeit, early went to bed.
Now no restraint on appetite or will;
Invention's rack'd to torture first, then kill.

Lobsters are boil'd alive; pigs whipt to death!
And puss, for sport, is hunted out of breath
But, soft! I see before my sinking eye
The tragic scene of my sad destiny.
Cramm'd in mail-coach, 'midst Yorkshire pies and pigeons,
Snipes, cheeses, griskins, potted charr, and wigeons,
I'm whirl'd away to courtly Jermyn street,
A new-year's tid-bit for a doctor meet.
Examin'd first, am I come safe or spoil'd?
Fix'd next, or roasted shall I be, or boil'd?
When dress'd, who ask'd at fashionable hour
To dine, and set the table on a roar?
"You're welcome, Sirs, sit down, and gorge away
Like common-councilmen on Lord Mayor's day.
But mark the sequel; 'midst your clamorous cheer,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear,
I'll diet you to my revenge—'tis sweet,
And shall be sauce and stuffing to your meat;
My gizzard, season'd high with Chyan zest,
Shall, made a devil, broil within your breast;
Drumsticks shall beat tatoo; and forc'd meat balls,
Like bullets, batter down your stomach walls;
Heart-burns, side-stitches, eye-offending rheum,
Coughs, and catarrhs, shall expedite your doom.
Thus will I plague you and your guttling rout,
From top to toe, from head to foot, throughout;
And that which you call gout shall prove plain English "Gout."[6]

*The Philadelphia Gazette & Daily Advertiser* 1802 02 11 page 3 The Cuckoo (widely circulated)

Unlike all other birds, the cuckoo does not build a nest of its own, but the female takes the opportunity, while the hedge sparrow in laying her eggs, to deposit her egg among the rest, leaving the future care of it entirely to that bird. When the hedge sparrow has sat the usual time, and disengaged the young cuckoo, and some of her own offspring, from their shells, the young cuckoo, astonishing as it may seem, immediately sets about clearing the nest of the young sparrows, and the remaining unhatched eggs, and with surprising expertise soon accomplishes the business, and remains sole possessor of the nest, and the only object of the sparrow's future care.

Numerous are the lessons of wisdom man may learn from the brute creation. From the dog he may learn vigilance and fidelity; from the beaver, social union and subordination; even the diminutive ant may teach him to labour in summer, and to provide against the inclemency and the wants of winter. But the above cited example of intrusion and ingratitude in the cuckoo affords a very instructive lesson to the legislator and the statesman, against the too ready admission of strangers to the rights and

privileges of native citizens; for many have been the instances, in all times, when these intrusive cuckoos have cleared the nests of all the young sparrows, and remained sole possessors themselves.

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1802 03 01 page 3 Another Mammoth [Bridgeport Pap.] (widely circulated)

On the 3d inst. Doct. Preserve Wood of Brookfield, in the state of Connecticut, caught in a steel trap, a very extraordinary bird. This bird is of the vulture kind, is of a blackish colour, his bill resembles that of a Parrot, his legs are as large as a middling sized man's arm; his talons are about three inches long: his wings, when spread, measure nearly eight feet; his body is much larger than the largest turkey's; his feathers about the head are much lighter than on his wings or body; his legs near his talons are yellow; and the quills in his wings are almost as large as a woman's little finger. This bird, in the course of a week, had killed three last spring calves, and four sheep, belonging to said Wood. The bird is now at the store of Amos Wheeler, Esq. in said Brookfield, where those who have the curiosity may examine it.

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1802 03 19 page 3 Advertisement

> Tontine City Assembly-Room. Saturday Evening, March 20,
>
> Will be displayed all the principal Operations, Deceptions and Experiments which Mr. Rannie had the honor of performing to the very crowded and respectable company who attended his last two exhibitions…
>
> He will vary the Ventriloqual powers, and add thereto the imitation of the whistling of a great number of birds….

*City-Gazette and Daily Advertiser* (SC) 1802 03 19 page 3 Advertisement

> Charleston Theatre. This Evening, March 19, will be presented for the fifth time here, the celebrated Grand Heroic Opera, in three acts, called The Siege of Belgrade….
>
> Between the Opera and Farce, Mr. Robertson will surprise his audience with his wonderful power in Ventriloquism, in his admirable
>
> Imitation of Birds!
>
> In which he will imitate the duck, chicken, black-bird, thrush, sky-lark, nightingale, robins, and American mocking-bird, accompanied by music….

*Windsor Federal Gazette* (VT) 1802 03 23 page 4 Agricultural by A Citizen of Bridgtown

To prevent your Indian corn, when planted, from being taken up by the birds, or destroyed by worms or insects take about one pint of tar to a bushel of seed-corn, and in the like proportion for a greater or less quantity, and stir it well together until every

grain receives a part of the tar. This will effectually answer the purpose required.

*Gazette of the United States* (PA) 1802 03 23 page 4 Advertisement

Lately published, and for sale by William Spotswood…
Dramatic Dialogues, by the author of the Blind Child—and for the use of you persons, containing
Misfortunes of anger
Sensibility
Little trifler and Village wedding
Little country visitor
Distrest family, and the mocking bird's nest
Embellished with six copper-plate engravings.

*The Salem Gazette* (MA) 1802 04 02 page 2 Natural History (widely reported)

Paris, Dec. 10. —Two birds, unknown until now in natural history, have been brought from Botany Bay to England… They are seven feet high, from the end of their feet to the extremity of their bills, when their head is raised; their shape is pretty much like that of the ostrich; their feathers are grey, and the barrel of each is divided into two branches. They are very docile and it is difficult to irritate them. Their necks are like that of the swan; their heads and beaks almost like those of a goose. Their feet are long and covered with feathers, and when they hold up their heads their attitude is almost as perpendicular as that of a man[7].

*Columbian Courier* (MA) 1802 04 09 page 4 The Woodlark's Complaint by "B. Arbutus" [from *The Young Gentleman's & Lady's Magazine*, 1800? Number 12, Volume 2, uncredited]

Haste, my Delia, hasten yet;
Soon the golden orb will set:
Up yon grassy hillock bending,
Let us view the sun descending;
Till the dusky night appear,
In her mantle dark and drear:
Haste, my Delia, hasten yet;
Soon the shining orb will set."
Colin spoke and light they trip
Up the hill with airy step,
Just as a fleecy cloud of gray
Had obscur'd the god of day;
When, with sweet and tuneful throat,
A woodlark pour'd her plaintive note:
The saddened strain her mate return'd,
As wildly warbling thus she mourn'd:

"Ah! wherefore does the hawthorn bloom,

Why smile the daisies in the field,
Or why do blossoms deck the broom,
Which late our nuptial treasure held?

"For hawthorn gray, with blushing face,
Can never bring me sweet repose;
Nor scented meadows e'er erase
The sad remembrance of my woes.

"The rosy spring, with fost'ring care,
Beheld my early labours long;
And often zephyr fann'd the air,
To rock the cradle of our young.

"When on a summer's evening still,
Parch'd by the sun-beams' blazing heat,
I flew to sip a friendly rill,
Which bubbled near our waving seat.

"On plunder bent, a ruthless boy
Mark'd where the little nestlings lay
And springing forth with barb'rous joy
Our wretched offspring bore away

"But those who cruel deeds pursue,
The cup of grief themselves will drain:
And always meet the vengeance due,
Which rises from another's pain.

"Returning home, he bent his course
Within the crystal stream to lave;
And vanquish'd by the torrent's force,
For ever sunk beneath the wave.

"Long time I wander'd o'er the plain,
My constant partner at my side,
But others' joys increase my pain,
While others sing—alone I sigh'd.

"Oh! may I from the world's gay scene,
(Fit place for birds with grief opprest,)
Retire within the forest green,
In solitude to ease my breast.

"For hawthorn gay, with blushing face,
Can never bring me sweet repose;
Nor scented meadows e'er erase
The sad remembrance of my woes."

Sweet bird! another spring shall rise,
And wake your breast to joy and love;

Your melting strains shall fill the skies,
  Your melody the vernal grove.

Colin heard the tender tale,
Warbled from the neighb'ring vale;
His looks, his inward feelings spoke,
As from eye the crystal broke;
The mournful accents caught her ear,
And Delia dropt a tender tear[8].

*The Connecticut Centinel* (CT)1802 04 20 page 1 To the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia [by Thomas Coulter, from *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*]

Gentlemen, having the opportunity of seeing and reading your advertisement in the public papers, which showed your desire and wishes for the light and knowledge of the culture & management of peach-trees…

The roughness of the bark gives opportunity to insects of sundry kinds to lodge and breed in it; and birds of sundry kinds search after these insects for their support; and with their sharp bills wound the stock in many places from which wound the sap or liquid substance of the tree is drawn out, which congeals into a hard glassy substance; and never fails of killing of rendering the tree useless in a very few years…

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1803 05 07 page 3 New York Election

Northern papers received this morning inform us that in Washington County, John Williams, Esq. generally known as General Williams, the Federal candidate, is elected instead of Col. David Thomas, who, at the last election, had a majority of more than 800. This is the same Col. Thomas who has been figuring away in the papers of late beside General Theodorus Bailey, Esq. with a dashing statement of Presidential Savings….This method of baiting constituents just before an election reminds me of the method of catching sea-gulls as described by Peter Pindar.

Reader, do'st know the mode of catching gulls?
  If no, I will inform thee…Take a board,
And place a fish upon it for the fools,
  A sprat, or any fish by gulls ador'd.
  Those birds who love a lofty flight,
  And sometime bid the sun good night,
Spying the *glittering bait* that floats below,
  *Sans ceremonie*, down they rush,
    (For gulls have got no manners) down they push,
And what's the pretty consequence I trow?
  They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
  Plump on the board….then lie like boobies, *dead*[9].

The poor gulls, it seems, have so often knocked their heads against a board, that

they begin to examine the bait with a more inquisitive eye than they used to.

*Vermont Mercury* (VT) 1802 05 10 page 4 Mr. Strap's Congratula-anima-lamenta-tion for May-Day

The spring's return'd—rough March is past,
And cheerful May-day's come at last,
The morning gilds the mountain's height,
And vernal greens adorn the light;
Nighthawks are lull'd, the frogs yet peep,
And whippoorwills are sung to sleep;
The early robin's matin strain
Awakes the lark and sluggard plain;
E'en Pan would wake, but Morpheus keeps
Dominion o'er the clown that sleeps.
Shame to the world! I'll never lose
Those moments which all instinct choose
To hail the day that wakes their choir,
And heaven's great King who tunes their lyre,
Thus birds inspire—their notes thus cheer,
While warm'd by Sol the plants appear….

*The Balance, and Columbian Repository* (NY) 1802 05 11 page 5 Diversity [*The Babler* 1767] (widely reprinted)

…Aranthes was son to the governour of one of the Mediterranean islands, and favored with all the advantages of nature, fortune and education. Aspasia was a Greek lady, beautiful beyond expression…Their mutual merit soon produced a mutual esteem, and this after some time converted into the most ardent passion…

…one day, sitting in a window of one of the apartments, happy in each other, and flushed with expectations of still greater rapture, a youth who with a bow had been shooting at birds in a neighboring grove, drew it at random, and the arrow pierced both lovers at the same time…

*Spooner's Vermont Journal* (VT) 1802 06 15 page 4 Ode to Spring

No more stern Boreas sweeps the dreary fields;
Nor wrapt in black the joyless rains descend…
All nature smiles elate! the lowing herds,
The bleating flocks, the chirping birds inspired
In varied carols speak their praises forth,
And vegetation joins the concert grand,
While Echo's voice repeats the lenghth'ning joy!

The book of nature ever open stands,
The contemplative mind may read her laws

At ease and leisure, while his heart adores
The great Compiler, who for gen'ral good
Spreads fair th' expansive volume to his fight!

And O! my muse, shall Man, who walks erect,
Who bears God's image in this lower vale,
Creation's finish'd piece, to whom consign'd
The guidance of her works of less import,
The only spokesman, who in sounds distinct
With ease conveys whate'er his mind indites—
Shall he withhold a boon so justly due?
Nor tribute pay to Him, who guides the whole…

*Newburyport Herald, and Country Gazette* (MA) 1802 06 29 page 4 Advertisement

Just received, Newburyport Book-Store…

"Infant's Cabinet of Birds[10]." …

*American. A Gazette for the Country* (MD) 1802 07 10 page 1 Philadelphia, July 8 (widely circulated)

We have the pleasure of informing the citizens of America, that the administration of the Museum of Paris are very much disposed to aid Mr. Peale in his establishment of a Museum in Philadelphia…

M. Jeffroy, Professor of Zoology in the National Museum, having returned to Paris…on resuming his functions, sent a package of the Birds of France…The birds are in beautiful preservation…

*The Balance and Columbian Repository* (NY) 1802 07 20 page 7 Shooting Match (very widely reprinted[11])

Two companies (consisting of fifteen persons each) were lately formed at Hillsdale, in this county, for the purpose of killing squirrels, crows, and such other birds as injure grain, fruit &c.—Mr. William Pixley had command of one company, and Mr. John Casterer of the other. After pursuing their object, occasionally, for six weeks, the returns were faithfully canvassed, when it appeared that

| | |
|---|---|
| Pixley's company had killed … | 19, 673 |
| Casterer's company… | 14, 961 |
| Total | 34,634 |
| Majority for Pixley | 4712 |

*Weekly Wanderer* (VT) 1802 07 24 page 1 Of the Management of Children

A natural perverseness and obstinacy in the temper of a child, it is hardly possible to break after seven or eight years of age, till reason and experience do it, which may never happen…A turn to cruelty appearing in a child's delighting in teasing his equals, in pulling insects to pieces, and in torturing birds, frogs, cats, or other animals, ought to by all means to be rooted out as soon as possible. Children ought to be convinced of what they are not generally aware of, That an animal can feel, though it cannot complain, and that cruelty to a beast or insect is as much cruelty and as truly wicked as when exercised upon our own species.

*Republican; or, Anti-Democrat* (MD) 1802 07 26 page 2 No. III. The Farmer's Boy by Robert Bloomfield (review) [1800] by "Nestorides."

Among the few specimens of excellent composition, exhibited by genius, in a great degree unaffiliated by the refinements of education, by a knowledge of the ancients, or an extensive acquaintance with the more brilliant authors of the English language, "The Farmer's Boy" stands if not the first, certainly in the very first rank…The poem is divided into four books, which in imitation of Thompson, are denominated spring, summer, autumn and winter…After a description of ploughing, of harrowing, of planting, of hanging up dead birds to frighten the live ones, of a wood scenery, of birds and their various voices and plumages…[12]

*Republican Gazetteer* (MA) 1802 08 04 page 4 A curious fact [*Environs of London* by Rev. Daniel Lysons credited ]

The following account of a Canada Goose is so extraordinary, that I am aware it would with difficulty gain credit, was not a whole parish able to vouch for the truth of it. The Canada geese are not fond of a poultry yard, but are rather of a rambling disposition; one of these birds was observed, however, to attach itself in the strongest & most affectionate manner to the house dog, and would never quit the kennel except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked the goose would cackle, and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at , and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog: but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion with indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force ; and when in the morning she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard gate, but sit there the whole of the day in sight of the dog. At last orders were given, that she should be no longer molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked: being thus left to herself she ran about the yard with him all night; and what is particularly extraordinary, and can be attested by the whole parish, when the dog went out of the yard into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings and in this way of running and flying followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her from a fox in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day nor night, not even

to feed; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pan of corn to be set for her every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would suffer no one to approach it, except the person who brought the dogs or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy for when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel, and a new house-dog being introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat and killed her.

A similar affection was observed between a cat and a pigeon, some years ago, at the house of the late Robert James, esq. of Putney, with this difference, that it appeared to be reciprocal. What rendered it more extraordinary was, that they were both found one day on the wall of the garden, and both became domesticated at Mr. James', where they continued to be inseparable companions.

*Weekly Wanderer* (VT) 1802 08 14 page 1 A country life preferred to the pleasurable pain of a city [from *Thomas' Massachusetts Spy*] by Amicus (widely reprinted)

…When we consider that health is the most valuable blessing bestowed on mortals this side the grave, we shall not hesitate to pronounce that situation or mode of life which is most conducive to it, on the whole, most agreeable and pleasant….

No local situation can be attended with such delights as a rural life…The vernal beauties everywhere rising into view…"sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet with charm of earliest birds."

How grateful and welcome it is to the ear, to hear the feathered choir at the first dawn of light, usher in the day with melodious songs—they gently admonish us to rise and tune our hearts to the praises of Him who giveth life and breath to every living thing—they awaken us to industry in our temporal concerns, and teach us not to consume the precious hours of morning in sleep and idleness.

The inhabitants of cities, in their prospect, see not the variety of hills and vales—of brooks and rivers—they hear not the soft notes of feathered songsters or breathe the healthful air scented by trees and flowers….

*Newburyport Herald and Country Gazette* (MA) 1802 08 31 page 3 (widely reprinted[13])

Sportsmen have had fine times for a few days past—the easterly winds which have prevailed have brought in innumerable flocks of Plovers and Curloes; it is said that there was killed in the vicinity of this town, yesterday, upwards of 2000 of those delicious birds; there were 50 killed by one gunner between sun-rise and eleven o'clock yesterday morning—there were upward of 100 gunners out.

*The Green Mountain Patriot* (VT) 1802 09 01 page 4 The Bird's Nest [from *the Balance*] by Amelia

Hail! Simple structure, nature's plan—
Here's art and judgement too;
Not every science known by man
Can ever rival you.

What nice gradations here are made;
How true you've curv'd the lines!
How lightly soft the down is spread;
How the bitumen shines!

And nature too instructs thy young
In peace to share their nest;
No froward heart, no lying tongue,
Here wounds a parent's breast.

But peace and love and harmony
Reign through thy humble cell;
Whilst all the demon passions fly
Where thy proud masters dwell

Return, sweet bird, return to joy—
Chaunt forth thy wonted bliss;
Curs'd be that hand which could destroy
Sweet innocence like this.

*The Salem Register* (MA) 1802 09 06 page 2 Monday, September 6, 1802

…The multitude of birds at this season at the mouth of the Merrimac deserves attention in our natural history. Such plovers as we saw last year weighed 6 ounces….

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1802 09 07 page 2 The Bird-catcher and Canary [[Samuel Jackson] *Pratt's Gleanings*[14]] (widely circulated[15])

In the town of Clevin [Cleves in the original], where I was residing with a Prussian family during the time of the fair, a travelling band of German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves, and were suffered to play; and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a bird-catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance and was well received by our party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permission to stay, and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity; a curiosity indeed in which everybody participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed on genius of bird-catcher's canary. The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his finger: " Bijou, [jewel] you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honor; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you, from the world's report; you have got laurels,

beware of their withering: In a word, deport yourself like Bijou, (the jewel) of canary birds, as you certainly are."

All this time the bird seemed to listen and indeed placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ears of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice when his master left off speaking: and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, there were two of them.

That's good, says master, pulling off his hat to the bird. Now then, let us see if you are a canary of honor; give us a tune. The canary sung—Pshaw, that's too harsh; 'tis the note of a raven with a hoarseness upon him—something pathetic. The canary whistled as if its little throat was changed to a lute. Faster, says the man—Slower; very well. But what a plague is this foot about, and this little head? No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forgot your time. That's a jewel; bravo, bravo, my little man.

All that he was ordered or reminded of, did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time; humored the variations both of tone and movement; and "the sound was a just echo to the sense," according to the strictest laws of poetical and (as it may be,) of musical composition.—Bravo ! Bravo ! reechoed from all parts of the dining room. — The musicians swore the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band.

And do you not show your sense of this civility, sir, cries the bird catcher, with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievement was going through martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, poor Bijou, says his owner, thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Shew the ladies how to make a curtsey.

The bird here crossed his taper legs, and sunk and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our belles to the blush. That's my fine bird; and now a bow, head and foot crossing. Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also. Let us finish with an hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it; keep it up, keep it up.

The activity, glee, spirit, and accuracy with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as their clappings) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou, himself, seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and carolled an *Io paen* that sounded like the conscious notes of victory.

Thou hast done all my biddings bravely, said the master, caressing his feathered servant. Now then, take a nap while I take thy place. Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the poppied god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling, and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering and dropping as much on the other; at length the sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture ; whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat upon the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honour to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, (in the progress of taking off

which, he was interrupted by the canary bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again) the owner called him a saucy fellow, and began to shew off his own independent powers of entertaining. The forte of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco pipe, while he smoked with another, and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him.

But while he was thus exhibiting, an huge black cat, who had been no doubt on the watch, from some unobserved corner sprung upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of opposition. Though the dining room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awaked pity in a misanthrope. He spread him half-length over the table, and mourned his canary bird with the most undissembled sorrow. Well may I grieve for thee, poor little thing; well may I grieve: more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drank from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness; without thee what will become of me! Thee it was who ensured my welcome in the best company. It was thy genius only made me welcome.—But thy death is a just punishment for my vanity—had I relied only on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled in my breast, at this moment! but trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgement has fallen upon me—and thou art dead and mangled on this table!

Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be myself, for I contributed! I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic.—O! Bijou, my dearest only Bijou, would I were dead also!

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transferred, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn bird-catcher; whose despairing motion and frantic air, no words can pain.—He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and taking out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade (all of which he threw on the table, “as in scorn,”) and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his canary bird upon it, and renewed his lamentations.

These were now much softened, as is ever the case, when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness; when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause. It is needless to observe to you, that every one of the company sympathized with him. But none more than the band of musicians, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor birdman with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and after whispering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, depute one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man, the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little parcel they had rolled

up, and brought out with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated ; for it contained the canary seed, the food of the " dear lost companion of his art," There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful but with a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming— No, poor bijou, no,—thou can'st not peck anymore out of this hand, that has been thy feeding place so many years— thou can'st remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee. Had it been filled with gold thou had'st deserved it. It shall be filled and with gold, said the master of the houses, if I could | afford

The good man rose from his seat, which had long been uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver; saying, as he handed it to his nearest neighbour, who will refuse to follow my example? it is not a subscription for mere charity, it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow, and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike virtue and—ought to be rewarded—said his next neighbour, putting into the bag his quota. It is superfluous to tell you that after the seed had been taken wholly away, and put very delicately out of the poor man's sight, everybody most cheerfully contributed to make up a purse, to repair, as much as money could, the bird-man's loss. The last person applied to, was a very beautiful German young lady, who as she placed her bounty into the bag, closed it immediately after, and blushed. As there are all sorts of blushes (at least one to every action of our lives that is worth any characteristic feeling, supposing the actor can feel at all), suspicion would have thought this young lady, who was so anxious to conceal her gift, gave little or nothing; but candor who reasons in a different manner, would suppose what was really the case—that it was a blush not of avarice and deception, but of benevolence graced by modesty. Curiosity, however, caught the bag, opened it, and turned out its contents, amongst which was a golden ducat, that; by its date and brightness, had been hoarded, Ah ha, said Curiosity, who does this belong to, I wonder ? Guilt and innocence, avarice and benignity, are alike honest in one point ; since they all in the moment of attack, by some means or another, discover what they wish to conceal. There was not in the then large company a single person, who could not have exclaimed to this young lady, with assurance of the truth Thou art the woman!— There was no denying the fact; it was written on every feature of her enchanting face. She struggled, however, with the accusation almost to tears, but they were such tears, as would have given lustre to the finest eyes in the world, for they gave lustre to her's. Well then, if nobody else will own this neglected ducat, cried the master of the house, who was uncle to the lady above mentioned, I will: whereupon he took it from the heap and exchanged it for two others, which enriched the collection.

While the business of the heart was thus carrying on, the poor birdman, who was the occasion and object of it, was at first divided by contrary emotions of pain and pleasure : his eye sometimes directed to the massacred canary, and sometimes to the company: at length generosity proved the stronger emotion, and grief ebbed away. He

had lost a bird, but he had gained the goodwill of many human beings. That bird, it is true, was his pride and support, but this was not the crisis any longer to bewail its fate. He accepted the contribution purse, by one means or another filled like the sack of Benjamin, even to the brim, and bowed but spoke not; then folding up the corpse of the canary in its wool and cotton shroud, departed with one of those looks, that the moment it is seen it is felt and understood; but for which, being too powerful for description, no language has, yet been provided. On going out he beckoned the musicians to follow. They did so, striking a few chords that would have graced the | funeral of Juliet. My very soul pursued the sounds, and so did my feet. I hastened to the outer door, and saw the bird-man contending about returning the money, which the founders of the benevolence—for such were the musicians) had subscribed[16].

*The Intelligencer & Weekly Advertiser* (PA) 1802 09 29 page 3 Federal Bird-catching

There are various methods practiced, *to catch Birds*; and these are as diversified as the tastes and ingenuity of the *Sportsmen* are different. If *shooting* them is not the object of the Sportsman; but the intention be to catch them *alive*, numerous devices are employed. Some are caught with bird-lime; and Children sometimes *attempt* to catch them by *throwing "Salt" on their tails*. (*Quere*, would not "*Brown Sugar*" do as well.) It is not unusual to entice them into *snares*, by pipes, whistles, and bird-calls; and there is a mode of catching Ducks and Pidgeons by the aid of *Decoy-duck* or a *Decoy-pidgeon*, as the case may be. Sir *John Hill* once proposed to the Royal Society of London a very ingenious device to catch wild Ducks. Knowing that the Duck is fond of fat meat, he suggested the idea of fastening one end of a long string to a post or tree, and tying the other end a piece of bacon. A Duck, having swallowed the bacon, would soon *discharge* it, at *his other end*; this bait, another Duck would *take up* and *dispose of*, in *like* manner; and thus a third, fourth, fifth, &c. in succession, until the Sportsman's string would be as well filled with *Ducks*, as a Fisherman's usually is with *Old-wives* and *Gudgeons*. Everybody has heard how *Gulls* are caught. But, after all, the most common method of catching Birds, is to *en-trap* and *en-snare* them, by holding out baits, lures, and other *deceptions*, in order to *entice them into the danger prepared for them*.

"*Old Birds," however, "are not to be caught with Chaff."* So says the proverb.

We, nevertheless, with the Public to see the following new and curious expedient of *Federal* Sportsmen, for *Catching Republican* Birds.

Federal Ticket, settled at Pittsburg on the 11th Instant…(etc)

*Newhampshire Sentinel* (NH) 1802 10 02 page 1 Origin of Balloons [London Paper]

A desire to fly has prevailed in all ages, and most children have a wish to imitate the Birds….

*The Observer* (MA) 1802 10 08 page 3 Melancholy Accident (widely reprinted)

We are informed that on Tuesday last two lads (apprentices in this town) who belonged to Ipswich, were sailing round from that town to this, went ashore at Pine Island Mills, with their guns to kill birds. One of them returned to the boat and laid his gun down, which accidentally went off just as the other was returning, who received its whole contents in the lower part of his stomach, which put a period to his life in about two hours: He was asked whether he thought the other to blame and answered in the negative. The boy's name was Thomas Lord, aged 16 years.

*Independent Chronicle* (MA) 1802 11 24 page 2 Anticipation—The Day

…When we reflect on the thousand, and tens of thousand creatures, which fall a sacrifice to promote the conviviality and intercourse of families, friends and relatives; when we consider that the blood of bulls and of goats, fowls of the air, fish of the sea, domestic animals, and almost every creeping thing that can tamper the voracious appetite of the epicure, are thus laid on the altar of our devotions, it ought to excite such emotions of gratitude as to lead us to a just contemplation of the benevolence of the Deity.

A mohametan would conjecture that our Thanksgiving Days, instead of being devoted to religious purposes, were solely calculated for gluttony and dissipation. That Bacchus was the presiding god and that it was a day of warfare between man, cattle and birds! Sportsmen are called on to shew their dexterity in shooting turkies, even after they have gormandized on such innocent victims the preceding day…In the four New-England States, it may be computed that 100,000 creatures, including poultry, besides turtle-doves and pidgeons, are sacrificed to this annual celebration….

The Day is peculiarly assigned for charity and benevolence: not for extravagance and dissipation; not for the wanton destruction of whole hecatombs of creeping things and flying fowls…

*The Visitor* (CT) 1802 12 04 page 35 Allen, (Ethan)

…His notions, with respect to religion, were somewhat singular. He believed, or affected to believe, with Pythagoras, that man after death, would transmigrate into beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, &c. and often used to inform his friends, that he himself expected to live again under the form of a large white horse….

*The Telegraphe and Daily Advertiser* (MD) 1802 12 08 page 3 Biographical Account of the late M. Florian by A.J.Rosey.

Jean Pierre Claris de Florian, was born in the year 1755 at the Chateau de Florian, in the province of Languedoc….Many…traits of his sensibility and benevolence might be mentioned…He took a particular pleasure in constructing bird cages and rearing birds…

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1802 12 17 page 3 Advertisement. To the Admirers of the Feathered Creation.

H.J. Hassey, No. 72 Wall-street, near the Tontine Coffee-House, begs leave to inform the public that he has been at a vast deal of trouble and expense to procure the following collection of beautiful singing birds, which cannot be equalled in this city, viz—
Canaries, different colors,
robbins, blue jays,
doves,
pigeons,
quails,
mocking birds,
yellow birds,
parrots,
and a tropial, remarkable for its plumage and note.
Masters of vessels and others can be furnished with any bird and beasts that this country produces, on the shortest notice, such as foxes, rabbits, squirrels, monkeys, &c.—Also, Canary, rape, hemp and yellow seeds.

## 1803

*The Green Mountain Patriot* (VT) 1803 01 19 page 4 The Dove

It is said that a pigeon applied warm to the stomach of children, in some dangerous maladies, will attract the disease, and with the loss of its own, save the infant's life. A recent fact of this kind recently appeared in one of the public prints:—A beautiful babe appeared to be suffering the pains of death. Its wretched parent, after many useless tears, had recourse to a dove; the breast was stripped of its feathers, and thus bared, placed upon the breast of the child. By degrees, the infant recovered; while the bird, receiving the disease, expired in agonies.

The Bard has told us, God of Love!
Thy fav'rite sister is the Dove;
And oft Love's sister has been styl'd
By Sympathy, sweet Pity's child.
Ah! who can wonder then she gave
Herself a sacrifice, to save
The cradled innocent, whose breath
Was purchas'd by thy sister's death?
The babe, she to her boson press'd,
Transferr'd its anguish to her breast;
There it respir'd on Pity's throne,
And all the agony her own.

Hail, sacred Bird! this act shall prove
Thy kindred to that mystic Dove,
Whose pinions mingle in the rays
Where dazzled cherubs scarcely gaze!

*Charleston Courier* (SC) 1803 01 28 page 3

Two bird fanciers in St. Giles's on Thursday betted a wager of a guinea, that one of their goldfinches sang better than another. The birds were placed cage to cage—the contest lasted forty minutes, when one of them fell off his perch in convulsions and expired. The other was so exhausted that he did not survive above two hours.

*The Spectator* (NY) 1803 02 05 page 2 The following letter exhibits, in strong terms, the feelings of our western brethren on the subject of the invasion of our rights on the Mississippi.

…History informs us, that the country of Zug, in 1352, being abandoned by their sovereign[17] (who was engaged with his birds as Congress are with their pleasures…

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1803 02 07 Ad for New Music

J and M Paff, 127 Broadway. Just received from London. includes "Sweetly the birds were singing O" and Ladies' Musical Journal.

*Vermont Mercury* (VT) 1803 02 07 page 4 Verses by the Late Mrs. [Mary] Robinson, Written in Early Life [*Freemason's Magazine* June 1, 1793 uncredited]

When Aurora's soft blushes o'erspread the blue hill
  And the mist dies away at the glances of morn,
When the birds join the music that floats on the rill,
  And the beauties of spring the young woodlands adorn
…
Ah! Tell me, Reflection, why Custom decreed
  The sweet feather'd songsters so slaughter'd should be,
For the board of the rich the poor minstrels may bleed,
  But the fruits of the field are sufficient for me…[18]

*The National Aegis* (MA) 1803 02 09 Remarks on the Pursuits of Literature[19] No. II by "Criticus"

…We sometimes behold, even among birds, a susceptibility of this kind of impression from habit. The bird, when first put into his cage, appears inconsolable for the loss of liberty. He will flutter and beat his wings against the wires of his prison, till, panting with fatigue, he gives up the struggle in despair. A little time, and he discovers signs of contentment. At length, he becomes so fond of his confinement that he prefers it even to that liberty which was once so essential to his happiness….

*Philadelphia Repository and Weekly Register* (PA) 1803 02 12 page 8 The Jay and the Dove: A Fable by X.W.Z. (widely circulated)

A Jay-bird once, the vainest thing
That ever rose on downy wing,

From a tall poplar's topmost bough,
Look'd proudly down on all below :
He heard the mocking-bird's sweet lay,
The robin hail the op'ning day,
The thrush, sweet warbler, tune her voice,
Till Echo bade the hills rejoice,
And, self-conceited, thought his throat
Could thrill the soft mellifluous note;
Convinc'd the praise of all he'd gain
For warbling music's softest strain.
What theme to sing he thought of long,
All were so worthy of his song :
Ten thousand lay before his eyes, —
The faithless main, the azure skies,
The rocky ridge, the flow'ry green,
Or purling brook that winds between:
The fragrant mead, or tow'ring hill,
For all, so equal was his skill.
While thus he sat in wav'ring state,
Now pleas'd with this, with that elate,
Near to him perch'd a youthful dove,
Fit for the messenger of love :
Her tap'ring wing and piercing eye,
Where love, enthron'd in modesty.
With beauty held an equal reign,
And Cupid's danc'd,— a smiling train :
Transfix'd the jay, he felt Love's smart,
For still, tho' vain, he had a heart.
This be my theme, said he, l'll sing,
Describe her shape, her air, her wing,
Her actions view, keen criticize,
To shew the wood l'm wondrous wise:
She'll praise my voice, my taste, and art;
And own me worthy of her heart:
Then, flutt'ring, chatter'd harshly loud —
" Madam, indeed I'm monstrous proud
" Such charming excellence to see,
"Perch'd near me on my fav'rite tree.
" O dear! how neat your beak, feet, feather !
" And, then, to take you altogether,
" I (pardon me) am bold to say,
" You seem much plumper than a Jay,
" Healthful must be the seeds you eat,
" That make your shape so killing sweet,
"And May's nectarious dews, I think,
" Have been thy much-improving drink ;

“ For all our kind, with one accord,
“ Declare thee a most charming bird:
“ But still, my pretty dove, beware,
“ Vice spreads for you her guileful snare.
“ You hold your head an inch too high,
“ Oft look with a disdainful eye;
“ And then, tho’ I declare’t with pain,
“ Indeed, my dear, you’re somewhat vain.
“ You must assuredly confess,
“ No need’s for all this care in dress ;
“ Dress which to cautious sober birds
“ Proofs of depravity affords.
“ What use in all this toil and care,
“ To lay each shining feather fair?
“ What need for all this great ado,
“ And bathing in the morning dew?
“ And all thy care in pecking smooth,
“ In which you waste the bloom of youth?
“ The season, which you should improve,
“ To make you worthy of our love.
“ Tis also said you use much oil—
“ The very thought incites a smile —
“ Oil feathers!! sure it cannot be
“ You’re so far gone in vanity.
“ Be warn’d, fly from such trifling arts,
“ And shew thyself a bird of parts.
“ Like me attend t’improve thy mind,
“ And be not to instruction blind :
“ For tho’ no wing that cuts the air
“ Can for a shape with thine compare,
“ Yet if thou still must have thy way,
“ You can’t be consort for a Jay.”

The chatt’rer ceas’d,— The dove replied,
Resolv’d to mortify his pride —
“ When vain pretenders rise to blame,
“ Usurping hoary wisdom’s name,
“ Truth suffers, Patience blushes high,
“ And honest Temp’rance heaves a sigh.
“ Unskill’d to judge, they beauties blame,
“ And all utilities mis-name ;
“ By outward view things only try,
“ And skim the surface as they fly.
“ My friends are doves, with them I love
“To view the hill, the tufted grove,
“The purling rill, the grassy field,

“ And cull the sweets fair gardens yield :
“ Instructed by their warning voice,
“ I shun the paths that lead to vice—
“ Yes, now dame Wisdom chides my stay,
“ In parley with a witless Jay.
“ But one word more, — I know my mind
“ To imperfection’s closely join’d;
“ Yet still I joy to see together,
“ In nuptial tie, birds of a feather:
“ With a true dove I’ll hail the day —
“ Go thou, and woo some trifling Jay,
“ Careless of dress, for use or shew,
“ A belle just fashion’d like her beau :
“ Improve her shape, her air, her mind,
“ Till she be, as thyself, refin’d ;
“ Then ev’ry bird that flits through air,
“ Shall know, and mark the charming pair ;
“ In tuneful chirpings archly say,
“ There flies the dove-reforming Jay”...
So said, she rose on airy wing,
And left the self-conceited thing.

*The Providence Gazette* (RI) 1803 02 12 page 4 Levity by “Edward Eagle” [From the *Port Folio*, via a “London Miscellany[20]”] (widely reprinted)

The subsequent chirping account of a chirping club, has been lately addressed to the editor of a London Miscellany.

I take the liberty to send you a description of a club, called the Aviary, of which I have the honor to be President.

None but birds are admitted members of our society, and though we seldom meet till after sunset, some of us are always in full song, and seldom go to roost before midnight. —Wishing to make our club respectable for its numbers, as well as for their respective talents, I shall think myself under considerable obligations to you, if you will admit this short epistle into your amusing miscellany.

Our present members are, Edward Eagle, Henry Hawk, Sam Swan, John Kite, Henry Heron, Geoffry Goose, Daniel Duck, Tobias Turkey, Roger Raven, Richard Rook, Simon Swift, Matthew Martin, Samuel Swallow, Christopher Crow, Peter Parrot, Patrick Partridge, George Grouse, William Woodcock, William Wren, Nat Nightingale, Dennis Dove, Jonathan Jay, Sam Sparrow, and Oliver Owl.

You will perceive, sir, that our society is capable of great increase; but we are very circumspect in the admission of our members. One Thomas Bat had the audacity to claim a place among up, but we rejected him; though he has wings, he is not to be ranked among the feathered tribe.

We spend our evenings in great harmony, notwithstanding we have some few dissonant voices among us; but Mess. Raven, Rook, &c. are never permitted to open their beaks, but in chorus.

Mr. David Daw was a member, till he was unanimously expelled for insulting the whole club, by moving to have our place of assembling called a cage. Birds were ever lovers of liberty; then what did he deserve, who could presume to start such an humiliating idea, in such an august society? Had he not hopped off, and immediately taken flight, I should have doubted of his personal safety, as every member would have pecked at him.

I am sorry you are not one of us, that we might hope to enjoy the pleasure of your company; but if any person should feather your nest, and make a bird of you by act of parliament, we shall be happy to furnish you with a perch. I am, Sir, yours, Edward Eagle.

*Morning Chronicle* (NY) 1803 03 02 page 3 Advertisement. To the Admirers of the Feathered Creation

H.J. Hassey, no. 72 Wall-street—begs leave to inform the public that he has been at a vast deal of trouble and expense to procure the following collection of beautiful singing birds, which cannot be equalled in this country—viz.
Canary Birds of different colors and notes,
Mocking do.
Red Birds,
Blue Jays, and
Robbins,
Tropials,
Yellow Birds
Seeds: Canary, Hemp, Rape, and Yellow
N.B. Masters of vessels and others can be furnished with any other kind of birds or beasts that this country affords.
He has now on hand a few Parrots, Doves, Grey Squirrels, Flying Squirrels, and Rabbits.[21]

*Charleston Courier* (SC) 1803 03 23 page 3 The Consular Kite and Allied Pigeons, Taken from Aesop's Fables [From the *Spirit of Anti-Jacobinism* for 1802 (London)]

Dedicated to the Grand Consul of the Great Nation
A Kite there was, foul bird of prey,
  Whose breast with proud ambition
Burn'd to disturb, by cruel sway,
  The Pigeons' blest condition.

And as full off he cleft the air
  With sad ill-omen'd flight,

He almost sunk into despair,
To see their happy plight.

For long did he each grove infest
With his tyrannic wing,
And turn'd each songster from his nest,
Or bade him cease to sing.

For not a rival could he bear,
And happy none could see;
He made each forest echo fear,
And robb'd each neighb'ring tree.

The Pigeons still, as if forgot,
In humble bliss he found,
But soon they shar'd the wretched lot
Of every bird around.

From other birds, with murd'rous dart,
He tore both life and wealth ;
With these he play'd another part,
And gain'd them o'er by stealth.

" Ye free-born Citizens of Air,"
With flatt'ring tongue he'd say,
" Let me your liberties repair,
And drive each care away.

"Shake off, dear friends, each foreign yoke,
Which may your state enslave;
Old maxims now are all a joke,
Be prudent and be brave.

" But first to guard you from each foe,
Who may your state infest,
I must, for form's sake, as you know,
Be of your all possest."

The simple Pigeons soon agreed,
And from that fated hour,
From every duty they were freed,
Except the Traitor's power.

Soon he another tone assum'd,
And daily doom'd to death
Some poor meek dove, who just presum'd

To draw his humble breath.

Their tranquil happy state o'erturn'd
By treachery, their fate
Too soon they felt, too soon they mourn'd,
But yes alas! too late.

APPLICATION.
Tyrant, Usurper, Consul, King,
Or whatsoe'er thou'rt nam'd,
The act, not title, is the thing
For which thy guilt is blam'd.

Read, ere in some fad frantic mood
Thou may'st be quickly hurl'd
From off a throne, where purer blood
Cries vengeance to the world !

Hast thou not, like a bird of prey,
Each bloody deed essay'd ?
Some thou hast fought in open dry,
But more by art betray'd

Countryman, Stranger, Christian, Turk,
Came all alike to thee:
Whilst all thy rapine seem'd a work,
So kind to set them free.

Thy viper-lipp'd fraternal kiss,
Too late thy friends must see ;
And the poor unoffending Swiss,
Were Pigeons sure to thee.

Then may each State assert its right,
Which now its fall doth moan,
And read, in fable of the Kite,
Thy history, and their own.

*The Reporter* (VT) 1803 03 28 page 3 (widely reprinted)

On Saturday and Sunday last, the attention of the inhabitants of this vicinity was arrested by the flight of numerous and very extensive flocks of wild or wood pigeons; they passed from south to the north and appeared to those who were immediately under them, at sundry times, for several successive minutes, to almost exclude the sky. After thirteen years since, a similar flight of these birds of passage was noticed; the ensuing summer was then very sickly. With the great and pious Dr. Samuel Johnson, we would

neither blindly admit or rashly reject an attention to these imaginary or real omens. It is man's wisdom to prepare for adversity by penitence for past sin and to meet it with resignation to the Divine Will. It is recorded for our instruction, that when God saw that the repentant Ninevites returned from the evil of their ways, he repented of the evil, that he said he would do unto them and did it not[22].

*Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1803 03 31 page 2 Fruit Trees by Agricultus [*Wilmington Mirror*] (widely reprinted)

In travelling though various parts our country I have heard general complaints of the decline of Fruit Trees…To the peach and plumb trees, most of the farmers have already discovered that they are injured and destroyed by worms…But this injury and the damage done, is easily seen by the little wood peck holes, made in the bark, where they take the worms out for food—these little useful birds have been long scouted by the farmers, who call them sap suckers and took pains to shoot them because they thought they were destroying the trees by sucking the sap when in truth they were saving them by picking out the worms which were and still are the real destroyers…if it was not for those little birds, that pick them out for food.— The farmers, therefore, ought to set great store by these little birds instead of destroying them.

*The National Aegis* (MA) 1803 04 06 page 4 Sonnet to the Robin by "Amanda" (widely reprinted)

Thou gentle harbinger of Spring!
  Once more thy lov'd approach I hail:
Again, sweet Bird, we hear thee sing
  Thy cheerful notes in yonder vale.

Cold blustering winter now is o'er,
  The rage of Boreas now is past;
The howling winds have ceas'd to roar;
  No more is felt the chilling blast.

Earliest of Birds! Thy matin song
  Reanimates my troubled breast;
Do thou thy charming notes prolong;
  And may no sportsman thee molest.

  And as I rove the meads along,
  I'll gladly listen to thy song.

*Connecticut Journal* (CT) 1803 04 07 page 3 Baltimore, March 28

The immense flight of pigeons over this city on Thursday and Friday, from the north east to the south west, afforded fine sport to our city gunners. The park and other neighboring patches of wood, were filled with sportsmen—and the incessant popping

of their fowling pieces, had no small resemblance to a skirmish among infantry. The field was finally cleared of pigeons after nearly 2 days hard shooting; the number of slain we have not heard, but it supposed to have amounted to some thousands.

How fine a theme would this have been for Shakespear's Jacques to moralize upon. We hope the same equinoxial gale which has driven back the poor pigeons to their winter quarters, may not have overtaken the unfortunate mariner, and occasioned as fine sport for the sharks of the ocean, as for the gunners of our city.

*The American Republican Gazette* (NH) 1803 04 07 page 3 Remarkable Flight of Pigeons (widely reprinted)

Monday, April 4. This day innumerable flocks of pigeons have passed over this place, flying to East. About 18 to 20 day since apparently as large numbers passed this place directing their course in an opposite direction, viz. West. These are probably the same pigeons that then passed. The first flight was a few days before a violent snow story. Some of the flocks extended many miles in length, as far as the eye could ken, appearing at a distance like cloud sailing before the wind.

Such extraordinary migrations of these birds ought to be noticed for the benefit of the natural historian. It appears that those pigeons had come to spend the season in the Eastern parts of the Union, or in Novascotia, but were driven back by the storm; but it seems singular how that such immense flocks could have passed unnoticed at the first migration.

*Haverhill Observer* (MA) 1803 04 08 page 1 The Moral Farmer No. V. A Lesson from Speechless Teachers

As I lately took my customary morning walk into the fields and woods, I was delighted with the objects of nature, then beginning to feel the genial power of spring. The grass began to peep green thro the weather-beaten fog. The buds of some trees, forwarder than their fellows, were half unfolded; and on some were already to be discerned the unexpanded blossoms, which a few months may change to delicious fruit.

But my attention was principally attracted by the sportive birds and animals, which tenant the orchard and the grove. The tender notes of the blue bird seemed to awaken in my breast the emotions of affection; I thought of objects, which I had left at home. The sprightly and imitative songs of the red breast quickened my spirits into cheerfulness and gaiety; I wished I had a companion, to enjoy with me and to improve the pleasure which I felt…Gloom is often affirms as the badge of piety. But…such a sentiment seems not countenanced by the bible….True piety and a cheerful tranquil air should always meet in the same person….

*Commercial Advertiser* (NY) 1803 05 02 page 2 Of the mummies of the ibis (etc) [Kendal's Translation of [Vivant] *Denon's Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt*, credited] (widely reprinted)

There is a very visible variety in the degrees of care bestowed on the embalments

of these birds…it is to be presumed that the embalmed birds have not been nourished in common at certain temples or certain colleges, in gratitude for the services rendered by the species. If it had been with these birds as with the god Apis, single individuals would have sufficed and these pots would be found by thousands. It ought then to be believed that the ibis, the destroyer of all reptiles, must have been held in veneration in a country where they abound at a certain season of the year; and that like stork in Holland, this bird being domesticated by the attentions paid him, each house had its own faithful attendant to whom after its death the master, according to his means gave the honors of sepulture. Herodotus tells us that he was informed that in the earliest times remembered, they were numerous; that in proportion as the morasses of upper Egypt became dry, they had come down to the lower, to follow their prey; assertions that agree very well with what is reported by those who have seen them occasionally on the lake Menzales. It the species had diminished in the days of Herodotus, it is not astonishing that in ours its existence should have become problematical. Herodotus relates, that the priests of Heliopolis informed him that, on the retreat of the waters of the Nile, there arrived, by the way of the valleys which separate Egypt from Arabai, clouds of winged serpents; that the ibis met these serpents and devoured them; he adds that he had never seen the winged serpents, but that he had gone into the valleys and found multitudes of the skeletons of these monsters. With deference to the father of history, the ibis had no need of the creation of Arabian dragons to render it interesting to Egypt, which herself produces so many mischievous reptiles; but the venerable Herodotus was a Greek, and he loved the marvellous…[23]

*Windsor Gazette* (VT) 1803 05 03 page 1 To prepare seed to be sown on poor and sandy land (widely reprinted)

Take twelve or thirteen pounds of sheep dung…
1. Grain thus prepared starts sooner than when sown in the usual
2. The birds are not so fond to feed on it….

*Philadelphia Repository and Weekly Register* (PA) 1803 05 07 page 8 Morning song of praise by "Oscar" [from the German of Patzke]

"Lobt den Herrn! Die morgensonne[24]."
O praise the Lord! the morning sun,
From sleep awakes the cheerful swain;
And all creation's joys again,
To us, in streams renewed, run.

O praise the Lord! ye sweetest flow'rs
To Him your earliest fragrance yield;
Ye birds, exert your tuneful pow'rs;
Praise him in meadow and in field.

O praise the Lord!—Ev'n from his den
The desert's savage roars his praise:

And, oh! my soul! how much more then,
Should'st thou thy voice in Paeans raise?

*Columbian Minerva* (MA) 1803 05 10 page 4 To May by "Narcissa"

Hail! beautious month adorn'd with flowers
Thy return we gladly view;
Again we'll sport in festive bowers,
Birds again their songs renew….

*The National Aegis* (MA) 1803 05 11 page 4 The Attempter No. VIII

…To conclude: Plagiarism, we all acknowledge to be a foible, and as far as taciturnity is capable of explanation, a direct acknowledgement of the weakness of our own powers, and of the superior strength and splendor of intellect in another. Compared however with its opposite vice, a vain confidence in our own abilities, and a determination to sacrifice homely truth for ostentatious novelty, it dwindles into insignificance. The "Birds of the Muses" can better bear the company of the filthy jackdaw, who struts in his borrowed plumage, than the turkey-cock of science, who is perpetually expanding his feathers to the sun, and calling for incessant admiration, by his impertinent gabble.[25]

*Morning Chronicle* (NY) 1803 05 12 page 2 Poets Laureat (widely reprinted)

The custom of the English court retaining a Poet Laureat to usher in the year and celebrate the anniversary of his majesty's birthday in poetic numbers, has continued from a period of much antiquity….

The late learned Gilbert Wakefield did not seem greatly delighted with the poetic effusions with which Mr. Pye, the Laureat…tickled the ears of majesty….[H]is judgement being requested on an ode that the Laureat had just published in his official capacity, it was read to him. The introduction unfortunately related to the singing of birds. Wakefield abruptly stopt his fiend, and pronounced his opinion in a severe but whimsical manner, by repeating the following lines from a baby ballad:—

"And when the Pye was opened
"The birds began to sing:
"And was not this a dainty dish
"To set before the king!"

In America (or Fredonia as a late ingenious writer terms it) the only monarch acknowledged is the sovereign people: and as this is a many headed personage, so every news-carrier is a Poet Laureat, who annually commemorates the birth of the year in melodious effusions, and drops his tribute at the doors of his patrons.

The poetry is generally heavy, and he is ambitious of a solid recompence—leaving the frothy reward of praise to those who write for reputation. Yet sometimes we find, even in these trivial productions, an originality of idea and a happiness of expression

which do not always grace the efforts of European Laureats.

*Thomas's Massachusetts Spy, or Worcester Gazette* (MA) 1803 05 18 page 3 Chapter of Accidents (widely reported)

On the morning of the 12th ultimo, Francis Stone, son of Mr. Thomas Stone, of Mendon, about 13 years of age, was killed instantaneously by the accidental discharge of a gun. The circumstances of his untimely end are as follow: The lad, being exceeding fond of sporting, had been engaged for a number of days previous to the fatal morning that terminated his existence, in shooting at birds in the neighboring fields. On that morning, he rose early, took his gun (which was not in a condition fit to be used) and being accompanied by another lad, went out a gunning, as he had frequently done before. It appears that he having, in the first place, primed his musket, and finished loading it, was returning the gunstick, the muzzle pointing towards his body, when it unfortunately went off, and the contents entering his left breast, were lodged near his heart. He dropped the gun, walked a few paces and then fell. The boy that was with him instantly gave the alarm, but when assistance came, he was a lifeless corpse. By this heavy stroke his parents are bereaved of a dutiful son on whom they doted. Let this sad catastrophe be a solemn warning to persons of all descriptions, but more especially to boys, to be very careful of firearms.

*Haverhill Observer* (MA) 1803 05 20 page 1 Extract No. II

Open thy mouth for the dumb. Lemuel.

It is greatly to be lamented that there should be so much occasion to condemn the behaviour of many parents who neglect to instruct their children in the duty of mercy to brutes*; and there is reason to believe that in many cases where the peace of families have been disturbed by the undutifulness and obstinancy of children, the parents have contributed greatly to it, by not restraining their children in time from acts of wanton cruelty to birds and insects….[26]

*Cruelty to anything that God has endued with feeling is the worst depravity of human nature…Thus they are early taught to make slight account of the lives or painful sensations of such […] dumb sufferers as have the misfortune to fall into their hands; and hence we are not to wonder at the unconcern with which, when grown up, they rob the innocent feathered tribe of their callow progeny…

*Charleston Courier* (SC) 1803 05 31 page 1 View of Virginia Manners [extracts from Travels of the Marquis de Chastellux, (*Travels in North-America, in the years 1780, 1781, and 1782*)]

… Inns, which in the rest of America are called taverns, or public houses, are, in Virginia, ordinaries. In Willis's ordinary, a little single house, I found a great number of people assembled. On asking the reason, I was informed it was a cocking match. This is a very fashionable diversion in Virginia, where English manners are more distinguishable than in the rest of the continent….

*Windsor Gazette* (VT) 1803 05 31 page 4 To Mary [From the *Port Folio*]

How sweet that season of the year,
When flower-buds, revealing
Their opening beauties, scent the air,
No fragrant charm concealing!

How sweet at eventide to stray,
While rustic mirth amuses,
Where zephyr o'er the new mown hay
His balmy breath diffuses!

The mock bird, with his matin call,
Sweet hails the morning early;
And plough-boys blythe, at even fall,
So happy, pipe it rarely!

But sweeter than the sweets of May,
More charming than its flowers,
Or zephyr's breath o'er new mown hay,
When wak'd by sunny showers;

O, softer than the turtle's down,
Than mock-bird's song more cheery,
Or plough-boy's pipe, when day is flown
Is bonny—bonny Mary!

*Independent Gazetteer* (KY) 1803 05 31 page 6 A plan for the conduct of female education by Erasmus Darwin, Section X. Natural History

The history of various other animals is also connected with our knowledge of the various parts of the earth, which they inhabit…Dr. Goldsmith in his history of animated nature has…made this part of knowledge of easy access; and Mr. Bewick's account of quadrupeds, with wood-prints of the animals…are quite charming to children. To these should be added a treatise on birds, with the scientific names admirably adapted for the use of schools by Mr. Galton[27] published by Johnson in St. Paul's church yard in three small volumes….

*Salem Register* (MA) 1803 06 06 page 4 From "The Speech of Caunonicus[28]," or an Indian Tradition. A poem lately published at Calcutta by John Lathrop Esq. formerly of Boston.

The Opening of the Poem
"Ere Freedom's pilgrims, pious, wise and brave,
By bigot zeal, ejected from their home,
Defied the dangers of the western wave,

And, dauntless, dared through savage wilds to roam;—

Beneath the foliage of their native wood,
Vigorous and happy lived a tawny race,
And o'er them reigned Caunonicus the good—
Their chief in council, battle, or the chase…

A mighty prince of venerable age,
A peerless warrior, but of peace the friend;
His breast a treasury of maxims sage—
His arm a host—to punish or defend

When worn with years and smoothly sinking down
To that dull stream which bounds the course of time;
As just departing for a brighter crown,
And endless honours in the southern clime;*

In full assembly round the senate fire,
He called each ardent youth and faithful chief…[29]

*Sowwanakitauwaw [they go to southward]. "That is the saying of the Indians when the geese and other fowl betake themselves thither, to admirable order, and discerning their course, even all the night long." They supposed that Cautontowwit's residence was southward from them, where he was surrounded with such pleasures as were peculiar to his divine nature, and that he had fields in continual bloom, illumined and warmed by a fixed and unsetting sun. They also believed that the Great Spirit taught the birds to fly towards his place of residence to avoid the storms and inclemencies of winter.

*Philadelphia Repository and Weekly Register* (PA) 1803 06 11 page 1 Romance of the Four Dervishes. A Persian Tale. [Mir Amman translated in Urdu] [1800 British Magazine "Chebar Derweish" traditionally by Amir Khusro translated by George Swinton]

…Upon the branches were hung cages full of singing birds, such as the mina, the bulbul, the tutu [parrot], and the kummeri, who delighted with the universal blaze, filled the garden with their melodious notes….

*Greenfield Gazette* (MA) 1803 06 13 page 3 [from the *Centinel*]

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company at Boston, on the 6th inst. Celebrated their Anniversday and election of officers. The Hall, on this occasion…was most beautifully decorated. Wreaths, drops, trees, arches and festoons of flowers, and the continued notes of nearly twenty singing birds, suspended in the groves, gave it the reality of the Temple of Flora…

*New-England Palladium* (MA) 1803 06 14 page 3 Advertisement

Columbian Museum, Boston.
D. Bowen, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has re-established his Museum in Milk Street, near Liberty Square….
Also—Natural Curiosities—among which are a variety of birds, in fine preservation and to appearance natural as the life…

*Chronicle Express* (NY) 1803 06 16 page 3 Advertisement. A Queer Parrot!

Next to puffing in the newspapers, there is nothing Don Emanuel Antonio de Biscarolaza more dislikes than altercations with any hair-dressers in this city. He is therefore extremely sorry to perceive that his worthy friend, the Knight of the Comb, is endeavoring to draw him into one, by some unbecoming insinuations in his late advertisement.
This gentleman ought to be the last to attack Don Emanuel, considering what the Don has give up to oblige him. His partner, Mr. Hassey[30], among his collection of odd birds, has had for some time in possession, a queer parrot, called Quiz Noodle, who is very glib of tongue, and for whom Don Emanuel had thoughts of opening a shop in some part of Broadway, last spring, and terming it a Dressing Academy. In that case, he would have had a room hung round with little pictures, according to the custom of barbers shops, and called it a School for Flummery.
As Quiz Noodle was very apt at scratching heads in the most slovenly negligee, he would no doubt have attracted a considerable run of custom.
Finding, however, that the Knight, for whom the Don feels the highest respect, had a similar plan in contemplation, he prevailed on the parrot to yield up his intentions, in compliment to that gentleman's superior talents.
Under these circumstances, he appeals to the public, whether the attach was not both ungenerous and ungrateful.
P.S. Ladies and Gentlemen dressed by Don Emanuel, or Mr. Hassey, his partner, either at their houses, or the dressing Office, No. 72, Wall-street. A variety of wiges, Frizzets &C, and a few Mars Whiskers still on hand.

*The Bee* (NY) 1803 07 05 page 3 The Submersion of Swallows (widely circulated)

This singular and novel fact in natural history was observed the two last seasons in New York, when it was supposed to be a circumstance respecting those birds which had never been sufficiently authenticated to the public. On examining the subject we find that swallows are by no means birds of passage, as they have never been observed on their fight or return between the warm and cold climates of our country at the proper seasons. But they have been seen to collect in large numbers on the borders of rivers and ponds, and on a certain day so disappear all together. They have also been witnessed in the act of diving into the water by various spectators. They plunge to the bottom and bury themselves in mud, which they lie in a torpid state till called from their abodes by the reviving warmth of the ensuing spring. In draining ponds in that season they have been found enveloped in lumps of mud and totally inanimate until placed before a slow fire, when they gradually extricate themselves from their abodes

and fly about the room. Though they assemble together for the purpose of entering their winter's residence, it does not appear that they have any fixed period or rule for their resuscitation. Their time for immersion is from the 13th to the 20th of August, and may be known by the numbers which will be collected on the occasion; but the time of their return is not so particularly determined

*The Hive* (PA) 1803 07 27 page 1 The London Sportsmen; or, the Cockney's Journey [*Sporting Magazine*, 18th volume]

September 1….According to our agreement, made at the Hole-in-the-Wall, six of us met on Blackfriar's Bridge, at half past five o'clock, armed and furnished with a large quantity of ammunition….

Saw five sparrows on the ground, opposite the Elephant and Castle, Newington, feasting on some oats—stole up with great caution within four yards of the game, and gave an irregular fire; but Bob Tape's musquet going off before he took aim, the birds, we suppose, made their escape antecedent to the other five going off, for the devil of a sparrow we killed…

…Tried all the Common round—beat every bush with the muzzle of our guns—set the dogs on the pigs—and found but one chaffinch which was rather wild, not letting us come within eight yards, so that we could not make sure of our bird—we hunted him from spray to spray for above an hour, without being able to come in a parallel line, so as to take sure aim, when, at last, he was killed by a little boy, who knocked him down with a stone…

…[W]e asked if there were any birds in the neighborhood. We were directed to a dead horse, where two ravens and several magpies were assembled, but they would not stay our arrival…

…Got down near a large house—shot at a flock of sparrows, and killed one, which we think is a cock, his head being rather black…

…Got home much fatigued with the day's sport, and told a thousand lies about the birds we killed and the presents we made of them…

*American Mercury* (CT) 1803 08 11 page 2 Adventure of the Crow by "Don Quixote"

Mr. Printer, The following extract take from a modern edition of Don Quixote, contains certain traits so applicable to Benny Hall, (A thing which affects to be the editor of a little federal paper at Bridgeport, Connecticut) that one would be inclined to think it was designed on purpose for him. It may be amusing to some of your readers to examine it for themselves, and draw the parallel.

"The Adventures of the Crow, or, The Knight of the Wool.

An apology may be deemed necessary for obtruding upon the public attention a character so insignificant as the object of these pages. But when the reader finds that this insignificance is allied to vice, he will pardon the writer; especially if he recollects

the opinion of ancient philosophers, "That the exhibition of a picture of vice, by the abhorrence which it excites in the mind, has a powerful tendency to lead to virtue."

The hero of our story lived in those days when birds were endowed with the gift of speech. The crow was never remarkable for anything but egotism, and a propensity to ape the vices of his superiors, till he arrived at the age of 23; when all at once he was taken with a fit of throwing mud and dirt, at everyone he met. Particularly when the judges of the court passed by (who eyed him with more than common contempt) the mud then flew the thickest; yet it so happened that the most of it fell upon himself.—People were at a loss, at first, to divine the cause of this strange disorder; but it was finally conjectured to be owing to an excessive vanity of being looked at, and talked about; for the crow always stood to it that his black feathers were handsomer than the peacock's, and that his hoarse notes were more musical than the nightingale's; and was vexed to think he was not gazed at like some other birds. Altho' everyone laughed at him for this folly, it made no difference with him; his itch for flinging dirt rather increased upon him, till one day a gentleman, as he was riding past, held out a looking-glass, called a "Recipe to make a Dolt."

Here behold the glass.
"Take federalism to any amount,
And ignorance in proportion;
Dash in a lump of Self-Conceit,
As much as suits your notion;

Infuse some handfuls of a weed
That grows in empty skulls,
Called itch-to-write; then strain the mass
Through wretched Chronicles:

Bottle and shake it well each week
Till gradually it all
Become a vapid gaz; and then
You've got your true *ben-hall." [A chemical word—the same as doit]

As soon as the crow looked into the glass, he saw his likeness in such striking deformity, and was so humbled at his ludicrous appearance, that the sight almost cured him of his old trick. For about two years afterwards, he was never known to throw any dirt, but once. That was at a bird called "Old North;" but Old North the 2d gave him such a scratch for his impudence that it took the crow all one Sunday to dress the wound. After this he did not appear to disturb the public for some time. True he would every day whistle over his favorite tune, "Good people, I'll tell you a Rodomontade[31]," —"Never more the old eagle for me;" but that hurt nobody except himself. During this period his wings were clipped, and almost everybody thought him innocent as a lamb. Yet it soon appeared from his own confession, that he had been all the while doing a deal of mischief. The way his roguery got wind was as follows. It happened about a year since, that a dozen birds, of the inferior species, met privately at Skunks-borough, to celebrate that they called the day of their independence. They all very generously

eat their dinners at home, and lest they should make too much noise and thereby be discovered, they procured two swivels in lieu of cannon. Unfortunately for the crow they found a jug of cider-brandy in a private corner, and after he had dipped his bill into it a few times, he became a perfect chatterbox; and having politely invited himself to give a toast, he named nine. These unfolded the secrets of his heart—but the blunder was supposed to be owing partly to an inveterate habit he had acquired of talking much about himself. His toasts were as follows.

1st, When the enquiry is, Am I honest? Am I capable? Am I faithful to the constitution? My conscience espies on the wall "Me-ne-tekel."—One swivel—Tune, "A fig for your honesty and all that."

2nd, Action on Book—Crow against Lyon—May my testimony in this case be blotted from the memory of man.—[Tune—"Oh! that I never had seen him."

3rd, Petition for New Trial—Lyon against Crow—May the only enquiry be, Is it withdrawn? No matter when, nor for how much money.—[Two swivels—Tune, Set a rogue to catch a rogue.

4th, Bridgeport Bankrupts—Oh! that I might keep their creditors easy, till I have spent all their money—[One swivel—Tune, Let us drink ourselves quite out of debt.

5th, My highly esteemed friend W.—Altho' he was forced today his own state; yet as to the reason why he dare not return—tell it not in Gath!! [Tune, He escaped with the skin of his teeth.

6th, The Liberty of the Press— As for your lies I can tell an hundred score, My press is commoner than any common—[my own not excepted.]

7th, Godwin's new theory of making boys and girls—May I escape out of the wool, when "steady habits" are overturned.—[Tune, Adams and Liberty.

8th, Joe Thomas and James Callender—Misery loves company.—[Two swivels—Tune, "Perhaps I'm as honest as they."

9th, The Fair candidates for Matrimony—May the only enquiry of their sweet-hearts be, (as mine was) have they children? Not by Whom.—[One swivel]—Tune, As Benny came tapping at Katy's window.

Here the jug being empty, and the powder exhausted, the company broke up in confusion. And the next morning the Crow on hearing how foolishly he had "scattered" his ideas, flew into a rage, and cursed his stars a thousand times. His extreme mortification made him tolerably civil, till the annual jubilee came round, and was for once to be celebrated by the feds at F—rf—d. As this was the most remarkable period of the Crow's life, being the only time he was ever able to creep into decent company, the courteous reader shall be gratified with a few particulars.

On this eventful occasion, the festival was indeed kept publicly, and accompanied with some of the usual entertainments; and altho' I have not been able, by the most diligent enquiry, to learn who was honored with the chair, nor the names of more than 4 or 5 of that numerous assembly; yet, as a certain judge attended, I think I have good

right to presume that the company was somewhat respectable. It is however matter of wonder among the inquisitive, that the judge should have been found at the same table with the Knight of the Wool; but I feel as though his character ought not to suffer on that account, as the crow probably crept in slily at the lower end of the table. Yet as to the stain the character of the judge acquired by being brought into contact with the Knight of the Stool, I am fearful it cannot be wiped off so easily; as the bulk (if not the scent) of this renowned Knight must have rendered him abundantly conspicuous. The entertainment was rather barren of incident, till the cloth was turned, and the afterpiece was brought on, which consisted of several volunteer toasts. Without counting the judge who gave the first volunteer, the rest of the actors in this last scene formed a Picked Company. There was the Knight of the Lancet, the Knight of the Wool, and the Knight of the Stool. Joe Thomas & Co. were alone necessary to complete the Illustrious group. Passing over the two first volunteers as containing nothing remarkable let us proceed to the 3rd toast. Here the Knight of the Stool arose, and said, Mr. Chairman, dare the company Run the Risk of receiving a toast from me? Before the chairman had time to offer an answer, the Knight swallowed down the whole "State of Massachusetts." Fortunately for the company, the operation was not so sudden as to prevent his reaching the door before any accident happened. The spectators were filled with surprise at this wonderful feat, but were soon relieved by the wit of a wag, who struck up the old tune, "Belly-na-mo-na-ro," or laugh and be fat. [Laugh and Grow Fat?]

"To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.[32]"

As soon as the merriment was a little over, up rose the Knight of the Wool, alias, the Crow, without leave of the Chair, presumptuously offered as a toast "The steady habits of Connecticut." This dose went so against his stomach, that it brought on a terrible vomiting. Ipecac would have been a cordial compared with it. Here the Judge looked indignant, and every one present exclaimed—Is that fellow here? He toast steady habits! Has he not violated every steady habit of any value? For shame! Away with him!! The spectators were so enraged at this insult, that it was with difficulty, the crow escaped with "head and ears." He too was exasperated to that degree, that he immediately took up his old trade of throwing mud; but it scattered so unaccountably that he be-spattered himself more than anyone else.

The rest of the adventures of the Crow with regard to certain Male and Female connections; how his wings were clipped, and how he was dubbed "The Knight of the Wool," together with many other singular events, which will no doubt divert the curious, will be disclosed in the sequel; but must be deferred to another chapter—In the meantime the reader may rest assured that the Crow continued to the end "Just so Insignificant[33]."

*Middlebury Mercury* (VT) 1803 08 17 page 1 On the study of nature [*Port Folio*]

[Port folio editor notes:] The following essay may please those who will not read

Linnaeus and have not leisure even for Goldsmith, Bewick, or Buffon.

I would recommend to all persons who have not a regular profession to adopt some pursuit analogous to their inclination and genius. The study of Nature is the finest employment for the human mind, whether we comprehend the great outline or the most minute particle of the universe. I have been reading the tracts collected by the late very ingenious and amiable Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, on the *Economy of Nature*, and think no person can peruse the book without having his mind enlarged, and his gratitude excited, from discovering the wise system of the whole…

…That trees, when they are dry or cut down, may not remain useless, nature hastens their destruction in a singular way…Lastly the wood-pecker, in seeking for insects, wear away the tree, already corrupted, till the whole passes into earth….

…Linnaeus used to excite the attention of his audience by apt similitudes when he was reading upon natural philosophy to his pupils; one of his fables was as follows: The seven wise men in Greece, meeting at Athens, agreed that everyone should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation…[T]hey agreed to supplicate Jupiter that he would permit them to take a journey to the moon…[B]eing very much fatigued with their journey, they remained quiet at home till noon; and being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which so entirely engrossed their attention, as to overcome their curiosity. This day they only saw, through the windows, a delightful spot adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre; and heart the singing of the most melodious birds, till evening arrived. The next day they arose very early in order to begin their observations; but some very beautiful young ladies them first to recruit their strength before they exposed themselves to the laborious task which they had undertaken: the delicate meat, the rich wines, the beauty of the damsels prevailed over the resolutions of those strangers….the third day..the whole day was engaged in accusations, pleadings, exceptions and passing judgement; on which the term, specified by Jupiter, expired.

On their return to Greece all the country flocked around them to hear the wonders of the moon; but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung amongst the branches of the trees; but what kind of flowers they saw or what kind of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. On making this declaration they were all treated with that contempt which they so justly merited. The president then addressed his pupils: "I advise you to take example by this fable, and not to waste the short time allotted to you in luxuries, gallantries, and contentions; the study of nature is before you, explore her beauties and her virtues; observe and admire!"

## *The Hive* (MA) 1803 08 23 page 4 The School of Nature

Nature presents to the imagination an inexhausted fund of rational amusement. To contemplate the inimitable works of creation, is no less instructive than pleasing…. Unthankful and ungenerous man! why are thou so impious as to forget that incumbent gratitude, and that graceful duty, which thou owest to thy heavenly Father?...Rouze

thyself from the torpor which now envelopes thee, and learn to be thankful for those blessings which thou dost assuredly receive from above; and, in the words of the late pious Mr. Addison, testify thy acknowledgements—

"When all thy mercies, O my God!
My grateful soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!"

…When spring, for example, returns with all its native beauties, as succeeding the gloomy aspect and forbidding horrors of winter; when it teems with a matchless splendor and magnificence; when its green hues and universal verdure come forth in all their pristine elegance and enchanting attractions; and the birds warble and attune in sprightly attitudes, their respective notes, even then they are almost always either forgotten or disregarded; even then men neglect to thank the author of life and happiness…

*Charleston Courier* (SC) 1803 08 26 page 1

The following letters were written by Mr. Addison, in the year 1708, to the young Earl of Warwick, who afterwards became his son-in-law, when that nobleman was very young. Though the subject is puerile, yet, as they are full of that good nature and humor for which Mr. Addison was so eminently distinguished, we doubt not that our readers will be pleased with a perusal of them.

My dear Lord,

I have employed the whole neighborhood in looking after birds nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night; but it proved to be a hen's with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your Lordship's curiosity a little, though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning I have news brought to me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a strong. My neighbors are very much divided in their opinions upon them: some say they are a skylark's; others will have them to be a canary-bird's; but I am must mistaken in the color and turn of the eggs, if they are not full of tomtits. If your Lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for, if the account they give me of them be true, they can't have above two days more to reckon.

Since I am so near your Lordship, methinks, after having passed the day among more severe studies, you may often take a trip hither, and relax yourself with these little curiosities of nature. I assure you, no less a man than Cicero commends the two great friends of his age, Scipio and Laelius, for entertaining themselves at their country house, which stood on the sea shore, with picking up cockle shells, and looking after birds nests….J. Addison. May 20, 1708.

My dearest Lord,

I can't forbear being troublesome to your Lordship whilst I am in your neighborhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighboring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a blackbird, a thrush, a robin redbreast, and a bullfinch. There is a lark that, by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing, and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground, or as soon as she ends her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian Manner in her divisions. If your Lordship will honor me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes, than you ever met with at the opera; and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale, out of our friend Virgil.

…
So close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone:
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
By stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains. Dryden

Your Lordship's most obedient, J.Addison. May 27, 1708.

*Philadelphia Repository and Weekly Register* (PA) 1803 08 27 page 5 Poets, Philosophers and Artists made by Accident.

The question has long been agitated, whether there is any such thing in nature as an original genius; the following anecdotes at least shew that some of the first geniuses have been formed by accident….

Mr. Pennant, in his life, tells us, that his propensity to Natural History was the pleasure he received from an accidental perusal of Willoughby's work on birds.

*Washington Federalist* (DC) 1803 08 29 page 2 To the Printer of the Washington Federalist by "Plain Truth" (widely reprinted)

…We hear the Scotchman say at dinner that our Black Fish are the best fish he has eat since he left Scotland—the Englishman that our whitebacks [canvasback] are the best ducks he has tasted since he was in England—the Frenchman that our ortolans were almost as good as birds in France—the German that our venison was some of it tolerably good, but not like the German deer—and when the bottle comes round they all proclaim the wine "The best they have drunk in America!"

*Weekly Wanderer* (VT) 1803 09 03 page 4 Address to the Red-Breast by Harley

Sweet bird, that on the quivering spray,
  Through Autumn's lingering hours,
Laments the rude blast's whistling sway,
  That defolates the bowers.

Repeat once more than plaintive strain,
  It soothes my sad despair;
For ah! my heart in scenes of pain
  Has borne no common share.

Bright rose the morning of my days,
  Fair prospects beam'd around;
But woe to him whose fond hope strays
  O'er fancy's fairy ground.

Untimely storms their sickly blast
  O'er all my prospects threw:—
My tearful eye beheld them waste,
  And vanish from my view.

At sorrow's touch, the sacred fire
  Of Genius feels decay;
And, lo! I quit my languid lyre,
  To listen to thy lay;

Then, Oh! repeat that plaintive strain
  It soothes my sad despair;
For my torn heart in scenes of pain,
  Has borne no common share;

So when fell Winter's ruthless strain,
  Shall rock that leafless tree,
Beneath my roof mayst thou remain,
  A welcome guest with me.

So when returning Spring shall cheer
  This widely weeping vale,
A note less pensive we may hear,
  Soft sounding in the gale.

Weekly Eastern Argus 1803 09 08 The Nightingale by [James] Thompson. [Thomson]

O Nightingale! best poet of the grove!
  Those plaintive strains can ne'er belong to thee;
Blest in the full possession of thy love;
  O lend those strains, sweet Nightingale, to me.

'Tis mine, alas! To mourn my wretched fate;
  I love a maid whom all my bosom charms,

Yet lose my days without this lovely mate,
  Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

Ye happy birds! By nature's kindly laws
  Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
Ye dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
  And love and song is all your pleasing care.

But we, vain slaves of int'rest and of pride!
  Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should blame,
And hence it is I languish for my bride;
  O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

*Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1803 10 18 page 3 Information

A smaller and more beautiful size of Profiles may now be taken by the Physiognotrace in the Museum—and while ladies are getting their charming faces delineated, gentlemen may be amused in examining the birds, of which there is now a classical catalogue in handsome frames over each case—not only the Linnean but also the English and French names, with correspondent numbers to those annexed to each subject.

*The Farmer's Cabinet* (NH) 1803 10 20 page 4 The Innocent Thief by Cowper

Not a flow'r can be found in the fields,
  Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
  The bee, never-wearied, a treasure.
…
Not thus inoffensively preys,
  The canker-worm; in-dwelling foe!
His voracity not thus allays
  The sparrow, the finch or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
  The pride of the garden devours;
And birds pick the seed from the bed,
  Still less to be spar'd than the flow'rs…

*The Albany Centinel* (NY) 1803 10 21 page 2

The writer of remarks on a late pamphlet, says a correspondent, like an eagle wings his way, bearing Capt. Cheetham off in his talons, though surrounded and attacked by the small birds.

*Vermont Courier* (VT) 1803 11 14 page 4 Autumn [uncredited, by Jane Taylor]

The sun is far risen above the old trees,
  His beams on the silver dew play;
The gossamer tenderly waves in the breeze,
  And the mists are fast rolling away.
…
But hark from the woodlands the sound of a gun
  The wounded bird flutters and dies
Ah! surely 'tis wicked for nothing but fun
  To shoot the poor thing as it flies.
…
Ah! poor little partridge, and pheasant, & hare,
  I wish they would leave you to live;
For my part, I wonder how people can bear
  To see all the torment they give
…

If men would but think of the torture they give
  To creatures that cannot complain
They surely would let the poor animals live
  And never go shooting again.

Evening Post (NY) 1803 12 13 page 3 Hanover, (V't) Dec 2 (widely reprinted)

A remarkable bird was last Saturday killed by Henry Nevens, of this town. It was upwards of three feet in height…though it weighed but 12 pounds, it was judged sufficiently stout and bold enough to have attempted and even destroyed the lives of calves, sheep and lambs—Its wings extended, measured 7 feet 8 inches; and its claws were two and one fourth inches in length. This fowl is supposed to be of the Eagle species but few of this size are rarely met with in this part of the country. What is remarkable, Mr. Nevens shot him flying setting on his horse.

**1804**

*The Reporter* (VT) 1804 01 02 page 4 Poetry by Cowper[34] (widely circulated, for years)

[Editor:] Cowper, the English poet, to beguile the solitude of his rural rambles at Olney, used to take with him a favorite spaniel, whom he called Beau. On a common incident in the life of almost every young dog, the poet has founded the following poems.

A spaniel, Beau, that fares like you,
  Well fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
  Each trifle that he sees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,

Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat,
And ease a doggish pain,
For him, though chased with furious heat,
You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,
Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog! what remedy remains,
Since, teach you all I can,
I see you, after all my pains,
So much resemble man!

BEAU'S REPLY.

Sir! when I flew to seize the bird,
In spite of your command,
A louder voice than yours I heard,
And harder to withstand.

You cried 'forbear!'—but in my breast
A mightier cried 'proceed!'
'Twas nature, sir, whose strong behest
Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet, much as nature I respect,
I ventur'd once to break,
As you perhaps may recollect,
Her precept for your sake;

And when your linnet on a day,
Passing his prison door,
Had flutter'd all his strength away,
And panting pressed the floor;

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destin'd to my tooth,
I only kissed his ruffled wing,
And licked the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience then excuse

My disobedience now!
Nor some reproof yourself refuse
From your aggrieved bow-wow.

If killing birds be such a crime,
Which I can hardly see,
What think you, sir, of killing Time
With verse addressed to me?

*Mirror of the Times, & General Advertiser* (DE) 1804 01 18 page 3 To the Levy Courts of the State of Delaware by "A.B.

By an act passed the 16th year of George the 2d establishing the Levy Court, to which you have by a subsequent law succeeded (but without varying the powers to which I shall call your attention) the following duties are imperatively required, to wit: page 2 6 0 . — "And shall settle and adjust the sum and sums of money which ought of necessity to be raised yearly, to defray the charges of building and repairing court houses, prisons, work houses, or for destroying wolves, crows and black birds, with such other uses as may redound to the public service and benefit of said counties respectively."

Here then, you are not only enabled but are commanded specifically to appropriate money and the sum necessary to destroy crows (as well as wolves and black birds if necessary) and that it would redound to the public benefit.

That the late increase of the crows in our state and especially in the county of Newcastle, renders such appropriation necessary, is not to be disputed, nor do I suppose any friend to the agriculture of the state could hesitate a moment to contribute his proportion to so highly beneficial a measure, if put upon any footing of equalization, even if no absolute law existed, rendering such appropriation legal. But since a law does exist, and the known necessity for such measure has drawn the attention of almost every man, it is humbly hoped the levy courts in the respective counties, will acquit themselves of this duty, in suitable provisions of money for the purpose.

With a view however, the better to judge of the subject, I shall state a few particulars not perhaps generally known.

Previous to the year 1792, the crows were not troublesome, but about that year and since, they made a lodgment on the island in the Delaware known by the "Pea-Patch." There they collect every evening from the fall all spring, and fly out in all directions during the day, destroying corn, and wheat, both in the ground and stack, to a degree scarcely credible with those who have not minutely attended to the facts. At night they again return to said island to lodge, where they constitute immense flock so as to almost cover it.

A number of the near neighbors, both from Jersey and Delaware made an arrangement in the month of November last to dislodge them, by sailing around and walking over the island firing powder, holloing and otherwise endeavoring to frighten

them away but altho' a scarry bird in day time yet at night they would sit and settle close to the men on the island, some of whom fired shot and destroyed immense numbers. The want of a house or vessel of accommodation; the wet and toilsome business of following them on a soft marsh, and the heavy expense of hiring vessels, provisions, ammunition, and the few to partake in the labor, rendered the business incomplete and determined the adventurers to wait till public provisions could be obtained,—having, however, first, fully ascertained this fact—that (if they do not remove off) every crow can be killed.

The plan these intelligent undertakers, have agreed on is this: to hire, say, ten or twelve men with [...] boots, build them a cabin on the island, provide necessary provisions &c. and be under a superintendent who should be relieved weekly. This company to keep a steady pursuit all night, and firing with shot into those close-flocked multitudes, it is believed in the space of one month would totally destroy them. To determine the sum necessary is impossible, but it will be best to appropriate liberally, as it will not be drawn unless wanted.

Let us then suppose the county of Newcastle to appropriate 500 dolls, Kent 200, and Sussex 100, payable by their treasurer to orders drawn by three commissioners to be named. That these three commissioners be authorized to appoint superintendents, who shall be authorized by said commissioners to hire such number of men at such wages and for so long as shall be decided in writing. That such superintendent shall settle with the men and give orders on the commissioners, which orders when approved by them to be payable at the treasury &c.

Under such regulation the public can have the same assurance they now have for every other public disbursement, besides which the deep interest and solicitude the farmers near the place and those most suitable for superintendents, will be a further safe pledge for the most diligent and economical application of the money, as no possible interest which they can derive from the job, can be one twentieth of that which they will derive from success in the affair; exclusive of their reputation and probity:

With you then, levy courts, this interesting business rests. You are not only called on as fellow citizens equally interested in the affair, but you are called on under the imperative obligation of a law which says. "you SHALL SETTLE and adjust the sum of money necessary to be raised far destroying crows," as will as every" other use which may redound to the public benefit of your respective counties. " A. B.

Newcastle county, Jan. 5.

p s. The editor at the Ark is respectfully requested to republish this address.

*Columbian Centinel & Massachusetts Federalist* (MA) 1804 02 22 page 1
Natural History

A writer in your paper of the 4th Feb. who modestly styles himself "a simple inquirer," confesses that he is puzzled to account for even the existence of a mountain of salt, it being as he conceives contrary to the well known laws of nature…

If we judge of the powers of Nature by our own narrow prejudices we shall always be oppressed by wonder and wonder is the suspension of reason. The ignorant mind stagnates with amazement, or incredulity when told that there are not only fishes with wings, but four-footed animals, large as cats, that fly in flocks like pigeons…that there is a bird with the make of a turtle and the qualities of a sloth…and that some birds remain all winter buried in mud to rise again in the spring…These things, to some incredible, merely because they deviate from commonly received opinions, are well known to others to exist in nature…

*The Philadelphia Evening Post* (PA) 1804 03 05 page 1 Natural History

Extract of a letter from New-York to a gentleman in London.

It is not easy to grow weary of the picturesque and various beauties of the borders of Hudson's river. In some places they are lofty and rugged, covered with pines and oaks, much more ancient than the discovery of this continent; in others they approach the river with a gentle declivity, ornamented with orchards and cottages….

Being on a visit at a plantation at Fish-kill, at a small distance from the banks of the river, my host said to me—"I will shew you with what dexterity my purveyors will take the fish we shall have at dinner." Being arrived, in profound silence, at the last crag of a rock, on the edge of the river, and concealed by the thick foliage of lofty pines, we looked attentively on that part of the river which was before us ; when, at the distance of fifty toises behind a vessel, I perceived in the midst of the stream, a sudden agitation of the water, from which, soon after, a fishing eagle (*falco piscatorius*) arose with a fish in his talons, whose bulk and convulsive motion seemed to retard his flight. Sometimes he mounted with great rapidity, then descended, and then mounted again. This struggle continued for some time, when he directed his flight with a slow and solemn motion, towards nest, placed on the top of a high tree, not far from our hiding place. At this instant my host desired me to turn my eyes towards the fierce antagonist of this fishing bird, the bald-headed eagle (*falco leucocephalus*), who, as I judged by the trembling of his wings, and his angry looks, was preparing to exercise the right of the stronger party. The fishing eagle, overburdened with his prey, made no resistance, but dropped the fish as soon as he saw his enemy hovering over his head. The fish was on the point of escaping from this tyrant of the air, he had almost touched the water, when, with incredible velocity, he seized it without even wetting his wings. Proud of his victory, he was only a few paces from his nest, when my host made a loud noise at the foot of the tree, and, intimidated by the unexpected sound, he let his prey fall, and perched on a neighboring tree.

This was a sea fish, weighing twenty-one pounds.

"It is thus, said my companion, that everywhere, the weaker is the victim of the stronger. However, I would not banish these noble birds, whose motions, whose address, whose contests are so interesting to behold from this neighborhood; and it is seldom that I disturb them. I have done so now, only to exhibit to you a spectacle that must be new to you. As the corsair, who is bereft of his prize at the entrance of his port, proceeds on a new voyage, hoping to be more fortunate; so the fishing eagle again

mounts into the air, darts into the water with the rapidity of lightening, whence soon he rises with new prey, which frequently he preserves from the voracity of his enemy, particularly when it is of smaller bulk."

How piercing must be the sight of the fishing eagle, which from the height of ten or twelve thousand toises, can distinguish fish under the water? With what inconceivable address he directs his fall from such an elevation, and seizes the moving object below!

The fishing eagle inhabits the banks of this river, till the species of fish, which was caught in the above instance, returns to the ocean; then the bald eagle returns to its mountains, and its purveyor (the fishing eagle) to the borders of the sea, where it lives without paying any tribute. The bird takes a very high and rapid flight, and its wings are long and pointed.—More nice than other fishing birds, it eats only of such fish as itself takes, disdaining such as are cast on shore by the waves. The arrival of these birds up the river, points out to the summer the season of planting his maize.

*Weekly Museum* (NY) 1804 03 24 page 2 The language of birds: Spoken extempore to a little child [Coleridge, uncredited][3536]

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The blackbird, the thrush, say—" I love and I love."
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong—
But green leaves and blossoms and sunny warm weather
And singing and loving all come back together.
"I love and I love," almost all the birds say,
From sunrise to star-rise, so gladsome are they!
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings and forever sings he—
"I love my love, and my love loves me!"
'Tis no wonder that he's full of joy to the brim,
When he loves his love, and his love loves him!

*American Citizen* (NY) 1804 03 31 page 3 Advertisement

—"About her middle round
A cry of Hell-bounds, never ceasing bark'd
" With wide Cerberian mouths, full loud, and rung
" A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
" It ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
" And kennel there: yet there still bark'd and howl'd
" within unseen." ——MILTON.
Thus when with boasted vaunt the Barber pours
His epithets, of pride and envy mix'd
On more successful rival in his Trade
Crown'd with fair fame, well earn'd, and grac'd withal

By modest manners, the foul Brood return
To gnaw in secret his envenom'd sides
And prick with self condemning stings their Sire.
With vast pretensions and high-sounding phrase
Phantasmagoric, Cat-like, mewing noise,
A razor in his hand, and strutting forth
Infuriate in his heart, yet feigning fair,
And offering to the crowd smooth words like soap
To froth the Beard e'er yet he shaves it off,
The blustering Knight had long the public dinn'd;
Secure he felt, and smil'd to think him safe
Amid his Block-Heads and the gaping throng
Of menial Hirelings crowding to their stall
Where he presides, like Satan midst his Fiends,
Congenial Natures. —Yet when radiant TRUTH
Angelic led forth HASSEY to his view,
Her Hassey—and recited half a page:
Of his unrival'd worth, the charm was broke.
Appal'd the Shaver shrunk; no dar'd awhile
T'assail the ear of Beauty, as of old
The ear of Eve by Satan was beguil'd
With false assurance and fair promise won
To her destruction: —Silence clos'd the mouths
Of the Grim Monster and the Knight of Soap.
  The Feather'd Choir now, shook their plumy wings
While HASSEY's name inspir'd the Song of Joy
TRUTH told his praise, and with Ithuriel's spear
Pierc'd to life's last asylum the fell Cat:
Yet e'er the whisker'd enemy of Birds
Had suffer'd what the Fates decreed her doom,
E'er yet her grisly mouth way clos'd in Death,
One fierce, one horrid effort was essay'd :
Wide op'd her jaws—electrified, her tail
Wagg'd with malicious rage and lash' d her sides,
To rouse up all the fury of her heart ;
Fierce roll'd the treacherous eye, and sharp her claw
Which from it covert, now no more conceal'd,
Shew'd forth Its ruthless form prepar'd for blood :
  The yell of death succeeds—the feather'd race
Seem to her famish'd maw already slain;
And while they chirp, and sing, and joyous play,
Secure with HASSEY, as himself secure,
The ravenous enemy distemper'd dreams
Her wish accomplish'd, and believes she feels
Within her gorged stomach all their song.
Vain rage, and gross mistake! the voice of Truth

Not more unlike to Falsehood's mazy guile
Titan sound of HASSEY's Birds to Huggin's Cat.
Protected by his worth, while one retires
To useful labour, midst his warbling throng,
The other struts and puffs in empty boast,
Finds all his bluster vain—-then dies forgot!

*Columbian Centinel & Massachusetts Federalist* (MA) 1804 03 31 page 1 Partridges—A caution. (Widely circulated)

That people are sometimes poisoned by eating partridges is a fact that admits but little doubt, seeing there is scarcely a severe winter, but we hear of these sad accidents in some part of the United States. The origin of this disaster is not so well known. It seems, however, that when the ground for some considerable time, is entirely covered with snow, as at the present season, these birds are compelled to feed on the poisonous Laurel, than which our climate does not produce a more deleterious vegetable. It is a good general rule to abstain from Partridge's, during the time that the ground is entirely covered with a deep snow.

*United States' Gazette* (PA) 1804 04 03 page 2 Impudence is a coat of mail (widely circulated)

It is a remark of Machiavel, and it is true, that no scheme of government concentrates power into *so few* hands as a democracy. The Many are indeed amused, and, to borrow a vulgar but significant phrase, humbugged with the notion that *they* rule. They have a farce acted over very often in which they seem to rule, but while the shadow of power is yielded to them with all possible parade, the substance is kept by the artful leaders for themselves. It is impossible the rabble should actually rule, but their vanity is extremely concerned and sufficiently gratified in the pantomime show of sovereignty, with the demagogues usurp every prerogative of power and push it in the name of the people to every extremity of outrage and abuse…For the people to be their own worst enemies and to be cheated by favorites…out of their liberties, they deem impossible. Accordingly, these impossible things take place very quietly, without suspicion or resistance, and the people continue to sing about liberty as so many mocking birds or parrots would in their gilt cages after they have lost it. We have in the United States, besides Mr. Jefferson, ten or twenty very adroit dupe makers—and the People meaning always as the Jacobins do, the rabble work as kindly we must confess in their hands, as clay in the hands of the potter…

*American Citizen* (NY) 1804 04 04 page 3 Advertisement. Retort Courteous

HENRY J . HASSEY has the honour of informing his respectable patrons, that he continues at his house no, 75 Wall-street, where he will be happy to receive their orders in the line of his profession. He assures the gentlemen and ladies who may favor him with their commends, that political prejudices or partiality, have no influence on his exertions as a Hair Dresser: He knows but two parties, those

who pay, and those who do not; to one he is decidedly attached, to the other, he begs leave to recommend the services of a certain Stage Dancer in Broadway: Any reflections on the paper in which his advertisements are inserted are equally indecorous and ridiculous— He desires no better customers than the names who daily advertise in the " American Citizen," and would sincerely lament the fate of this country were party politics carried to such extravagance, that newspaper advertising, or the employment of a particular Hair-Dresser should become the index to political opinion or authorise proscription. He therefore means to continue his advertisements as usual, and hopes that the Editor of the Evening Post will have good sense enough to correct, instead of encouraging, the scurrility of such skiagraphick, Phantasmagorick scribblers as violate the rules of common decency in their communications.

" Indecent words admit but this defence,
"That want of decency is want of sense."

NB . The aviary is still well stocked with a variety of beautiful BIRDS, whose notes will render the approaching season "more lovely still," and whose plumage will adorn the hall of wealth more than a thousand cats.

Delightful task? to rear the tender birds—
To teach the infant Bulfinch how to tune
His notes by musick's nicest rules of art—
To listen to their song, and see them dress
Their glowing plumage in the noon-day sun!

*The Centinel of Freedom* (NJ) 1804 04 24 page 4 The Robin's Return by William Foster, formerly of Elizabeth Town [*Waterford Gazette*]

Now the Spring, with maiden beauty,
Ope's anew her smiling reign:
Shepherds waken to your duty,
Watch your lambkins on the plain.
Welcome, songsters, to the grove,
Warble there your songs of love.

Now from southern forests soaring,
Winging forth the northern way.
O'er the banks where Hudson's roaring,
See the flocks united stray,
Welcome, all ye feather'd train,
Welcome to her banks again.

To this Oak which shades my dwelling,
Two, distinguish'd o'er the rest,
Came three seasons here a singing,
On its bough they built there nest.

Welcome here sweet birds again,
Wake for me thy matin strain.

Again th' oak her sprays extending,
Is for thee with beauty dress'd
And her leaves in tribute bending,
Offers now to shield your nest
Welcome to the oak again,
Wake for me thy matin strain.

Oft, the shepherd here with pleasure
Listened to their morning song;
On the grass he'd sit at leisure,
Whilst the little warblers sung.
Welcome, welcome to these sprays,
Here again the shepherd strays.

*Windsor Federal Gazette* (VT) 1804 05 01 page 4 Spring. An extract from Bloomfield's Poems

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the north,
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth
…
But still unsafe the big swol'n grain below,
A fav'rite morsel with the rook and crow;
From field to field the flock increasing goes;
To level crops most formidable foes:
Their danger well the wary plunderers know,
And place a watch on some conspicuous bough;
Yet oft the skulking gunner by surprise
Will scatter death amongst them as they rise.
These, hung in triumph round the spacious field,
At best will but a short-liv'd terror yield:
Nor guards of property; (not penal law,
But harmless riflemen of rags and straw);
Familiariz'd to these, they boldly rove,
Nor heed such centinels, that never move.
Let then your birds lie prostrate on the earth
In dying posture and with wings stretch'd forth
Shift them at eve or morn from place to place
And death shall terrify the pilfering race;
In the mid air, while circling round and round,
They call their lifeless comrades from the ground;
With quick'ning wing, and notes of loud alarm,
Warn the whole flock to shun th' impending harm.

*The Connecticut Courant* (CT) 1804 05 02 page 3 Advertisement

Museum
Joseph Steward respectfully informs the Public that there has been added to the Museum, in the State-House in Hartford, the year past,
…
A number of beautiful Birds and other Animals from the island of Japan

*Salem Register* (MA) 1804 05 03 page 3 Communication by "Flamingo"

Mr. Carlton, As the Museum of the East-India Marine Society promises to excel every other on this continent, in that period of time necessary to the maturity of such establishments; and, as subjects of the animal republic seem frequently within the reach of many of its active and curious members, it appears to me absolutely necessary, that some simple, and if possible, cheap method of preserving animals, should become generally diffused among the enlightened shipmasters which this town produces….

In order that I may set an example, I send you a "Method of preserving birds with their elegant plumage unhurt" from a magazine of the year 1763. If any of your correspondents are in possession of a more simple or better manner of preserving birds, without injuring their beautiful plumage, they will, perhaps, be induced to reflect on its importance, and give it to the public. Flamingo.

"When I receive a fowl fresh killed, I open the venter, from the lower point of the breast bone down to anus, with a pair of fine painted scissors, and extract all the contents, such as the intestines, liver, stomach, &c. This cavity I immediately fill with the following mixture of salts and spice, and then bring the lips of the wound together by suture, so as to prevent the stuffing from fallout out. The gullet of passage much then be filled, from the beak down to where the stomach lays with the same mixture, (but finer ground) which must be forced down, a little at a time, by the help of a goosequill or wire. The head I open near the root of the tongue with the scissors, and after having turned them round three or four times, to destroy the structure of the brain, I fill this cavity likewise with the mixture.

"This is all the preparation I use; as for the wings and thighs, I never touch them, but leave them in their natural state; for the salts, &c. seldom fail, in a few days, to penetrate into these parts, and preserve them equally with the body and neck of the fowl. The bird being thus filled with this antiseptic mixture, must now be hung up for about two days by the legs, in order that, by this position, the salts may more effectually penetrate round the muscles and ligaments, which connect the vertebrae of the neck. The fowl must now be placed in a frame to dry, in the same attitude we usually see it when alive on the plain or on a tree; in this frame it must be held up by two threads, the one passing from the anus to the lower part of the back, and the other through the eyes; the ends of these threads are to brace up the fowl to its natural attitude, and fastened to the beam of the frame above: Lastly, the feet are to be fixed down with pins or nails. In this situation it must remain for a month or more, until the bird is perfectly dry (which will be readily known by its stiffness), when it may be taken out of the frame, and placed on a chip pill-box: It will now require no other

support but a pin through each foot, fastened into the box. The eyes must be supplied with proportionable glass beads, fixed in with strong gum water.

"Common salt, one pound; alum powdered, four ounces; pepper ground, two ounces, mixed together."

## Kentucky Gazette (KY) 1805 05 08 page 4 The Contest, written by a Carolinian

'Twas in a lone sequester'd wood,
Close by the Mississippi's side,
Where genial zephyrs fann'd the flood,
Or skim'd the surface of the tide:

A Mock-bird, 'midst the feather'd throng
Tun'd his glad notes to mirth & love;
The banks re-echo'd to the song,
And fill'd with melody the grove.

When from a myrtle's branches gay,
With beauty join'd, with fragrance blest ;
Sweet Philomela rais'd her lay,
And thus the list'ning gale address'd :

"Now tranquil is the winding shore,
And still the daisied meadows seem,
Save where the dashing of the oar,
Sounds on the Mississippi's stream.

Or where the Mock-Bird, perch'd on high,
With rapture fills the shady dale;
With me let him the contest try,
To charm the much lov'd peaceful vale?"

Then thus began where breezes sigh'd,
Amongst the willows of the brook ;
The Mock-Bird with a conscious pride,
And the soft, daring challenge took ;

MOCK-BIRD.

"See, see, the rose expands his bloom,
To scent th' ambient air around ;
But soon shall meet an hapless doom,
And drooping press the dewy ground.

Thus all must fade and leave this grove,

Where milder suns display their beams ;
Where temperate pleasure loves to rove,
And visit oft the murm'ring streams."

NIGHTINGALE.

"Behold, the sun reclines his head,
To sink beneath yon western hill ;
The evening sky is streak'd with red,
And smoothly glides each limpid rill.

The lily's snowy beauties spread,
To court awhile the vivid breeze ;
Whilst blossums mingled odors shed,
Far scenting from a thousand trees."

MOCK-BIRD.

"But look around where sable night,
With raven wing leads on the hours?
Homeward each warbler bends his flight,
To seek repose in leafy bow'rs.

And from the mos clad forest, hark !
Faint echo's distant notes rebound ;
Roam through the regions of the dark,
And soft respond a feebler sound."

NIGHTINGALE.

"Now darts the moon her silver ray,
See how it gilds yon ivied grot ;
The gentle streamlets ling'ring stray,
As loth to quit this lonesome spot.

Safely now couch'd each warbler sits,
No agile pinions skim the sky ;
Save where the hateful screech owl sits,
And yields a tuneless feeble cry."

Thus Philomela pour'd her note,
Melodious on the night's dull ear;
Till emulation quell'd her throat,
Scarce can the muse withold a tear.

Top weak so long to urge the strain,
Eternal darkness shades her eyes ;
O'er-spent, she falls upon the plain,
Then faintly struggling, breathless dies.

There oft the Mock-Bird tells the tale,
And plaintively bewails her doom;
When softer breathes the genial gale,
To cheer him in the mournful gloom.

E'er since, he tunes his nightly song,
Where groves and sylvan scenes excel:
Where winds the silver stream along ;
Mourning the notes he lov'd so well

*Windsor Federal Gazette* (VT) 1804 05 08 page 4 Curiosities of Literature[37]
[1777, excerpt from Vol I, Letter XXI]

"A Year's Journey Through France and Part of Spain," by Philip Thicknesse, Esq. is a book very little known in this country.—Of the many scenes which he paints with the hand of a master, that of the Hermitage at Montserrat is not the least perfect and interesting…

"The second hermitage is that of St. Catherine, situated in a deep and solitary vale; it however commands a most extensive and pleasing prospect, at noon-day, on the East and West. Though this hermit's habitation is the most retired and solitary of any, and far removed from the din of men, yet the courteous, affable and sprightly inhabitant, seems not to feel the loss of human society, though no man, I think can be a greater ornament to human nature. If he is not much accustomed to hear the voice of men, he is amply recompensed by the mellifluous notes of birds; for it is their sanctuary as well as his. No part of the mountain is so well inhabited by the feathered race as this delightful spot. Perhaps indeed they have sagacity enough to know that there is no other to perfectly secure. Here the nightingale, the black-bird, the linnet, and an infinite variety of little songsters, greater strangers to my eyes than fearful of my hands, dwell in perfect security, and live in the most friendly, intimacy with their holy protector and obedient to his call; for says the hermit,

"Haste here, ye feather'd race of various song,
Bring all your pleasing melody along!
O come ye tender, faithful, plaintive doves
Perch on my hands, and sing your absent loves!"

When instantly the whole *vocal band* quit their sprays, and surround the person of their daily benefactor, some settling upon his head, others entangle their feet in his beard, and in the true sense of the word, take his bread even out of his mouth; but it is freely given: their confidence is so great, (for the holy father is their bondsman) that the stranger too partakes of their familiarity and caresses. These hermits are not allowed to keep within their walls either dog, cat, bird, or any living thing, lest their attention should be withdrawn from heavenly to earthly affections. I am sorry to arraign this good man; he cannot be said to transgress the law, but he certainly *evades* it; for though his feathered band do not live within his walls, they are always attendant upon

his *court*; nor can any prince or princess on earth boast of heads so *elegantly plumed*, as may be seen at the court of St. *Catharine*; or of vassals who pay their tributes with half the cheerfulness they are given and received by the humble monarch of this sequestered vale. If his meals are scanty, his dessert is served up with a song, and he is hushed to sleep by the nightingale; and when we consider, that he has but few days in the whole year which are inferior to some of our best in the months of May and June, you may easily conceive, that a man who breathes such pure air, who feeds on such light food, whose blood circulates freely from moderate exercise, and whose mind is never ruffled by worldly affairs, whose short sleeps are sweet and refreshing, and who lives confident of finding in death a more heavenly residence; —lives a life to be envied, not pitied.

As the hermits never eat animal foot, I could not help observing to him, how fortunate a circumstance it was for the safety of his little feathered friends; and that there were no boys to disturb their young, nor any sportsman to kill the parent.—"God forbid" said he, "that one of them should fall, but by his hands who gave it life!"—Give me your hand, said I, and bless me!—I believe he did! *but it shortened my visit*:—so I stept into the *grot*, and unperceived placed a pound of chocolate upon his stone table.[38]

*Columbian Minerva* (MA) 1804 05 29 page 4 Farewell to winter by "Angelina"

Farewell Winter! Snow-clad dame,
Spring resumes her smiling reign;
…
Tuneful warblers of the grove,
Sing their artless takes of love,
Happy birds your love enjoy;—
No rude fowlers thee annoy….

*The Balance, and Columbia Repository* (NY) 1804 06 12 page 8 The Magpie and her Brood [from the new *London Review*—addressed to Miss Hotham, daughter to the Earl of Suffolk, aged ten years, by Lord Orford]

Once on a time, a Magpie led
  Her little family from home,
To teach them how to earn their bread,
  When she in quest of a new mate should roam.
She pointed to each worm and fly,
  That crept on earth, or wing'd the sky,
Or where the beetle buzz'd, she call'd.
  But all her documents were vain;
They would not budge—the infant train
  But caw'd, and cried, and squall'd.
They wanted to be back at nest,
  Close nuzzled to Mama's warm breast,
And thought that she, poor soul, must sweat,
Day after day, to find them meat.
  But Madge knew better things.

My loves, said she, behold the plains,
Where store of food, and plenty reigns.
I was not half so big as you,
Then me my honored mother drew,
  Forth to the groves and springs.
She flew away—God rest her sprite—
Though I could neither read, nor write,
  I made a shift to live ;
So must you too, come, hop away—
Get what you can, steal what you may,
  Th' industrious always thrive.

Lord bless us, cried the peevish chits,
Can babes, like us, live by their wits ?
With perils compass'd round, can we
Preserve our lives and liberty ?
How shall we 'scape the fowler's snare ?
Or gardener's tube, erect in air ?
If we but take a plum or two,
The leaden ball will pierce us through,
And then, Mama, your tender heart will bleed,
To see your little pies lie dead.

My dears, said she, and kiss'd their callow bills,
The wise by foresight intercept their ills,
  And you from no dull lineage came.
To fire a gun, it takes some time,
The man must load, the man must prime,
  And after that, take aim.
He lifts his piece, he winks his eye,
"Twill then be time enough to fly—
You, out of reach, may laugh and chatter,
To bilk a man is no great matter.

Ah!—but—But what? Why, if the clown
Should reach a stone, to knock us down—
  Why, if he does, ye brats,
Must he not stoop to reach the stone?
His posture warns you to be gone—
  Birds are not kill'd like cats.

Still, good Mama, our case is hard,
The rogue, you know may come prepar'd,
  A huge stone in his fist.
Indeed, my youngsters, Madge replies,
If you already are so wise,

Go, cater where you list.

*Political Observatory* (NH) 1804 06 16 page 3 [Pittsfield Sun] (widely reported)

At a hunting match in Cheshire, Mass. on the 25th ult. were killed, between sun-rise and sun-set, 164 woodchucks, 85 squirrels, 41 crows, 1 hawk, besides a great number of birds.

Library or Philadelphia Literary Reporter (PA) 1804 06 30 page 1 Advertisement.

Jacob Johnson's Juvenile Catalogue…

*Rational Brutes or Talking Animals*[39] by M. Pelham, author of the Rochford's Village School, and various other publications for children,

If tender sorrow melt thy youthful heart,
Hear what beasts, birds, and suffering fish impart:
Nor for that transient sport, or lasting joy,
The bliss of anything that lives annoy:
But always recollect this wise decree,
"Do as thou would it should be done to thee." [printed on frontispiece]

"Good Mrs. Benfield, when solicited by her children for pretty stories, with which she had often furnished them, now leads them back to an old tattered little book, written at a time when beasts and birds were supposed to talk and fishes to sing, and, we must confess, that it presents to the young reader much pleasing and useful instruction. The great and laudable purpose of the writer is to inculcate humanity and kindness in our treatment of the brute creation." *Monthly Review*.

…

*The Sparrow*[40], with a good frontispiece

"I only wish to please the gentle mind,
"Whom Nature's charms inspire."

"Whatever tends to impress early principles of humanity and benevolence ought particularly to be recommended to the study of youth. No part of education is more important than that which teaches children to treat the inferior order of animals with tenderness and sympathy; for they who, after a single admonition, take pleasure in torturing the most contemptible insect, will as they grow up, be cruel and unfeeling to their own species. The author of the Sparrow has honourably employed his talents on a former occasion [*Keeper's Travels in search of his Master*] to give some lessons on this subject, through the pleasing medium of fable, and the little work now before us seems only a continuation of the same laudable endeavors. The intention and the execution are alike entitled to our unqualified praise; but we feel it our duty to controvert a principle laid down in the introduction, tho' we give the writer credit for the purity of his motives.

With an amiable solicitude for the honour of human nature, he asks, ‘ Is it believed that any child ever tortured a creature with a cruel intention—that is, for the purpose of giving it pain.

“We reply in the negative. We refer their behaviour to an honourable characteristic of the mind—the love of action.

“ In support of our opinion of the purity of intention, we ask, whether the most excellent and most benevolent persons cannot remember to have given unnecessary pain to any bird, beast, fish, reptile, or insect ? And we ask if in so doing they charge themselves with any vicious motive; whether they did not forbear as soon as their faculties enabled them to comprehend, with sufficient force, the nature of their error? We request too that they will be kind enough to make the same excuse for those who are now their imitators.’

“It cannot be denied that activity is congenial to the minds of children; but we dare not account for the cruelty which some of them show to animals on this principle, but on a natural depravity of disposition, which requires all the checks of authority, and all the dissuasives of reason, to correct and soften.

It is a fact recorded in history, that some of the most excerable tyrants that ever disgraced human nature, began their career of cruelty with killing flies, and progressively went on to murder their fellow men.—Is it the love of action which could prompt this ? We will answer No! Had they indeed been curbed or reformed before their vicious habits became too deeply rooted; had they been inspired? by their parents or governors with juster notions of what is legitimately due to everything that possesses life, and that torture is indefensible, on any principle of self-preservation, necessity, or allowed superiority, it is probable the annals of mankind would never have been stained with the atrocities of such monsters; but yet there must have been a radical taint in the heart to incline them to sport with sufferings of any kind. While on the other hand we are happy to say, that we have known many children, who, from a natural amiability, never evinced any propensity to a voluntary infliction of pain on the humblest reptile.

Agreeing, however, with our author in his object, and highly applauding the mode in which he has so successfully combated cruelty, and enforced a love of humanity, we pass over this insulated position, which it is but justice to declare has no effect on the structure of his fable.” -*Young G. and L. Magazine*.

*Carlisle Herald* (PA) 1804 07 13 page 3 Trenton, July 2 (widely reported)

…We are informed that Mr. Daniel Bowne near Hights-Town, on Wednesday last, while attempting to take some young birds in a tree which he had ascended for the purpose, was apparently taken with a fit, and fell to the ground in such a manner as to dislocate his neck and put an instant period to his existence...

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1804 07 21 page 4 To the Admirers of the Feathered Creation

[H.J. Hassey added new cut of squirrel to goldfinch, added "Hang Birds" to his list of birds to sell.]

*The Connecticut Courant* (CT) 1804 08 01 page 1 Dissertations on Gull-Catching No. 1 by "R" (widely reprinted)

The boasted dominion of man over the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air and the beasts of the forest and of the field has, in every age, been maintained more by cunning than by strength…

[My] original plan, to which I promise, hence-forward, principally to confine myself, was to descant on the arts of Gull-catching. And since, in this inquisitive age, the love of novelty is with many the ruling passion, it is hoped that the public care will be favorably inclined to the diffusion of a subject, which has at least a novel appearance. Among all the writers of the present and preceding times, none, I believe, has professedly written on gull traps.—Be this my theme. Meanwhile it should be understood, that my lucubrations are rather intended for common people than for the great and the learned; for without claiming a capacity to instruct or even amuse the latter, I confidently hope to impart some important lessons of instruction to the former, provided they will read me throughout and with attention.

On gull traps, or on the arts of gull-catching, I shall first speak literally, and then metaphorically—The exposition of the first part of the subject will be very brief: on the last I expect to enlarge. Gulls, it is well known, are a very simple unsuspecting kind of birds; and the way to catch them, in this country, is as follows. The sportsman builds him what he calls a gull-house. "It is built (to use the expressions of the American Geographer) with crotches fixed in the ground, and covered with poles, the sides being covered with stakes and sea weed, and the poles on the top covered with lean whale. The man being placed within, is not discovered by the fowls, and while they are contending for and eating the fish, he draws them in one by one between the poles." In this easy way, according to Doctor Morse, Gulls are taken at Wellfleet, a town on Cape Cod; and he relates that a fowler often collects forty or fifty of them in a single morning.

From the great facility with which Gulls suffer themselves to be caught, such of the human race as are very easily duped and drawn into the snares prepared for them, are said, in a figurative sense, to be gulled ; and their ensnarers are called gull-catchers. The arts of gulling were practiced at the very beginning of the world, and with fatal success. Scarcely had the progenitors of the human family tasted of the delicious fruits of Paradise, when their repose was poisoned and their happiness destroyed by the juggling tricks of a deceiver. A certain vagrant, as cunning as he was wicked who had placed himself at the head of a most horrid conspiracy against the sovereign of his native country, and therefore had been doomed to perpetual exile—restless, envious, ambitious, a disorganizer in principle and practice—arrived by stealth and in disguise within the limits of the commonwealth of Eden. As it was his principal object to subvert the existing institutions civil and religious and to breed disorder and confusion in the state, he, to effect those mischievous purposes, became a zealous

advocate for the rights of man. He branded subordination, social order and "steady habits," with epithets of scorn. He declaimed, in seeming rapture, on the charms of the Goddess Liberty. He insinuated that the freedom of human nature had been tyrannically restricted. He particularly objected against a certain test act, as horribly oppressive. He taught an equality, impracticable and disorganizing in its nature, though specious and alluring in theory; and being himself the prime author of the doctrines of the Illumines, he artfully swelled the minds of his victims with ideas of the Godlike perfectability of human nature. The credulous pair became the easy dupes of these artifices: the alluring bait was swallowed; and fatal to them and to their posterity were the consequences.

The prime Deceiver, having thus thrown everything into confusion; having entirely subverted the civil, social and religious order that had been established with the most consummate wisdom, he instantly leaped into the seat of government and in all the succeeding ages, he has had multitudes of vassals, whom he ever has been and still is instigating to gull the simple and credulous.

*The Pittsfield Sun* (MA) 1804 08 11 page 3 Of the Species of Fascination attributed to the looks of serpents [From *Vaillant's Travels into Africa*.]

Our regards were naturally placed on the objects before us. For my part an involuntary movement almost always drew my attention to the trees around me. I saw that the branches of the one next us moved. Immediately we heard the piercing cries of a speckled magpie which was writhing in her convulsions.

The first idea that struck us was, that the creature was under the talons of some bird of prey but when we had more attentively considered it, we were much surprised to perceive on the branch adjoining that which carried the bird, a very large serpent, and which, totally motionless, its neck bent and eyes inflamed, fixed the poor animal. The magpie was agitated and convulsed in a horrid manner, but its fright had nearly deprived it of its strength; and as if fastened by its feet, it seemed entirely unable to flee. One of us went to seek a fuzil, but before his return, the magpie was dead, and only the serpent remained.

I then desired the distance to be measured from the spot where the bird had just experienced mortal convulsions, and that which the serpent occupied when he fixed it; it was found to be three feet and a half; and the whole company were convinced that if the former perished it was not by the bite or the poison of the latter. Straitway I skinned the magpye before all present, and took care that they should remark that it was untouched, and did not present the slightest wound…The Hottentots, whom I consulted with regard to this fact, did not appear in the least astonished. They told me that nothing was more common, and that the serpent had the faculty of charming and attracting to him the animals which he wished to devour…

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1804 09 04 page 3 Letter from "a Fair Sportsman" [*Long-Island Brush*, August 20] (reprinted in *New York Herald*)

We with pleasure give a place to the following communication, and assure "A Fair Sportsman" that he shall always find this paper a ready vehicle for his chastisement.

The practice of which he complains, has, we know, risen to a scandalous height and it happens that the greatest offenders are these who have the least excuse for it. A certain great shot stands at the head.

Long-Island Brush, August 20,1804.

Mr. Coleman, Knowing your paper is read by most of those gentlemen who amuse themselves in the fall by a few days of grouse shooting on the plains, I am induced to make it the vehicle of some short communications on the subject of an abuse which is practiced here every year, to a degree that is destructive of all the game on the island, ruinous to all fair sport, and directly in face of the laws of the state. I mean coming down at an improper season and shooting the birds before they are grown. Last year this was carried to such a length that from 40 to 60 brace of grouse were shot and hung up on the trees in Wheeler's Valley to rot. This poaching began as early as July; but there was so much dissatisfaction afterwards expressed by the gentlemen sportsmen, that I was in hopes it would have been stopped, otherwise I should have done what it is my determination to do now—that is, to send you for publication the name of every man who comes upon the Brush and shoots or buys birds of the poachers before the first of October. I shall not at this time give the names of those who have already been down, because I deem it fair they should have warning—but it is a fact, that a distinguished poacher was here as long ago as the eleventh of this month. If he comes again, he may look out for his name in your paper *in terrorem*, as an example to others in like cases offending. I personally know them all, and they may certainly rely on seeing themselves served up the public in staring capitals, without favor or affection. I am, Sir, Your humble serv't A FAIR SPORTSMAN

*Philadelphia Repository and Weekly Register* (PA) 1804 09 08 page 6 Parrots

The great number of words they are capable of learning and repeating, is very surprising. "We are assured by a grave writer,"says Dr. Goldsmith, "that one of these was taught to repeat a whole sonnet from Petrarch; and that I," adds the doctor, "may not be wanting in my instance, I have seen a parrot, belonging to a distiller, who had suffered pretty largely in his circumstances, from an informer who lived opposite him, very ridiculously employed. This bird was taught to pronounce the ninth commandment, Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour. The bird was generally placed in its cage over against the informer's house, and delighted the whole neighbourhood with its persevering exhortation."

In going through the towns of France, sometime since, I could not help observing, how much plainer their parrots spoke than ours, and how very distinctly. I understood their parrots speak French, when I could not understand our own, though they spoke my native language. I was at first for ascribing it to the different qualities of the two languages, and entering into an elaborate discussion on the vowels and consonants; but a friend who was with me solved the difficulty at once, by assuring me that the French women scarcely did anything else the whole day, than sit and instruct their feathered pupils, and that the birds were distinct in their lessons, in consequence of continual schooling.

The parrots of France are certainly very expert, but nothing to those of the Brasils, where the education of the parrot is considered as a serious business. Clusius assures us, that the parrot of that country is the most sensible and cunning of all animals not endued with reason. The great parrot, called in that country the Aicuros, he tells us is a prodigy of understanding. "A certain Brasilian woman, says he, "that lived in a village two miles distant from the island on which we resided, had a parrot of this kind, which was the wonder of the place. It seemed endued with such understanding, as to discern and comprehend whatever she said to it . As we sometimes used to pass by that woman's house, she used to call upon us to stop, promising if we gave her a comb, or a looking-glass, that she would make the parrot sing and dance to entertain us . If we agreed to her request, as soon as she had pronounced some words to the bird, it began not only to leap and skip on the perch on which it stood, but also to talk, and to whistle, and imitate the shoutings and exclamations of the Brasilians when they prepare for battle. In brief, when it came into the woman's head to bid it to sing, it sang; to dance, it danced. But if contrary to the promise, we refused to give the woman the little present agree on, the parrot seemed to sympathize in her resentment, and was silent and immoveable; neither could we, by any means, provoke it to move either foot or tongue."

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1804 09 10 page 3 Letter from "a Fair Sportsman" [*Long-Island Brush*, September 7] (reprinted in *New York Herald*)

Sir—I did not, in my last, advert to a practice almost as destructive of the Game as that of your Poachers coming down out of season and unlawfully and meanly killing the birds before they are grown: but it is proper to mention that there are people living on the Island who are how in the habit of shooting the birds for the purpose of carrying them to market. It is a fact, that in the course of the present week, more than thirty brace of birds have been sold at the market at Jamaica, at from 25 cents to half a dollar apiece. And your New-York gentlemen are not ashamed to come and buy them and load their carriages, and then present them to their friends, with a billet intimating what excellent shots they are! Their behaviour reminds me of a couplet in some poet, but I have not my books about me—it may be parodied thus:

" They talk of sporting that they never knew,
"And boast of shots too, that they never made."

I wonder any sportsman would be seen to encourage these poachers by purchasing their birds. One would expect every gentleman would take care to have the first person seized who was found with a grouse in his possession, and prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law. If something like this is not done there's an end to all further sport on these Plains.

In haste, your's, A FAIR SPORTSMAN.

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1804 09 21 page 2 (reprinted in *New-York Herald*)

Fair Sportsman, No. 3, is received, and we have no doubt the castigation bestowed

on “two noted poachers” is well merited; but we understand that the two persons mentioned are not the only ones who have offended; but that there are so many as to keep each other in countenance, so that to single out one or two would be both unjust, and useless, especially, too, as we are assured that measures are proposed for future seasons, which will probably be effectual to prevent a repetition of the mischief.— We shall, however, give that part of the letter containing an extract from the law, passed February 15th, 1796. It is entitled “ An act for the preservation of Heath-Hens (Grouse) and other game.”

“ Be it enacted, &c. That if any person shall kill any heath-hen, within the county of Suffolk or Queens, between the first day of April and the fifth day of October in any year after the passing of this act, every such person shall forfeit and pay the sum of twenty shillings, to be recovered with costs of suit by any person or persons who shall sue for the same, before any justice of the peace, in either of the said counties; the one half of which forfeiture when recovered shall be paid to the person who shall sue for the same, the other to the over- seers of the poor. “ And if any heath-hen shall be found in the possession of any person, or persons, such person or persons shall be deemed guilty of the offence and suffer the penalty aforesaid; provided always the suit be commenced within three months after the offence is committed.”

## *New-York Commercial Advertiser* (NY) 1804 10 17 page 2 Dishclout, Mopstick, Caustic and all the Sticks by “Detector”

There is a Song, printed by itself, industriously circulated in this city, of which the public ought to be warned. It is entitled the “Portrait of the Times,” and signed “Betty Caustic.” The writer of this popular ditty has concealed himself, like Achilles of old, when he strove to avoid going to the Trojan war by putting his manhood under petticoats.

He is conjectured to be a violent Burrite, from his opposition to Mr. Clinton, whom his sect hate worse that they do the old boy. In twenty-nine verses, some of which are better than others, the name is not mentioned—while Dickinson, Adams, Jay and Lee are said have “blaz’d like comets round the sun” of Washington.—If he mean Gen. Lee, the simile may be admitted as to him; but as to Jay and Adams, they are suns, or at least stars of the first magnitude.

That the ballad-maker is in favor of the election of Mr. Jefferson for President of the United States, is evident from the first verse where he sings,

“In days of yore, our Congress-men,
“Fitted for high station,
“Were chosen o’er and o’er again
“To wisely rule the nation.”

Here is an intimation not to be misunderstood, that the songster wishes Mr Jefferson to be elected again—and that he does not agree, in all cases, with the doctrine of rotation in office. The same sentiment is expressed still more plainly in the chorus, particularly in this line :

“Give the first ass the highest rule.”

The second verse may be considered, though somewhat secure, as an apology for Mr. Jefferson’s retreat to Carter’s mountain.

“ When dangers press on every side,
“ And tyrants would us rule, sir,
“ The people stood on wisdom’s side,
“ Despis’d ambition’s tools, sir.”

In this, there is discoverable much art and delicacy. —Mr. Jefferson is kept out of sight and by substituting “ the people,” the lesson is taught, that when danger presses, it is always best to fly to some place where they are sure the enemy will not follow them; and thus set ambition’s tool at defiance.

In one place, the poet shows his Jeffersonian bent, and his Burrism breaks forth with great violence,

“Now tools scarce worth a groat are made,
“ To fill the Corporation,”

It is not believed that he has a warm love for Mr. Jefferson; but that his enmity to Mr. Clinton, induces him to give the former the preference. To whom he refers, in the above lines, is uncertain. They seem to be a burst of poetic inspiration.

The following verse cannot be misinterpreted :
“Honest mechanics without tools,
“ Most fitted to perform their work,
“Unletter’d sit on high like fools,
“Trick’d by every knavish quirk.”

This is a vile sling at the members of the Legislature, who may choose electors who will vote for Mr. Clinton as President. The intention is rendered indisputable by what follows:

“Thoughtless electors do not see
“Why like brainless bird Macaw.”

He comes out boldly and declares that those who vote for Mr. Clinton are foolish mechanics—brainless birds—or parrots, which prate what is taught them.

A light encomium is bestowed upon Mr. Jefferson, as must be understood in the following verse:

“ Those nation tars who boast so high
“Of laws expatriation,
“I’ll soon cut up Like pumpkin pie,
“ The glory of our nation.

By tars he can mean no other than the crews of the British vessels, Leander and Cambrian and those which the Marquis de Casa Yrujo has intimated that “ the King his master” may send. There seems also to be a gentle hint, which the reader, on first

sight, may not apprehend, at the gun-boats which Mr. Jefferson is building. —The language, upon the whole, is, " Make him President, and you will see what he will do." Perhaps, the mention of " Yankee pork and lasses," in a preceding stanza, as well as of " pumpkin pye," in this, was not politic. There is harm in irritating a people. The New-England men may think their provision as good as the hominy of the Virginians; though not raised by the sweat and blood of negroes.

The partizans of Mr. Jefferson employ every art, and are indefatigable in their exertions. Songs are long known to bey powerful engine. Yankee doodle is a favorite tune in this country ; and therefore, the metre has been accommodated to it; though, in a few instances, it limps a little. There is strong hope, however, that the good sense of the citizens will penetrate the designs—and that Mr. Clinton will be elected President, notwithstanding the numerous arts of the Jeffersonians, and the furious opposition of the Burrites.

*The Enquirer* (VA) 1804 10 17 page 4 Agriculture [From the *London Monthly Magazine* for January 1804]

…Whoever observes the greedy manner in which poultry of all sorts, and also small birds, will devour the seeds of the large sunflower, may perhaps think, like me, that this plant would give a vast quantity of food for them on a little ground….

*The Providence Gazette* (RI) 1804 10 27 page 2 For the *Providence Gazette*

The learned Gilbert Wakefield has somewhere observed, that the screaming of small birds announces the approach of a bird of nobler pinion. This case is not confined to the ornithological, it extends to the human species. Thomas Paine, the son of a haymaker, and a number of small beings like himself, observing the immense difference between their state, and nobility or royalty, they have raised as furious an uproar against those splendid appendages of man, as if they were determined to hunt them from the world….

*Weekly Museum* (NY) 1804 11 10 page 2 A Morning's Walk in November [uncredited, by John Webb, *The Lady's Magazine of Entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex* volume 34]

When Time's monitory tongue had proclaimed the hour of seven, I arose and took a—I will not say a pleasant—walk. As I strolled along, surveying the gloomy scene around, I exclaimed:

"Voila la difference! The fields, where lately waved the bearded barley, stript of its smiling treasure, wears a disconsolate countenance. Where are the mountain larks that thrilled their soft symphonies in air? Where black-birds that filled with mellifluous music the shady copse? Has the dreary season untuned their pipes and robbed their throats of melody? How dull each object that once inspired delight! The eye no longer loves to view the landscape. A choir of plumy musicians no longer enchants the ear, nor perfumes fragrant as those of Arabia ravish the sense. Not one sunny ray, nor one

particle of warmth, from the great fountain of heat, sheds its comfortable influence on walk. A sullen silence reigns

"Through all yon saddened grove, where scarce is heard"
One dying strain to cheer the woodmans toil" —Thomson

"Well might the grove look sad, when Philomela, the leader of the feathered band, and some other inferior performers, were emigrated to distant regions, where brighter suns illumine fairer skies[41].

*The Saratoga Advertiser* (NY) 1804 11 19 page 4 Taking of Birds Nests [William Shenstone, "The Shepherd's Home", uncredited excerpt] (excerpt widely reprinted)

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood pigeons breed.
But let me that plunder forbear!
She will say 'tis a barbarous deed.
For he never can be true she averr'd,
Who can rob a poor bird of her young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.

*The Saratoga Advertiser* (NY) 1804 11 19 page 4 On the same

A boy, who was a great destroyer of nests had carefully preserved one, that he might enjoy the cruel pleasure of confining in a cage the poor birds, who had the same natural right to liberty with himself. A hungry cat discovered the nest and devoured the unfeathered brood. The boy bewailed his loss, and vowed revenge upon the cat; not reflecting on the many nests which he had wantonly plundered, whilst the cat was impelled, by the dictates of nature, to satisfy a craving appetite.

*Connecticut Centinel* (CT) 1804 12 04 page 2

It is truly laughable to hear the murmurings and complaints which have of late become so prevalent among the Democratic mock birds, against certain late proceedings of our Legislature—petty knights of the quill have assumed their feathered weapons and as knights of their party,threaten to wage immediate war against every Federal member of the house—in one remote corner of the state, we view a creature who we can conceive to be no more than a shade of a shadow, braying with uncommon force against the proceedings of the house relative to the conduct of the polite and modest Mr. Hart—in another obscure parish we view another whistle of Democracy, yelping and whining like a motherless puppy-dog, because the Legislature would not

grant a certain petition, the substance of which was to allow his town's people the exclusive privilege of catching Codfish!—…

*New-England Palladium* (MA) 1804 12 18 page 1 Swallows. [Lon. pap. (may be *Agricultural Magazine*[42] 1804 Vol 11] (widely circulated)

An experienced sportsman, well known in Norfolk, has taken much pains to deprecate amongst his connections, the general practice of wantonly destroying martins, swallows, and other species of the feathered tribe which feed upon the wing, and are only to be seen in this country during the breeding months of summer. They have for some months been observed to decrease in his neighborhood, which he attributes to the practice of shooting the old birds, by which the nestlings are destroyed; and the great numbers are also lost in their migration across the sea in winter. It has been satisfactorily ascertained that in proportion to the decrease of these birds, the parts they have acquitted become inundated with noxious insects, which commit alarming depredations on vegetation. A single bird of his tribe is supposed by naturalists, to swallow several hundreds of moths, flies and other insects.

*The Repertory* (MA) 1804 12 18 page 3 Bird-Catching in Virginia (widely circulated)

In the year 1610, a book was published in London containing a wonderful account of the manner in which the first settlers of Virginia caught birds. It is a characteristic anecdote, and worthy of preservation. The art has been taught to succeeding generations and is at this day practiced by Virginians in the same manner, *mutatis mutandis*, that it was two centuries ago. I have copied the story verbatim from the printed page. "As in the great famine of Israel," says this pious historian. "God commanded Elias to flie to the brooke Cedroa, and there fed him by Ravens; so God provided for our disconsolate people by foules: but with an admirable difference; unto Elias the Ravens brought meat; unto our men the foules brought themselves for meate; for then they whistled, or made any STRANGE NOYSE, the foules would come and sit on their shoulders; they would suffer themselves TO BE TAKEN AND WEIGHED by our men, who would make choice of the FATEST AND FAIREST*, and let flie the LEAN AND LIGHTEST**!!! An accident, I take it, that cannot be paralled by any Hystorie.

[*Gerry, Bowdoin, Clinton et id omne genus; **viz, Burr, Eustis, Breckenridge, Elliot &c.]

*Litchfield Monitor* (CT) 1804 12 19 page 4

I should wish to attach every object to me, with which I am connected. I should delight to make my cow and horse my friends,—to feed them from my hands, to have them follow me when I enter the field, and look upon me as a benefactor. Why should I not domesticate the birds, that build on my trees, and why not attach myself to the trees themselves by directing their growth and enjoying their shade? I cannot but think that the goodness of God is manifested in this susceptibility, which man enjoys, of

attachment to surrounding scenes and objects….

**1805**

*Mercantile Advertiser* (NY) 1805 01 01 page 4. Advertisement. The New York Aviary, and Lounge of Harmony.

> Of Henry J. Hassey, no. 72 Wall street, is now replete with the most beautiful collection of American and foreign BIRDS ever exhibited for sale in this country, which for exquisite beauty of plumage, elegance of form, or delicious musical notes, surpass all description. The proprietor's enormous expense, and unceasing exertions, to procure this very extraordinary variety of the warbling throng, induces him to hope his endeavors to procure a subsistence will be amply rewarded. The following is a list of birds to be seen gratis by either lady or gentleman who may please to honor him with a visit: 1 A singular phenomenon; a number of Red Birds; 2 The Tropical, remarkable for variegated color and song; the Orindock, from the Spanish main; the East India Bulfinch, feathered singularly as to resemble a painting more than a living birds; the Prince of the Woods, whose beautiful bold and dignified appearance astonishes every beholder, the sky lark; the Thrush; the Black bird; the Linnet, Goldfinch, Parrot, Mocking Bird, Robin, Yellow bird, Nonpareil, and Canaries in abundance…

*The Times* (SC) 1805 01 04 page 3 On Music by Alexis

> " Oh Music, sphere defended maid,
> " Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid." COLLINS.
>
> No. I.

Music regarded in its pristine state, was the pure, gratuitous, and inestimable gift of Omnipotence. Each of the feathered tribe possessed their own peculiar notes, and chanted the delights of nature by undissembled rejoicings. And man rendered by divine pleasure so far superior to all other works of the creation, also excelled in this particular; the diversity of his tones marked the feelings of his soul, and the most empassioned and sympathetic expressions flowed natively from his heart, until enraptured with the faculty, he improved it into a science, while yet the world was in its infancy—sacred writ records the name of Jubal, as the father of all such who handle the harp and organ; Jubal was of the sixth generation from Adam. Thus early this favored science grew among men; an art so much esteemed in those remote ages, that Moses was taught by inspiration to mark its origin. Where this antediluvian science revived, is a secret of no importance; some ingenious authors have traced it to the Nile, and attribute its reanimation to the reeds on the bank of that river. Lucretius, the Roman philosopher and poet, more naturally imputes it to the bird ; while the sagacious Plutarch ascribes its invention to Amphion, who, after building the city of Thebes, with his harp introduced music into Greece, from whence it became gradually disseminated among the neighbouring nations as they became more civilized and cultivated—and at last burst into that universal and effulgent blaze, that now warms every feeling and

noble heart….

*The Daily Advertiser* (NY) 1805 01 04 page 2 Dear Sammy by Jacob Vanskyver

I got your letter by the stage yesterday and as you with some account of the fashions here, I see nothing so striking among the belles and beaux as their buttons. You may recollect the young fellow that was over at Oyster Bay last summer, and spread such terror among the Sparrows and Tom-Tits in the neighborhood—well, I met him in the street the other day and while he was telling a long rig-ma-role story of his lately shooting a Crow flying, I took the opportunity of observing the fashion of his vest and counting the buttons thereon. They amounted to thirty!!!

*Political and Commercial Register* (PA) 1805 01 30 page 2 Varieties of the Human Species

The ancients supposed that a race of men of diminutive stature composed a peculiar nation. Homer gives an account of a pigmy nation contending with cranes; and however the poet might be supposed to exaggerate, Athenaeus has gravely attempted to confirm this. If we attend to these, we must believe that in the internal parts of Africa there are whole nations of pigmy beings, not more than a foot in stature, who continually wage an unequal war with the birds and beasts that inhabit the plains in which they reside….

*The Reporter* (VT) 1805 02 02 page 4 Love and Liberty

In briery dell, or thicket brown,
On mountain high, in lowly vale,
Or where the thistle sheds its down,
The sweetfern scents the passing gale,
There hop the birds from bush to tree,
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is Love and Liberty.

No parent bird shall love direct:
His fair he seeks in plumy throng,
Caught by the plumage of her neck,
Or kindred softness of her song.
They sing and bill from bush to tree,
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is Love and Liberty.

Some airy songster's feather'd shape,
O! Could my love and I assume;

The ringdove's glossy neck he take,
And I the modest turtle's plume.
O Then we'd sport from bush to tree,
Love fill our throats,
Love swell our notes,
Our song be Love and Liberty.

*The Maryland Gazette* (MD) 1805 02 21 page 1 Observations on the Italian mulberry and Lombardy Poplar

…the females produce fruit in great abundance, which begin to ripen and fall off about the time early cherries ripen, and continue ripening and falling for near two months; are greedily eaten by, and are wholesome and nutritive to swine, poultry, &c. And so grateful to birds, that they will do little injury to cherries or other fruit, while they can obtain a sufficiency of mulberries

*The Farmer's Cabinet* (NH) 1805 02 26 page 3 (reprinted)

Mr. Gull, who styles himself a true republican, came into our shop the other day, and finding present several of our customers, whom he considered as birds of his own feather, he took up a newspaper, called the Republican Advocate, and began to read a panegyric on Mr. Gallatin's management of the treasury. The burden of the song was, that Mr. Gallatin had called for no new taxes. And why?—Why only because there was no need of them. These things, being spun out very finely in the newspaper, were received by some of the bystanders with much applause. In the mean time, comes in Mat. Momus, our apprentice, who, supposing there was some fun in the crowd, desired to know what was on foot: Upon this, Mr. Gull read the paragraph over again, and asked Momus if he did not think it admirable. Vastly so, says Mat. This reminds me of a conversation I lately had with an acquaintance of mine, concerning the Doctors in the town where he lived. One, he said, had lost many patients; and another had many under his care, who seemed likely, at present, neither to die nor get well; but the third was thought to be a very clever man, for he had never hurt a single patient.—How happened that?—O! very naturally; for he never had any practice.

*The Repertory* (MA) 1805 03 19 page 1 The Sportsman [from the Greek of Bion]

In the shady retreats of a whispering grove,
A sport-loving youth all so careless and free,
Of no danger aware, and a stranger to love,
Saw Cupid aloft on the bough of a tree.

He dew forth an arrow transported with joy,
Conceiving the noblest of birds he had found,
And shaft after shaft shot in vain at the boy,
Who sporing in circles eluded a wound.

When his quiver was empty with sorrow and shame,
  Unable the thoughts of loss to endure.
To the master who taught him complaining he came,
  And showed him the prey he had failed to secure.

The pitiful tale when his master had heard,
  He exclaimed from such game I would have thee forbear,
Nor presume to approach near the mischievous bird,
  There is danger at hand, I entreat thee beware.

While thus he avoids thee, most blest wilt thou be,
  For when Time on thy cheeks manhood's honors shall shed,
The fugitive urchin no longer will flee,
  But will seek thee his victim and perch on thy head.

*The Northern Post* 1805 05 02 page 4 To Sportsmen [from the *Providence Gazette*] (widely circulated)

As the season is now rapidly approaching when the Sportsman will begin his depredations, you are requested to publish the following lines, and their object will be answered, if the life of a single Robin should be preserved.

The birds had sung a morning psalm",
  The music of the grove was mute,
And all was silent, all was calm
  As is the passing shadow's foot.

"The poet's eye, in frenzy," now
  Roll'd giddily from tree to tree,
And caught from ev'ry tranquil bough
  A deep and solemn reverie.

A strain of music soft and low,
  And destitute of art,
Fell in a gentle lapse, like snow,
  And melted on his heart.

The poet turn'd, transported now,
  And gaz'd upon the wood:
He look'd, and on a dancing bough
  The sweet musician stood.

Her little nest was her beside,
  Suspended in the air;
The Robin watch'd her callow pride

With all a mother's care.

Her plumage glitter'd in the sun:
While gazing on her nest,
The poet heard the sportsman's gun,
And saw her bleeding breast.

Fain would he sing in numbers meet;
He falters on the strings:
Ill-fated bird! He saw thee beat
The ground with bloody wings.

But still the young remain'd alive:
He climb'd the nest to spy;
He counted, and he found them five,
And left them there to die.

*New-Hampshire Gazette* (NH) 1805 05 21 page 2

The federalists fill their papers with lamentable tales about the disunion among the Republicans! Just as if the federalists had fed as lovingly together as so many wild pigeons. They think that all the world has forgotten how lovingly their Adams, and Pickering and Hamilton fed together, as well as many others, who have long since disappeared. These half stories, they confess, are told not to convert their enemies, but to confirm the weak and doubting of their own party—their own unfledged young, that have not learnt to fly. Did you ever see a pigeon catcher draw his net and crack the heads of the dear little birds he had taken?

*Columbian Gazette* (NY) 1805 06 17 page 2

A lad by the name of Philo Howell, about 15 years of age, was accidentally killed in this village last evening, but the discharge of a musquet. It appears that he went into a cornfield for the purpose of killing birds; and it is supposed that he had mounted a stump, and in the act of setting down his gun it went off, the contents of which entered his body. He was found lifeless, with his clothes burning, on one side of the stump and his gun on the other.

*The True American and Commercial Daily* Advertiser (PA) 1805 06 19 page 3 [from London pap.]

Signor Rosignol, who lately died so miserably poor at Staiths, near Whitby, first appeared in London about 25 years ago, at Breslaw's : His exhibition consisted of tutored birds. A number of little birds to the amount we believe, of twelve or fourteen, being taken from different cages, were placed upon a table in the presence of the spectators, and there formed themselves into ranks like a company of soldiers. —Small cones of paper, bearing some resemblance of grenadiers caps, were put up on their

heads, & diminutive imitations of muskets, made of wood, secured under their left wings. Thus equipped, they marched to and fro several times, when a single bird was brought forward, supposed to be a deserter, and set between six of the musqueteers, three in a row, who conducted him from the top to the bottom of the table; on the middle of which a small brass cannon, charged with a little gun-powder, had been previously placed; and the deserter was situated in tire front of the cannon.—His guards then divided; three retiring on one side, and three on the other, and he was left standing by himself. Another bird was Immediately produced; and a lighted match being put into one of his claws, he hopped boldly on the other, on the tail of the cannon & applying the match to the priming, discharging the piece without the least appearance of fear or agitation. The moment the explosion took place, the deserter fell down; and lay apparently motionless, like a dead bird; but, at the command of his tutor he rose again. The cages being brought, the feathered soldiers were stripped of their ornaments, and returned into them in perfect order. After he quitted Breslau, his next performance consisted in counterfeiting the notes of all kinds of singing birds. When he assumed the name of Rossignol, (Engl. Nightingale) and appeared on the stage at Convent Garden Theatre, where, in addition to his imitation of the birds, he executed a Concert on a fiddle without strings; that is, he made the notes in a wonderful manner with his voice, and represented the bowing by drawing a small truncheon backwards and forwards over a stringless violin. His performance was received with great applause; and the success he met with produced many competitors, but none of them equalled him. It was, however, discovered, that the sounds were produced by an instrument, contrived for the purpose, concealed in the mouth and then the trick lost all is reputation.

*Spooner's Vermont Journal* (VT) 1805 07 09 page 4 An extraordinary phenomenon. (widely circulated)

A correspondent writes from Fairfax, in this State, nearly as follows :—On the 16th alt. as I was at Mr. Theophilus Morril's, in St. Albans, in company with several others, towards the close of the day, our attention was suddenly roused by the appearance of large quantities of a small bird called the Chimney-Swallow, which continued to increase with the greatest rapidity for some minutes, the main body of which appeared to be hovering round the top of an old basswood tree; we advanced a little higher and perceived they were gradually making their flight into the hollow of a large tree about 20 rods distant, which, I conclude, must have been their winter habitation. When it was found that nearly all of them had retired within the cavity of this tree, it was very soon determined to fell the same, and in doing which the tree was not broken ; but such a fluttering of the little inhabitants from each end of the trunk was almost beyond conception. After viewing this scene for some time with astonishment, a hole was cut about six inches square near the middle of the tree, from whence I took 5 or 6 at a time with my hand.—About twenty minutes elapsed after the tree fell before they had all quit it. The hollow of the tree has since been measured, and found to be about 50 feet long, and, on average, was 28 inches in diameter.—The investigation of this singular occurrence we leave to the philosopher, and the curious enquirer.

*Aurora General Advertiser* (PA) 1805 08 12 page 3 The Democrats, Federalists,

and Quids, or The Birds, the Beasts and the Bat. [from the *Lancaster Intelligencer*]

A war broke out in former days,
If all is true that Aesop says… [43]

*New-York Herald* (NY) 1805 08 24 page 1 Take Notice (posted in several newspapers[44] on consecutive days)

On Friday evening the 16th inst. at a meeting of the Brush Club, at Lovett's Hotel, the following resolutions were adopted: —

Whereas, on the 15th of February, 1791, an Act was passed by the legislature of this State, entitled "An Act for the, preservation of Heath-Hens and other game," in which it is among other things enacted that " If any person or persons shall kill any Heath Hen within the County of Suffolk or Queens, between the first day of April and the fifth day of October, every such person or persons shall forfeit and pay the sum of twenty shillings, for every Heath Hen so killed, to be recovered with costs of suit by any person or persons who shall sue for the same before any justice of the peace in either of the said counties; the one half of which forfeiture, when recovered, shall be paid to the person or persons who shall sue for the same, and the other half to the overseers of the poor where the conviction shall be had."

AND WHEREAS, Notwithstanding the proper and salutary provisions of the said Act, certain persons have been in the practice of disregarding it and it is feared intend still to disregard it, by which means it has become a dead letter, and there is reason to apprehend that that valuable species of bird called the Heath Hen or Grouse will in a short time become extinct :

AND, WHEREAS, a large number of gentlemen have voluntarily entered into an Association by the name and description of the Brush-Club, for the purpose of furthering the provisions of the said Act.

AND WHEREAS, they think it necessary that prosecutions should be instituted against all such persons as may commit any breaches of the said act, during the present season, and that the prosecutor or prosecutors should be indemnified for their troubled and expence in pursuing the same to conviction—

RESOLVED, that in addition to the penalty inflicted by the Act above recited, and the reward therein provided for the prosecution, this Association will give to any person so prosecuting the further sum of Twenty Shillings for every bird so killed and prosecuted for and that Cornelius I. Bogert, Joseph Fitch and Richard Smith, of Smith Town, be a committee to carry this prescription into execution: which committee are hereby authorized on account of the association, to pay the said reward on application of the prosecutor.

RESOLVED, that a report of any conviction that may take place be forthwith circumstantially drawn up and published in at least three of the newspapers in the city of New-York, as a proper warning to all others disposed to offend against the above

law.

RESOLVED, that the proceedings of this meeting be printed in some one or more of the newspapers in the city of New-York and likewise in handbills at the expence of the Association, to be distributed in proper places on Long-Island.

It may not be amiss to add that besides the above, a vote was passed at the same meeting ordering the Secretary to record the report of all convictions in the minutes of the Club, which are to be read at their stated semi-annual meeting.

The Brush Club take this method to solicit the operation of all honorable Sportsmen living on Long Island, in their endeavours to carry into effect the design of this Institution. Any gentlemen there desirous of joining the Club, are requested to make it known by letter to some friend in the city, and authorize him to subscribe for them.

*The Post-Boy, and Vermont & New-Hampshire Federal Courier* (VT) 1805 08 27 page 8 Sham-Patriot Unmasked. Number VI.

…Factions arise; demagogues lift aloft their gigantic heads and sound their pharisaical trumpet; the cool voice of reason is little heard and less minded; cunning and violence prevail over wisdom and honesty, and the people duped by crafty appeals to their passions and avarice are caught like heedless birds in a snare. In the meantime, the most deserving characters are hissed off the stage….

*Connecticut Gazette* (CT) 1805 09 04 page 4 The Shrubbery (reprinted in several newspapers, including the *Maryland Gazette*)

[As discussed in the introduction, because of the novella length of this story, it is included at the end of this chronology]

*Republican Farmer* (CT) 1805 09 11 page 4 The history of Louisa, the Lovely Orphan: Or the Cottage on the Moor: By the Authoress of the Children of the Abbey. (continued) Chapter IV.

…Soon as the morning gave light, which was not till the hour of seven, Louisa rose and after intreating the guidance of that power, whom neither prosperity or adversity could make her forget, descending to the parlor, from the window of which she passed her time…in strewing crumbs to the numberless birds which the bitterness of the weather forces to draw night to the habitation of inhuman man, who regardless of the mercy that should accompany the image of his Creator, as they chirping intreat his favor, barbarously shoots, and eases their wants by laying them breathless on the frozen ground….

*Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1805 11 01 page 3 Partridges by Sportsman (repeated and reprinted)

The severity of the last winter, and uncommon duration of snows, has been the

cause of almost a total extermination of these unfortunate birds, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and perhaps through most parts of the State. They had to encounter a world of difficulties—the ground was entirely covered with snow—they were obliged to seek food in the neighborhood of houses and villages—the farmers boys took advantage of their distress, and under the appearance of friendship, invited them into traps, snares, and dead-falls—others fired large loads of shot into cover, as they lay asleep at day break, under a fence, where they had been traced the preceding evening—and those who were fortunate enough to escape such murderous proceedings, either fell into the hands of the Sportsmen, or the talons of the Hawks; these ravenous wretches finding pretty hard times among their species too, watched the Partridges from morning til night, and, whenever an opportunity offered, they made a dart, In fact, there was no quarter shewn them, and the consequence was, that almost the whole stock was demolished; and, except those that were kept up by Sportsmen during the winter, scarcely one is to be seen.

Now the object of the present communication is, to let Sportsmen see how improper it will be, to make much havoc among the Quails this season; and, to endeavor to shew the farmers, and gentlemen in the country, the cruelty of carrying on a persecution against them next winter. At all events, Sportsmen, both of city and country, ought to make it a point, to destroy every species of snare and trap that comes within their walks; and, if there is any appearance of a hard winter, to keep up as many as they can procure.

If all the Printers throughout the state, would drop a hint upon this subject, it would be conferring a particular favor upon the Partridges, and their friend, the SPORTSMAN.

*Salem Register* (MA) 1805 11 18 page 3

…In New Jersey attention has been recommended to the subject of partridges, quails and migratory birds, that they should not be wantonly destroyed, or driven from their ancient haunts…

*The Salem Gazette* (MA) 1805 11 22 page 2 [prepared for our last]

In a late paper we made a quotation or two from the Summary of the Register and requested some correspondent of a peculiar sort of sagacity to explain, if possible, what Mr. Bentley meant by them. No one, however, has been bold enough to attempt this task but the Rev. Editor himself has taken notice of our criticism (as he styles a simple inquiry) and has devoted half a column of his last Thursday's paper to explanation and reproof…The Rev. Editor, among other pleasantries, introduces, as very applicable "to the late ingenius criticisms offered to the public" upon the Register, the following story, (from Friar Gerundio, a novel) which he will permit us, for the sake of our readers, to apply as we go along: his readers we presume understand him without an interpreter. We must however start fair with the Rev. Editor: If we take that part of his story which he intended for us, he must take what applies to himself. If we are the Cobler in the play, he must be, as a brother editor, Friar Blas. To proceed then:—

"There lived in the town a Cobler, a judge by trade, who settled all controversies and measured all characters, who went by the name of Flail of Preachers—[How strange that the Rev. Editor, while smarting himself, should have inserted the last of these unlucky words!] because his opinion was a decisive one. Whenever he said of anyone, *What a bird! What a rare bird!* the Father might have uttered any nonsense and be sure of very profitable sermons. [How just the application here! How many times have we exclaimed of the Editor of the Register, *"What a bird! what a rare bird!"* How often has his nonsense (we should not have used this harsh term ourselves) been published by us, and by thus extending his fame been rendered profitable to him!]—But if the Cobler shook his head and said, at the end of a discourse, A pretty chicken! A fine puppy! In time perhaps——had the preacher been the first of men, no hope was left him of preaching in that place. [Here (we decide with great hesitation) the application of the story seems to fail: we never shook our head at the Rev. Editor's paragraphs—never did we call him, a pretty chicken, or a fine puppy, though he has called us dog or cur—and least of all have we ever said, In time perhaps, of him; for, if we must speak out, we never entertained any hopes on this score, and further, we see he continues to write. But to proceed.] —This formidable censor was so taken up with Friar Blas, [the Rev. Editor] that he had not words to praise him. [This has often been the case with us.] He called him the bird of birds, the non prus hurta of the pulpits, and in short the orator by Antony Masia, meaning Antonomasia; and you cannot think how his eulogies increased Father Blas's reputation. [We pause here to observer upon the wonderful exactness of application in this part of the Rev. Editor's story. How often has the Rev. Editor been styled the bird of birds, the non prus hurta of the newspapers—the writer (not by Antony Masia, but, if the pun may be allowed, as he has set the example) by Katy Chresis*—and how far have we extended his fame by republishing with commentaries his surprising works!]—Father Blas gave it boldly, said he, to the Ebonist, the Marconite, the Morrain, the Maccabee, and the Socinary, or something like it. And we all know them fellows are a parcel of heretical dogs, devilish Turks and Moors. [That is, the Rev. Editor gave it boldly (we never insinuated that) to the Federalists, the McKeanite, &c. &c. and we all know them fellows are a parcel of anti-republican dogs.]—Father Blas [the Rev. Editor] had heard how friendly the Cobler was to him; and being asked his opinion of the Cobler, the Cobler, says he, knows nothing else, but he really knows something of sermons—[the application of which, we presume, would be something like directly the reverse of the Rev. Editor's intention, viz.—That the Rev. Editor having seen our remarks upon his writings, and being asked his opinion of us, says, Why really this fellow knows nothing else, but he does know something of writing.]—So much for Friar Blas.

*Catechresis—i.e., "the abuse of a trope." Johnson.

## 1806

*New-Hampshire Gazette* (NH) 1806 01 07 page 4 To a Wounded Dove by Malvina (widely reprinted)

Ah! tremble no poor wounded Dove,
A friend humane you'll find in me;

Sweet bird! whose plaintive notes I love,
  Say, tell me, who has injur'd thee?

Is it the hawk's too cruel bill,
  That dooms thee, innocent, to bleed?
Ah see! the would is streaming still,
  Who could commit the barb'rous deed?

Perhaps the fowler's wanton art,
  Gives to thy life this shorten'd date,
Some sportsman sends the well-aim'd dart,
  That dooms thee to this wretched fate.

Sweet mournful bird! at eve's first hour,
  I'll waft for thee the tender sigh,
With softest notes thou charm'd my bow'r,
  Alas! 'tis pity thou should'st die.

*The Green Mountain Patriot* (VT) 1806 01 21 page 1 Observations on the Manners and Instincts of Birds [Translated from the *Mercure de France*] (widely reprinted)

Marine birds have their places of rendezvous, where they deliberate in common on the affairs of their republic. Their court of assembly is commonly some retired rock in the midst of the waves. We used to go, in the Isle of St. Pierre, and seat ourselves on the shore, opposite the little island, which the inhabitants have named Columbier*, from its bearing the shape of a dove, and because they resorted thither in the spring season to gather eggs. We passed whole days and nights in studying the manners of the birds, which were collected together on that rock. Nights are full of the secrets of Providence. The multitude of those birds was so great, that we could often distinguish their cries amidst the roaring of the most furious tempests. We then heard sounds, which no human ear had ever heard before. All those birds, like most others, which frequent the sea, have extraordinary voices. The ocean with its forests of coral, where the seawrack collects its moss, and the focus its complicated threads, the ocean which conceals a Flora in its deserts, and Zephyrs in its grottos, possesses also its Philomelas.

At the close of day the curlew whistles on the summit of the rock; the billows, which roar in concert with her notes, expire in constant succession on the strand. It is a kind of harmony the most novel and the most melancholy that one can ever hear. Never did the afflicted spouse of Ceix fill with more affecting strains the shores, which witnessed her misfortune.

A perfect intelligence reigns in the capital of our marine birds. The young denizen, when first it sees the light, is precipitated by the parent into the waves, as the Gauls used to plunge their infants, to harden them against the fatigues of life. Couriers are constantly issuing from this Tyre to carry dispatches to distant parts. Hence proceed those numerous tribes, which, by order of Providence, are dispersed over all seas

and shores, to admonish mariners of the dangers which await them.— Some place themselves forty or fifty leagues from an unknown land. The pilot descries them at a distance, like corks floating on the surface. Advertised by this signal, he looks for a harbor and is watchful for his safety. Others, as the lumme**, canton themselves on rocks just emerging from the sea, and, like vigilant sentinels, raise during the night a melancholy cry, to drive away mariners from the shore. Obers also by the whiteness of their plumage, are monitory phares over the blackness of the rock. This may be ascribed to the same goodness of the Creator, which has given a phosphoric quality to the froth of the sea, and has caused this brightness to be increased by the violence of the tempest. How many vessels must be lost in the darkness of the night, without these miraculous lanterns, lighted by Providence on the rock! All the accidents of the ocean, all the chances of the calm and of the tempest are predicted by the birds. The gull descends upon the deserted flats; covers her neck with her wing, buries one leg in the plumage of her breast, and supporting herself immovably on the other, informs the fisherman of the instant, when the tide begins its rise. The marine lark, by her soft and melancholy cry, announces to him, on the contrary, the moment of its reflex. In fine, the little *procellaria* [storm-petrel] seat themselves on the waves in the middle of the ocean. Faithful companions of mariners, they follow the course of the ships, and fore-tell approaching tempests. The sailor attributes to them a sacred character; and exercises toward them a religious hospitality, when the wind forces them on board his ship. In the same manner the husbandmen venerates the red breast, which foretells him of propitious days, and which he affectionately receives into his thatched cottage during the rigors of the winter. Thus do these unhappy men, placed in the two most perilous and difficult conditions of life, find friends prepared for them by Providence. They fall upon them at the very moment when, exposed to a thousand evils, they seem abandoned by the whole world. They find in a feeble animal the counsel and encouragement, which they would look in vain among their fellow men.

This reciprocal commerce of kind offices between birds and unfortunate men is one of those affecting trails, which abound in the work of God. Between the red breast and the laborer, between the procellaria and the seaman, there is a striking similitude of manners and destinies. O, how beautiful is nature to an uncorrupted mind, which seeks for wonders only for the sake of giving glory to the Creator.

In the early ages of the world, when man was ignorant and happy, it was by the flowering of plants, by the falling of the leaves, by the departure and the return of the birds, that the peasants and the shepherd, regulated their labors. Hence the art of divination among certain people. They supposed that those animals, which predicted seasons and events, must be only interpreters of the divine will. The ancient poets and naturalists, to whom we are indebted for the little simplicity which still remains among us, teach us how admirable was the manner of computation by those fasti of nature; and what a charm it spread over human life. GOD is a profound secret. Man, created in his image, is equally incomprehensible. It was then an ineffable harmony to see the periods of those days regulated by calendars as mysterious as himself. The winds resounded the hours of his life, and the clouds wafted his destinies. Thus one could never lose sight of Providence, the legislator and rightful sovereign of those people, who were subject to no earthly prince. Satisfaction then prevailed in cottages. The old men were composed

and happy in the late moments of life, and their parting benediction consoled the hearts of their surviving friends.

In the tents of Jacob or of Boaz the arrival of a bird excited universal commotion. The patriarch travelled through his fields at the head of his servants, armed with sickles. If the rumor was spread, that the young larks had been seen fluttering, upon the important news a whole people, trusting in GOD, who never deceives, commenced with joy the labor of the harvest. These friendly tokens, while they governed the concerns of the passing seasons, predicted also the vicissitudes of that which was to follow. Did the geese and the seal appear in unusual numbers? They knew that the winter would be long. Did the rook begin to build her nest in January ? The shepherds expected in April the flowers of May. What do I say? They had even in their gardens excellent thermometers; and the bark of the later, more or less thick, predicted all the variations of the atmosphere. They imagined a correspondence between the marriage of a young maiden and the opening of a flower; and the old men, who died ordinarily in autumn, fell with the nuts and the ripe fruit.

While the philosopher, curtailing or prolonging the year, announced the full moon for the new, and carried winter on to the turf of spring, the laborer had no cause to fear, that the astronomers, who came from heaven, would deceive him. He knew that the nightingale would not mistake the month of frosts for that of roses; nor fill the winter solstice with the music of summer. Thus all the cares, all the amusements, all the pleasures of man in the pastoral state were written, not in the fallacious calendars of a sage, but on the infallible meridian of him, who is the centre of universal attraction; of him, who has traced the zodiac and the eclyptic; of him, who has calculated the hours of eternity, and placed for a time in the centre of the universe the golden dial of the sun.

**Columbus pedidas pamatis indivisis*-Linn]

**Lanterns

***A species of the lily.

*New-York Gazette & General Advertiser* (NY) 1806 02 18 page 3 Advertisement. By Strong and Davis

…The middle of the lot is elevated and has a young growth of wood which will become… a fine romantic forest and will afford plenty of sport, as quails and woodcock may be found here in abundance in their season…

*American Citizen* (NY) 1806 03 08 page 4 Sportsmen take notice! [printed repeatedly across NY newspapers]

It has long been a subject of regret to every real sportsman that so little attention has been bestowed towards the preservation of game, in particular during the season of breeding, in violation not only of those rules which ought to regulate the conduct of gentlemen, but also of express laws of this state.

Convinced of the necessity of some prompt and decisive measures to prevent a

repetition of these abuses, (which custom has in some measure been sanctioned) a considerable number of Sportsmen resident in this city lave formed an association to be known and distinguished by the name of

THE NEW-YORK SPORTING CLUB.

The members of this association have pledged to each other not to shoot any game within the time prohibited by the laws of this state, but strictly to conform to the same; and have further imposed upon themselves severe penalties for infringing them.

It will of course be expected, when a body of men submit to privations for the general good, they will not suffer with impunity ill-disposed persons to trespass to their detriment. Now therefore be it understood, that the club are resolved to spare neither trouble or expense (a fund being provided for the purpose) in prosecuting to conviction every person offending against the laws of this state, made and provided for the preservation of game; and further, to carry this resolution into effect, the club have appointed a committee consisting of five of its members, whose duty it is to obtain information respecting delinquents, and to take such measures as they deem most expedient, to enforce the law against them.

As the laws of this state for the preservation of game have lain dormant, (to the injury of the object for which they were enacted) probably many persons are unacquainted that such laws are in existence; it order therefore that no person may pretend ignorance, an extract is subjoined to this advertisement, and the club sincerely hope that every sportsman will conform thereto, and prevent the disagreeable necessity of enforcing the penalties for offending, which will certainly be done without respect to persons.

The New-York Sporting Club respectfully invite all gentlemen sportsmen to co-operate with them in this laudable undertaking. Such gentlemen as are desirous of joining the club and would wish to see the constitution and laws, may be gratified by calling upon the secretary. It may be necessary to observe that this society is to consist of gentlemen sportsmen residing in and near the city of New-York.

Gentlemen residing in the country and farmers are requested to notice the extract from the laws, and to put them in force when infringed upon; such measures will render a public good, and prevent their lands being trespassed upon at a season of the year when they would sustain injury by it.

It will perhaps be necessary to explain a sentence which appeared in the first advertisement on this subject, which excepted the Brush Club. It was considered, as it was a body already formed, that it would be proper a committee from the New York Sporting Club should wait upon the secretary of that society and request him to take such measures as might best promote the object in view. The committee will execute that commission shortly.

Extract from the Laws of the Stare of New York.

“Be it enacted, that if any person or persons shall shoot or kill any partridge, quail or woodcock within the county of Suffolk, Queens or Kings, or in the city and county

of New-York, within the times hereinafter mentioned, that is to say, with respect to partridge and quail between the first day of April and the fifth day of October, and with respect to woodcock between the twentieth day of February and the first day of July, in any year after the passing of this act, every such person or persons shall for every such offence forfeit and pay the following sums, that is to say, for every partridge so killed the sum of twenty shillings, and for every quail or woodcock so killed the sum of five shillings, to be recovered with costs of suit by any person or persons who shall sue for the same, before any justice of the peace in either of the counties, who is authorized and directed to hear and determine the same; the one half of which forfeiture when recovered shall be paid to the person or persons who shall sue for the same, and the other half to the overseers of the poor where the conviction shall be had; and if any partridge, quail or woodcock so killed as aforesaid, shall be found in the possession of any person or persons, he or they shall be found guilty of the offence, and suffer the penalty aforesaid."

A meeting of the New-York Sporting Club is ordered at Martling's on Monday next, the 10th inst. at 7 o'clock precisely. Gentlemen Sportsmen not belonging to the Club, who approve of these proceedings, are requested to attend.—Published by order.

HARM'S. TALLMAN, Prest.

JOHN I. CRANE, Secretary.

*Political and Commercial Register* (PA) 1805 03 24 page 4 Advertisement. To the Curious (widely circulated, repeated)

A Live Ostrich

Lately imported from the Coast of Africa, in the schooner Deborah, Captain Louis Mory,

To be seen at No. 278 Market-street, between Eighth and Ninth-streets, at a private dwelling,

Where there are good accommodations for ladies and gentlemen.

Among the many curiosities offered to the public, certainly the present one deserves as large a share of patronage as any before exhibited, being an animal of the Torrid Regions of Africa, and very difficult to bring up in a cold climate. The present one is healthy, young and of the largest species, measuring in height 11 feet.

The Ostrich (according to natural history, by various authors) is the most voracious animal, swallowing stones, brass, wood, iron and leather, as readily as vegetable substances.—He is strong enough to carry a man or two on his back: and so swift in running, that no quadrupeds can surpass him. In regard to the beauty of his feathers, they exceed any of the other species of birds, and are preferred to any others, particularly in ladies dresses. They have their veins separated into fibers as distinct from another as hairs, and as soft as threads of cotton. A great deal more could be said about this bird. Historians have written enough—therefore, Ladies

and Gentlemen, you are invited to come, see, and examine it, being a very familiar one, and you will be able to form a better idea of it from your sight than from any history….

*Green Mountain Patriot* (VT) 1806 08 12 page 4 Description of the Humming Bird [Abridged from Buffon]

Of all animated beings, the Humming Bird is the most elegant in its form, and the most brilliant in its colors. The precious stones and metals polished by our art, cannot be compared to this jewel of nature. Her miniature productions are even the most wonderful; she hath placed it in the order of birds at the bottom of the scale of magnitude; but all the talents which are spared among the others, nimbleness, rapidity, sprightliness, grace and rich decoration, she has profusely bestowed upon this little favorite. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, sparkle in its plumage which is never soiled by the dust of the ground. It inhabits the air; it flutters from flower to flower; it breathes their freshness; it feeds on the nectar, and resides in climates where they blow in perpetual succession.

It is in the hottest part of the new world that all the species of humming birds are found. They are timorous, and seem confined between the two tropics; for those which penetrate in summer into the temperate zones make but a short stay. They follow the course of the sun; with him they advance or retreat; they fly on the wings of the zephyr, to wanton in eternal spring.

The Indians, struck with the dazzle and glow of the colors of these brilliant birds, have named them the beams or locks of the sun. The Spaniards call the tomineous, a name expressive of their diminutive size, some of the smaller species not exceeding four grains in weight. Their bill is a fine needle, and their tongue a delicate thread; their little black eyes resemble two brilliant points; the feathers of their wings are so thin as to look transparent; hardy can the feet be perceived, so short they are and so, slender; and these are little used ; for they rest chiefly during the night. Their flight is buzzing, continued, and rapid; and the noise of their wings has been compared to the whirl of a spinning wheel; so rapid is the quiver of their pinions, that when the bird halts in the air, it seems at once deprived of motion and of life. Thus it rests a few seconds beside a flower and again shoots to another like a gleam. It visits them all, thrusting its little tongue into their bosoms, and caressing them with its wings ; it never settles, but it never quite abandons them. Its playful inconstancy multiplies its innocent pleasures ; for the dalliance of this little lover of flowers never spoils their beauty; he only sips their honey.

Nothing can equal the vivacity of these little creatures, but their courage or rather audacity; they furiously pursue birds twenty times larger than themselves, fix in the plumage, and as they are hurried along, strike keenly with the bill, till they vent their feeble rage; sometimes even they fight obstinately with each other. They are all impatience; if, upon alighting on a flower they find it faded, they will pluck the petals with a precipitation that marks their displeasure. Their voice is only a feeble cry, screap, screap, which is frequent but reiterated. They are heard in the woods at the

dawn of the morning, and as soon as the sun begins to gild the summits of the trees, they take wing and disperse in the fields.

They are solitary, and indeed fluttering irregularly in the breeze, they could hardly associate. But the power of love surmounts the elements, and with its golden chain it binds all animated beings. They are seen to pair in the breeding season ; their nest corresponds to the delicacy of their bodies; it is formed with the soft cotton of silk down, gathered from flowers, and has the consistency and feeling of a thick smooth skin. The female performs the work, and the male collects the materials. She applies herself with ardor; selects one by one the fibres proper to form the texture of this kindly cradle for her progeny; she smooths the margin with her breast, the inside her tail; she covers the outside with bits of bark of the gum tree, which are stuck to shelter from the weather, and give solidity to the fabric ; the whole is attached to two leaves, or a single sprig of the orange or citron, or sometimes to a straw hanging from the roof of a hut. The nest is not larger than the half of an apricot, and contains two eggs, which are entirely white, and not exceeding the bulk of small peas. The cock and hen sit by turns ten or twelve days; when the young are excluded, they are not larger than flies.

The humming bird is obtained by shooting it with sand. They may be caught by placing a twig smeared over with a clammy substance, in a flowery shrub. It is easy to lay hold of the little creature while it hums at a blossom. It dies soon after it is caught, and serves to decorate the Indian girls; who wear two of these charming birds as pendants.

*Carlisle Herald* (PA) 1806 04 25 page 2 A Red-Breast's song interpreted by F.C.C.

To the reader.

I cannot suppose that nature endowed Birds with such melodious notes, merely to captivate the ear of man; I think it probable that their maker engrafted in them the seeds of adoration, and that those songs which we hear them sing, at the opening and closing day, are thanks to Him who provides for all their little wants.

On this green bough, I'll sit me here,
And sing my maker's praise,
Who gives me strength my flight to steer,
And guides my unknown ways.

As long as I my notes command,
My song shall shrill be sung,
His praise I'll sound around the land,
Who guides my little tongue.

Soon as the cheerful day I view,
I'll mount me high in air,
And with the coming day renew,
And ask his ready care.

At even close I'll ne'er delay,
When I to rest repair,
But echo'd back from every spray,
My notes shall fill the air.

I thus will spend my latest breath,
As now I here do sing,
Until the chilling hand of death
Turns stiff my little wing.

*Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet* (MA) 1806 04 26 page 3 A Dream ["translated from French"]

Messrs. Gilmans,

I you think the following original translation from the French, by a young essayist, worthy insertion, by giving it a place in your magazine, you will confer a favour on yours, &c, Translator.

One day I retired to my house, my mind filled with mortifying observations, and after having satirized on the different states and conditions of mankind, and myself, I fell into a profound sleep; and had a dream . I believed myself transported in my solitude far from the causes which had wounded me, I walked with a tranquil forest which protected my cabin from the winds of Arabia; I divested myself, under these shades, of all the follies of man .

The sun was just rising in the horizon, his rays gilding the verdure interposing between him and me, and giving a transparency to the foliage. I heard the chaunt of a multitude of birds: I was attentive to their accents, the diversity of their forms and plumage. The Nightingale, the Black-bird, the Raven, the Linnet, the Jay, the Eagle, the Lark, the Turtle Dove, sang, whistled, croaked, cooed, cried, leaped, vaulted, flew, or complained.

Heaven suddenly gave the knowledge of their different language. I heard the Eagle, who rallied the Owl on her sight; the Turtle censured the manner of the Sparrow Hawk, who might have plead mistake for her weakness; the Blackbird was facetious on the cry of the Eagle; the Jay and Pic talked scandal.

I saw descend from heaven an extraordinary personage; this was a young man whole body had the colour of the clouds on which was thrown the leaves of roses ; he had large blue wings, gilt at the extremities, his hair was black as ebony, his eyes the colour of his hair, and so piercing that the hypocrite could not sustain his regards. He rested himself on a rising spot, beneath the cedars of the forest, and called by name the different species of birds which I saw immediately gathering around him on the branches of the trees s : he ordered them to be silent, and said, 'Listen to what I have to reveal to you on the part of the SUPREME BEING. You are all equal in merit; you are different in quality because you are destined to different functions. The eagle is

born for war, and his cry, expressive of force, cannot have harmony ; the owl would not be able to surprise in darkness the insects and reptiles of which he ought to purge the earth, if his eyes could sustain the full blaze of the sun; to give the nightingale and linnet their voices, sweet and light, it has been needful to give them delicate organs; the turtle, born for tenderness, frequents the shade, where nothing may interrupt in her the pleasures of love—but of what advantage to this pleasure would be the bill or claws of the hawk? Be content with what you are, without regret, and without pride, following the dictates of nature, regarding the difference of talents, but not harshly to censure." At these words I saw the birds disperse in the forest, and the genii arising exact form the tyrant the softness of the courtier, from the merchant the disinterestedness of the sage, in the sage the activity of the ambitious! It is me, you come to instruct, O celestial genii, thy lessons shall be forever engraved on my heart, and my lips shall repeat them to man.

*New-York Herald* (NY) 1806 05 14 page 2 To prevent all birds, squirrels and wire-worms from destroying corn when coming up. By Eben Demeret. (widely reprinted)

Put a half a bushel of seed corn in a large iron kettle, turn on it half a pint of tar, or as much as the corn will take up warmed, stir it till every corn is covered over with tar, then strew over it as much lime or ashes as will stick to the corn when stirred together, all to be done while the tar is warm. I have tried the above experiment two years, and find it to answer the purpose.

*The National Aegis* (MA) 1806 05 14 page 4 Description of the Mocking Thrush

The nightingale, so uniformly admired as the pride of the European woods, and so celebrated from the earliest ages for its supereminent musical powers, continued to bear the palm of melody from the rest of the feathered tribe till the discovery of this hemisphere. At that period the knowledge of the animal world was increased in all its branches by a vast variety of new and interesting species; many of which exceed in singularity of form, all that the old continent had displayed. The oposums, so remarkable for the extraordinary manner in which they bear their young about them, long after the period of exclusion, were then first discovered: the pipa, or toad of Surinam, which in a manner directly opposite, bears its young in numerous cells, on its back, was another object of wonder to the naturalists of Europe: while among birds, the prodigious size-of the candor [sic], which seizes and carries off sheep, and even attacks and destroys the larger cattle, opposed to the diminutive race of humming birds, some of which are far less than several insects, and adorned with colors which no art can express, called forth all that admiration which philosophic inquirers must ever feel at new and curious discoveries in the history of nature.

Among birds possessed of musical powers, a species of thrush was found to exist, to whose voice even the warblings of the nightingale were judged inferior. It is remarkable that many of the highly gay and brilliant birds of America are destitute of that pleasing power of song, which gives so peculiar a charm to the groves and fields of

Europe: and an elegant poet has beautifully expressed the supposed superiority of Great Britain in this respect :

"Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whole legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the Sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades
Thro' the soft silence of the listening night
The sober suited songstress trills her lay."

The music, however, of the nightingale has always been considered as plaintive or melancholy, and such as conveys ideas of distress.

…

Darkling the wails in sadly pleasing strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

But the notes of the bird now to be described are of a livelier nature, a bolder strain, and of a more varied richness and force of tone. It sings both by day and night, and generally seats itself on the top of some small tree, where it exerts a "voice so powerfully strong, and so sweetly melodious, as to charm, even to rapture, those who listen to its lays. If we may rely on the attentions of those who have resided on the western continent, all the thrilling sweetness, and varied modulations of the nightingale, must yield to the transcendent music of the songster of America.

Exclusive of its own enchanting note, it possesses the power of imitating those of most other birds ; nay, it even carries this propensity to far as to imitate the voices of various other animals as well as different kinds of domestic sounds.

This wonderful bird is as undistinguishable by any peculiar gaiety of appearance as the European nightingale. Its general colour is a pale cinereous brown; the wings and tail deeper, or inclined to blackish; the under part of the body is nearly white, and the two exterior feathers of the tail are of the same colour, with dark margins; the bill and legs are black ; the covert feathers of the wings are slightly tipped with white, and some, of the shorter or secondary wing feathers are white also, forming a mark of that colour on the wing.

It is nearly the size of the common or song-thrush, but of a more delicate shape, Of this bird there is a smaller variety, which has a white line over each eye ; this by some authors, ( and amongst others by Linné) is made a distinct species. Mr. Pennant, however, has regarded it merely in the light of a variety. It has also been seen with a spotted breast which probably is the fate in which it appears before it has attained is full plumage. This bird is an inhabitant of all the warmer parts of America, and is found as far North as the United States. It chiefly frequents moist woods, and feeds principally on the different kinds of berries.

*The Democrat* (MA) 1806 05 24 page 1 Description of the Stormy Petrel [abridged from Buffon]

Of all the marine birds, those which the most constantly live on the great seas, are the Petrels ; the most strangers to land, the most adventurous in roving on the vast ocean: they commit themselves with equal confidence and audacity to the rolling billows, the impetuous wind, and seem to brave the fury of the tempests. In the remotest portions of the globe, in every zone which navigators have visited, these birds seemed to expect their arrival, and even to have stretched beyond them into more distant and stormy latitudes. Everywhere they have been seen to sport with security, and even gaiety on that element, so terrible in its fury, which unnerves the most intrepid men —as if nature meant to demonstrate, that the instincts and faculties which she has allotted to the inferior creatures, excel the combined powers of our reason and our art.

Though the epithet stormy, is applicable more or less to all the Petrels, yet navigators have agreed to appropriate it to this species. The Stormy Petrel is the last in the order of size, not exceeding that of a finch-its length is fix inches, and its extent of wing, thirteen the colour of the plumage is a blackish brown, with purple reflections on the foreside of the neck, and on the coverts of the wing—its legs are pretty tall, and like the other Petrels, it has a spur instead of a hind toe. It is the smallest of all the palpimede birds—and one might be surprised that so little a bird should expose itself on the ocean at an immense distance from land. But amidst its audacity, it still seems conscious of its weakness, and it is the first that seeks shelter from the impending storm. By force of instinct, it perceives those indications which escape our senses—and its motions and its approach warn the sailors to be prepared for the tempest.

When in calm weather, these little Petrels are seen to flock behind a vessel, flying on the wake, and sheltering themselves under the stern, the mariners hasten to furl the sails, and prepare for the storm, which infallibly comes on a few hours after —Thus, the appearance of these birds at sea is at once dismal and salutary—and nature would seem to have dispersed them over the wide ocean to convey the friendly intelligence. The species of the Stormy Petrel, is universally diffused. It is found equally in the northern and southern latitudes. Many sailors have averred, that they met with these birds in every track of their voyage. But they have not on that account been the easier to catch—they have long even escaped the search of observers, because when shot, they were almost always lost in the eddy of the ship's wake, which swallowed up their little body.

The Stormy Petrel flies with amazing swiftness by means of its long wings which are pretty much like those of a swallow, —It can refs amidst the tumbling billows; it shelters itself in the hollow between two high waves, where it remains a few seconds, though the swell rolls on with extreme rapidity. In these watery undulating furrows it runs like the lark, in the furrows of plowed land, it supports and moves itself, not by flying but by running, in which, balanced on its wings, it with astonishing swiftness, raises and strikes the surface of the water with its feet. Hence is derived the English name Petrel, or Peterel, which alludes to St. Peter's walking on the sea.

*New-England Palladium* (MA) 1806 05 27 page 4

At a meeting of the Finny Tribe, a few evenings since, convened for the express

purpose of devising and adopting measures best calculated to protect them from the destructive influence of hooks and clams on the approaching Election Water-Frolics—the Hallibut presided—the assembly was large, and consisted of a rich variety—the exhortation as advice, delivered on this interesting occasion, must be read with peculiar pleasure, and the result of their deliberations must be considered by every ingenuous mind, as the conclusion of profound wisdom.

Near were you light-house rears its lofty head,
And ocean spreads its wide and fruitful bed,
A counsel sat, compos'd of many sort—
As Cods and Haddocks, Eels both long and short—
Hallibut, old and young, some small, some stout,
Flounders, and Cat-fish, Scates, and Perch and Trout—
And many more, as same reports, were there,
Devising measures for approaching war.

Th' Hallibut, whose rank with fish is high,
Address'd, with grief, the afflicted swimmers by:
"Friends, Brethren, all with list'ning ears attend,
And hear the counsels of your good old friend,
Whose age demands, if not the rank I bear,
Your firm support, when danger draws thus near;
You all well know Election-Day is nigh,
A day which spreads with gloom you azure sky.
A day to us more fatal and severe,
Than any known in the revolving year—
Then from yon town, in unknown numbers, come
Monsters! to feast on us, and call it "fun"!!!
O, how my heart, with anguish, beats within,
To think that man is harden'd thus with sin."
His grief swoll'n heart oblig'd him now to set,
While his fond partner wip'd his face from sweat!

Next spake the Haddock, "late from town I came,
And can confirm, ah, yes! (I dread to name!)
I can confirm what our lov'd Chief did say,
That fell destruction waits that fatal day.
For know, my BROTHERS and my SISTERS too,
That I'm inform'd of one unfeeling crew,
That mean to come, and with delusive bait,
To hook our noses and our bodies eat!!!
Man seldom feels more pleas'd or more content,
Than when he's pulling from his element
A fine plump Haddock, with a silv'ry dress,
Or even Tommies, though they're something less.
He'd rather feed his greedy, rav'nous maw,

And suck the flesh from our delicious jaw,
Than feed on Pigeons, Robins, Ducks, or Quails,
Or little Squirrels with their furry tails.
Degen'rate man! mere animated dirt!
Perhaps with us you'll meet your just desert"!!—

And now a sudden noise alarm'd the court,
And each withdrew into his old resort.
Resolving first, that on Election-Day,
They will not eat and while they fast will pray
That ev'ry fish, tho' baits are ere so bright,
May on this fatal day refuse to bite[45].

*Morning Chronicle* (NY) 1806 06 09 page 3 Advertisement.

[Hassey ad now includes cuts of a man, goldfinch, squirrel and dog.]

…Henry I. Hassey, sole proprietor of the wonderful and extensive variety contained in the New York Aviary and Lounge of Harmony, returns his sincere thanks to the public generally, for their abundant liberality, which has enabled him to procure, for sale, his present extraordinary collection—consisting of Canary Birds of various colours and song, that draw their water and feed by chain and bucket, very curiously.

In his present collection, which is daily increasing, are the American—Mocking Bird, Carolina Red do., Black do. Blue Jay, Robin, Hanging Bird, Indigo do. Boblink, Winterfinch, Yellow Bird, Linnet, Rice Bird, and Quails, tamed. European—Black birds, Thrushes, Sky Lark, Green Linnet, Grey do. Red do. Yellow-hammer, Chaffinch, Prince of the Woods, Orindock, Barbary Dove, Ground do. Ring do. Turtle do. Parrots of all colours.

Warranted Game Fowls, for sale or hire…

*The Farmer's Cabinet* (NH) 1806 06 10 page 1 The Medley. By Messrs. Ramble and Plodwell.

…Treatment of Animals [*Guardian*]

Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted her children to have birds and insects but rewarded and punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity and improving their very diversion into virtue.

There is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us; as for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are of neither advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

*Relf's Philadelphia Gazette and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1806 06 16 page 2 A

curious physiological fact. [Bal. Tel.] (widely circulated)

Although the Cow has been universally considered, and classed among the graminivorous Animals; the following fact, which can be attracted by three Gentlemen of respectability, who were eye witnesses, will at least form an exception to that rule of classification. They were riding through a large pasture field, in Baltimore county, in which a number of Cows were grazing, when their notice was attracted by the screams of young birds, and on a more minute attention, they discovered a brace of young larks, barely fledged, which had been driven from the parent's nest, by one of the cows, by which they were instantly pursued, and after the hesitation of a moment, seized, and actually devoured alive.

*Columbia Centinel* (MA) 1806 06 28 From the *Spectator*, No. 667. Published April 25, 1715.

"As I am naturally a very curious inquirer, even in what concerns the most ordinary occurrences and minute circumstances of human life; that searching temper of mine is ever heightened proportionably, as that object rises in importance…I thought it was not consistent with my character, as a Spectator, to be so negligent in my way of observing this Eclipse, as to be content with barely seeing it out of my chamber window…

"… the birds acted a kind of wild opera so well so beyond all the art of Italy's most exquisite musicians that I could not forbear thinking all the beautiful horizon some large enchanted theatre, or rather as some new created world…[A] gloomy sort of light, that scattered about a more sensible and genuine horror, than the most consummate darkness. All the birds were struck dumb, and hung their wings in moody sorrow; some few pidgeons, that were on the wing, were afraid of being benighted even in the morn, alighted and took shelter in the houses, and were frightened from venturing to pursue their journey in the trackless paths of air…[46]"

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1806 06 30 page 4 New York Sporting Club (also printed in other NY papers)

At an extra meeting of the New York Sporting Club, held at the home of Abraham B. Martling's on the 24h day of June, 1806, it was reported that James Clapp and Lawrence Heyer, members of this club, had transgressed the laws and regulations of the same, by shooting and destroying Woodcock previous to the time agreed upon.

Due proof having been produced thereof that the said James Clapp and Lawrence Heyer, had been guilty of the charges respectively preferred against them, it was resolved unanimously that the said James Clapp, and the said Lawrence Heyer be publicly expelled from this Society, and rendered incapable of ever after becoming members, and they are hereby publicly expelled agreeable to the laws of the New-York Sporting Club, and moreover their names shall be, and are hereby ordered to be published through the medium of the News Paper, with suitable comments attached to them, and for which purpose a committee of three members were appointed for the

execution of the present resolves.

HARMS. TALLMAN, President. John T. CRANE, Sec'ry.

The committee appointed for the execution of the resolves above mentioned, deeply impressed with the painful task imposed upon them to fix suitable comments to the transgressions committed by James Clapp and Lawrence Heyer, ex-members of the New-York Sporting Club, consider it sufficient to state, that James Clepp and Lawrence Heyer, of the city of New-York, have according to the resolves aforesaid, violated their own and voluntary word and honour, mutually pledged to the Club, and only refer it to public remark. June 16

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1806 07 10 page 3 Advertisement.

J. Osborn has just received from London a few new books, which are for sale and circulation, at his library, 13 Park, among which are…

…

[James] Grahame's… Birds of Scotland, and other poems… [published in Boston in 1807]

*Providence Phoenix* (RI) 1806 07 12 page 3 Reply by "Leander" Bristol, July 10.

To a sapient observation by a federalist, that the democratic oration, delivered at Bristol on the late 4th of July, "was just fit to hang upon folks' cherry-trees to scare the birds away."

Against the pilf'ring birds, forsooth,
  Mock-terror guards the spray,—
When traitors rob—terrific truth
  Shall hunt the rogues away.

Should reason's mild and awful strains.
  Nor frighten nor
The bold resort alone remains—
  To take your gun and shoot 'em.

Thus should the rash "offensive" sport
  Dispatch them to the d—l,
The most the scamp'rers could retort,
  The rude attack was Civil.

*Weekly Wanderer* 1806 08 04 page 4 The Nightingale by Sylvius

The Sun had hid his towering head
  Far far behind the western hill;
The sultry heat of the day had fled,
  And evening came with damp'ning chill;

When Philomela, from the grove,
With 'plaintive melody' began—
Her notes were harmony and love,
Enchaunting to the ear of man.

Hail, lovely Songster, who, in Spring
Charms every one, who hears thy voice!
Thy music, like Apollo's string,
Makes lonely hills and dales rejoice.

Tho other birds, in bright array,
May glisten, like a morning clear,
Yet Philomela claims my lay,
Whose voice is pleasant to my ear.

*The Maryland Gazette* (MD) 1806 08 07 page 4 Notice. St. John's College, July 29, 1806.

The trustees and governors of this institution having appointed the subscriber to take charge of the College buildings &c.—In accepting the trusts be formed a resolution to discharge the duties thereof.

Thievish and mischievous persons have too long trespassed on the premises…

All persons are requested to abstain from firing at swallows or other birds in the college grounds…

*Suffolk Gazette* (NY) 1806 08 11 page 3 To the Public

The subscriber feeling sensibly affected by some late occurrences affecting his property in this place, takes this method of laying before the public a plain statement of facts. He is sensible that the jaundiced eye of prejudice will frown upon his attempt; but all who cherish the least spark of humanity, will read and consider. To justice and candor alone he appeals, in the following narrative:—

By intrigue they obtained a judgment of court for the most valuable part of my land; laying a road three rods wide through the middle of the part obtained….I applied to my business and endeavored to make my land worth something, but concluded I would put a stop to needless crossing, and particularly gunning, as it became dangerous to myself and others—my house being frequently fired into. I therefore publicly advertised, forbidding any person gunning on my meadow, on penalty of the law. Soon after this, two men, having knowledge of the advertisement, concluded to go on the skirts of the meadow, outside, to kill some birds, and "plague Wentworth"—but being ignorant of the bounds, they went several rods through the grass on my meadow, firing at birds &c. I called evidence of the fact, and prosecuted them for trespassing on my land. The case was tried before Esq. L'Homedieu—the jury's verdict, "no cause of action." I was therefore subjected to the costs.

Feeling myself injured, as above stated, I am compelled to give this public notice, forbidding all persons crossing my land (except such as may hereafter have especial permission) on penalty of the law.

Josiah W. Wentworth. Sag-Harbor, August 9, 1806 [paid for]

*The Enquirer* (VA) 1806 08 26 page 1 Indian Affairs [*Boston Palladium*] (one of many papers to run this story)

We have had frequent accounts from the Michigan territory that an Indian war appeared to be impending. These accounts were soon afterwards contradicted, and ascribed to Indian traders; but the traders have been ill used by having those reports attributed to them, as being circulated to promote their speculations. For a variety of articles of intelligence from Michigan territory shew that serious expectations of hostilities have been entertained there.

The following are copies of "Talks," delivered in the presence of a number of Indian chiefs to captain Dunham, commander of the United States troops at Michilimakinac and his answer….

My Father: We are all your children. If any wicked birds come among us, 'tis our duty to tell you. We have had a belt and talk from the red coats, asking us to raise warriors to help them; but we did not listen…

*The Enquirer* (VA) 1806 08 26 page 1 Capt. Dunham's Answer

Brothers: I am pleased with what you have said. I hope it was sincere from the heart. I know very well that bad birds have been hovering about in this quarter; they have filled my ears with bad reports…

*Salem Gazette* (MA) 1806 09 09 page 1 Lines by [Thomas] Heywood

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, larks, aloft;
To give my love good morrow.

Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wings; nightingale, sing.
To give my love good morrow,
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin redbreast;
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill, let music, shrill,
Give my fair love good morrow!

Blackbird and thrush, in every bush
Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow!
You pretty elves, among yourselves
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, Birds, in every furrow.

*Columbian Centinel* (MA) 1806 09 10 page 2 Sporting (widely reprinted)

During the last week the sportsmen of this town and vicinity have had excellent diversion in shooting the birds which the late N.E. gales have driven hither.—The first object of sport has been a species of the Curlew (in ornithology, the agocephale, or Godwit) in familiar language called the Doughbird[47], from its extreme fatness. These birds, when stripped of their feathers, weigh on an average, twelve ounces.—The flesh is delicate, and has not any fishy taste—Great numbers have been sold in the market, at an average price of 16 cents each.—In Europe they are considered a great dainty; and are sold at from half a crown to a crown apiece. It has been but of late years these birds have visited this vicinity.—We are told they breed on the coast of Labrador and Greenland, in the summer, and fat their young on berries growing on the bushes within which they make their nests, and on worms.—On the approach of autumn they leave their place of nativity in immense flocks; accompanied by several species of the Plover.

*The True American and Commercial Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1806 09 10 page 2 Pigeon-Shooting [Extracts from late London papers]

The match between Moreton and Mr. G. Keates of Abington in Berkshire, at 21 pigeons each, took place on Wednesday, at Child's Hill, near Hampstead, for 100 guineas. Betts were 5 to 4 on Mr. Keates on the ground. The bounds were 100 yards for the birds to fall in—Moreton killed 12; hit 3 and missed 6.—Keates killed 17; hit 3 and missed 1; consequently was declared the winner.—Another match at five pigeons each took place between a Berkshire gentleman and a Mr. Collison. Mr. C. killed his five birds, and his opponent, who missed his first shot, was compelled to surrender the palm.

*The Spirit of the Press* (PA) 1806 10 08 page 3 Advertisement. Robert T. Rawle, Formerly Bookseller, in this city

> We feel great satisfaction in being able to contradict the report, circulated some time since, of the death of this amiable and worthy young man…He has not been so successful in all his agricultural experiments: he attempted to domesticate Quails or Partridges, by having the eggs hatched by Bantom hens, but was much chagrined at their running away with half the shells on their backs; and, notwithstanding he called pee, pee, pee to them, they abandoned their benefactor…

*The Connecticut Courant* (CT) 1806 10 15 page 2 October 6. (widely reported)

Died, yesterday, at 5 minutes past 1 o'clock, A. M. of a wound in his head,

received by a discharge of a musket, Joseph Frith, eldest son of Capt. Hezekiah Frith, of this city…

The circumstances which induced and attended the death of this young man, were peculiarly tragical and affecting—He was a member of the senior class in Yale-College, and, it being the period of the autumnal vacation in that Institution, he went, on the morning of Saturday the 4th inst. with some of his fellow students, to amuse himself with shooting birds. About half past 10 o'clock, happening to be a few yards in advance of two of his companions, a partridge suddenly rose on the wing, and, at the same instant, they both discharged their pieces at the bird, when the contents of one of them, consisting of common bird shot, were lodged in the back part of his head—he instantly fell, senseless, to the ground, and, help being obtained, was conveyed to his father's house in town. Unhappily, his father and eldest sister, were absent in Bermuda; from which Island the family had, not long ago, removed to New-Haven, with a particular view to the education of their children. Thus Mrs. Frith, with her only remaining son and daughter, were called upon to witness the last struggles of nature sinking under a mortal wound, from which surgical skill was incapable of affording relief. He died about 24 hours after the accident, and, during that period discovered no consciousness of his condition.

This melancholy event excited a general and active sympathy, which was manifested by every humane and kind attention, from the neighbours and friends,— the students and faculty of college who were in town; and the citizens at large.— The funeral was attended at 3 o'clock this afternoon, by a large concourse of citizens—An appropriate prayer made at the house, by Rev. David [..] of Huntington, and a pertinent address delivered at the grave by the Rev. Mr. Merwin of this city, both of which were attended by the copious tears of a solemn and deeply affected audience.

It is at once a source of grief and consolation to the mourners, that this young gentleman was possessed of an amiable, unblemished and promising character.—

" Can tears suffice ? —Pity bleeds at thought of thee ![48]"

*The Providence Gazette* (RI) 1806 12 20 page 4 The humble Petition of the Aboriginal Nations of—Quails by "Q." (widely reprinted)

Now o'er each mountain hillock, vale and plain,
Stern Winter spreads the emblems of his reign;
The fields, late verdant, now are clad in snow;
And, bound in ice, the streamlets cease to flow.
The feather'd tribes, which seasons know and times,
Are fed away in search of happier climes :
Whilst we by Nature's laws, poor sons of earth!
Are fix'd unto the soil which gave us birth !
Those Fields we thought destin'd to do us good,
From sad necessity, refuse us food.
On sumac salt, and the wild wormwood's feed,
Which stand above the snow, we're doom'd to feed.

When these small boons shall fail, supply'd by Jove,
Around, your barns securely let us rove ;
O drive us not from thence, in sad despair,
A prey to foes produc'd by earth and air :
Cats, skunks and foxes, our poor bones devour;
And murdering boys, with traps, display their pow'r.
Leagu'd with such foes, do not, for food or fun,
Send death among us from the thund'ring gun.
But O remember, 'midst the storms of fate,
What ills befall us, and what ills await!
Think how the bleak North-West in Winters past,
Pour'd o'er the earth the Quail-destroying blast !
Think how the East, with Winter's armies stor'd,
The driving snow and hail in myriads pour'd !
How the huge drifts spread over half the ground.
And nations buried in the banks profound !
How those who scap'd the sad, th' inclement sky,
Scap'd but above the chilling snow to die!
How creeping, cold and wet, each tim'rous throng,
To fly unable, dragg'd their wings along!
Or hid beneath the rails they faintly cry'd,
Stung by the frost of death! and flutt'ring dy'd !
  Sons of humanity! it now remains,
We pray you pity, mitigate our pains!
Ye farmers, sportsmen, lovers of the chace,
O spare the fragment of our harmless race !
Grant us this boon, and on return of spring.
Amidst your joyous fields we'll cheerful sing ;
In hay-time too, you know 'tis in our pow'r,
Friendly, to warn you of each coming show'r—
Thus if you save us from the wint'ry day,
You'll find your friendship is not cast away.

**1807**

*The Spirit of the Press* (PA) 1807 01 01 page 2 The humble petition of the aboriginal nations of Quails [*Providence Gazette*]

[Editor adds long comment:] We presume that Mr. Carter, the editor of the Providence Gazette, must have seen our notice of the philosophical researches of our old and much-esteemed friend and former pot-companion, Mr. Robert T. Rowle, the agriculturist of Wood's town, New Jersey. This second philanthropic Howard, has even went further than the mark he has set up, for his laudable imitation, for his philanthropy led him, not only to endeavor to be serviceable to the human race, but further impelled him to attempt to civilize Monkies and domestical Quails or Partridges. It is will deep regret, we state that neither of those praise-worthy essays have been crowned

with complete success; for his Monkey, like Simon Snyder, could not be brought to relinquish his mischievous tricks, but was so ungrateful, as to endeavor to set his master's store on fire, by which, several copies of the hot-pressed edition of Jefferson's Notes, on Virginia, the Wanderings of William, Dan Ebsworth's collection of songs, called the Republic Harmonist, and many other philosophical and literary productions, were either consumed or much injured. Nay, after his Monkey had turned incendiary, as if his ingratitude was not already complete, he ran-away, and notwithstanding Mr. Rawle ran after him, calling out "stop dat dere Monkey—dat is my Monkey—" the spectators stood motionless, and the Monkey fairly out ran his benevolent master—What a sad disappointment for so good natured a soul!

The ill success he met with in his laudable endeavors to render partridges domestic fowls, need not be repeated. But we think Mr. Rawle is much indebted to Mr. Carter, for endeavoring to hand his philosophical labors down to posterity, in flowing numbers. We, however, beg leave to state, that no such petition would be signed by the partridges in Mr. Rowle's neighborhood, for he not only has interdicted all hunting on his farm, but actually keeps one or two stacks of buckwheat, to regale the little wanderers with, on snowy winter days. Mr. Rawle, when he returns to the vicinity of Woodstown, need only call pee, pee, pee, and we venture to predict that he will be instantly surrounded by 4 or 5 hundred of his favorite birds.]

*New -York Evening Post* (NY) 1807 01 05 page 2 Advertisement

Music Stores…

Just published: "The favorite Bird Duet[49]"…

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1807 01 12 page 3 Advertisement

Concert and Ball…

Part II…

The celebrated Bird Duet, Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Wilson, with Piano Forte accompaniment by Mr. Welldon.

*Portsmouth Oracle* (NH) 1807 01 24 page 3 (widely reprinted)

Many reports are prevalent that persons have been injured by eating Robins at this season of the year; it is believed they are unwholesome food in the winter. When the ground is covered with snow, the robins are compelled to satisfy the cravings of hunger by eating various sorts of berries, which they refuse at other seasons:—the uncommon numbers which appear this winter are surprising: In Europe the farmers, and others, often scatter grain and other articles of food, in the winter season to their musical birds to prevent their perishing.—It is hoped this custom is practiced in New England, especially to the robin, whose notes are so melodious in our groves[50].

*United States' Gazette* (PA) 1807 02 07 page 2 For the United States' Gazette

The following is a copy of an Association Paper, circulating on the west side of Schuylkill. The evils therein complained of continue. Some permanent measures must be taken; so that the peace and tranquility of the country may no longer be sacrificed to the sports of the idle, or pleasurable inhabitants of the city. The destinies of the farmers must not be governed (according to the old Roman superstition and imposture) by the flights of birds. It is hoped that similar associations will be formed in other places, subjected to the like scourges and oppressions; which diminish or increase, not as they are more of less injurious, but with the plenty or scarcity of game—an article once desireable to the owners of lands, but now turned into an object inviting injury and injustice. The laws should be rendered more efficacious; and we have a precedent in a law of our sister state of New Jersey, which, there, has, in a great degree, corrected the abuse, though its objects are only such invaders of property as are not their own citizens. The well disposed in the city might assist those who are aggrieved in the country, with exertions on their parts neither arduous nor costly.—The following evidences of their good dispositions would be highly beneficial.

Let parents restrain their children; and masters, their servants and apprentices.

Let those who prefer the peace of society, and the good-will of their country fellow citizens, to their own slight and trifling enjoyments, deny themselves a small gratification, injurious and afflicting to others.

Let the public arms be deposited, as they ought to be, with the officers of the militia, when not called for by the duties in which only they should be employed.

Feb 6, 1807.

Whereas the mischiefs mentioned in the Act of Assembly passed the third of April one thousand seven hundred and sixty, and provided against in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth sections of that Act, have become seriously distressing dangerous, and oppressive; insomuch that it is perilous to travel on the public highways in the neighborhood of the city, owing to gunners who are constantly committing breaches of that law; and injuring, annoying, and abusing the inhabitants, as well where peaceably passing in and about their business and affairs on the public roads, as in their fields and in and near their dwellings, and having for a long time past suffered oppression with a patience no longer to be exercised: We the subscribers, agree and associate to pursue all necessary measures to enforce the laws of our country in these respects; and to support any such legal and justifiable measures for prosecuting and punishing offenders agreeably to the act of Assembly before mentioned, or any other law our Legislature may be pleased to pass further to provide against this gross and insufferable evil. And further to effectuate the measures warranted by law, we agree to pay the sums opposite our names to who is appointed treasurer of this Association as are to advise and conduct all legal measures in the premises.

*The Maryland Gazette* (MD) 1807 02 12 page 2 Communication

A most oppressive and intolerable grievance is now suffering by the inhabitants of the townships near and surrounding the city (Philadelphia):—the small birds,

which have unseasonably remained through the winter, have invited an uncommon and alarming number of gunners to patrol the neighborhoods. Multitudes of them accompanied by dogs, distress and scour the country. Many of these sportsmen, as they style themselves, are impudent, insulting, and insufferably abusive.—But under the pretext of Sporting, robberies, assaults, batterie and other lawless acts and offenses are daily committing. Nor do the votaries to those scourges, called Sports, refrain from openly, with them, profaning the Sabbath. And roads are infested; the farms and enclosures of peaceable citizens are invaded. Mild remonstrances are disregarded and notifications that the laws will be resorted to, are treated with scorn. Fowling pieces are pointed and threats thrown out against those who dare attempt the expulsion of those lawless trespassers from their houses, barns, milk-houses, stack-yards and other enclosures. Muskets have been wantonly fired in the roads, to terrify travelers, peaceably passing. Several have been fired at and under stacks of hay and grain; and purposely, as well as accidentally, into dwelling houses. Many persons have been thrown off horses, and out of carriages, and much injured, while their lives have been endangerd. Many, and especially women, refuse to attend the markets; and universal uneasiness has spread through the country. Every thicket alarms and resembles, in irregular but incessant explosions, a Turkish camp, or a battle commenced by the Yagers and other sharp-shooters. The farms and enclosures are laid open by the prostration and burning of fences in sundry places. Farm dogs are killed, maimed or wounded, while endeavoring to defend property they are kept to watch and preserve. Cattle are wounded in the fields and sheep are the victims of sporting dogs. The poultry is substituted for game, and repeatedly shot down, in the presence of its insulted and terrified proprietors. Farms and enclosures are turned into warrens, parks and chases, for the idle and insolent. Farm-houses are no longer the safe retreats of industry, and the fortresses of the peaceable and secure citizen—The oppressions of Europe are (by those that practice them here) inverted. Nobles do not lay waste, for their ruinous amusements, the possessions of an abject peasantry; but these enormities are committed by one set of citizens pursuing pleasures, which inflict the severest injuries on another class, who are owners, but not masters of the soil they inhabit. If among the mass who thus invade property and distress its unoffending possessors, there are (as no doubt there are) some of innocent intentions and decent manners, the should intermit a diversion attended with such injurious consequences.

This is not an exaggerated picture. The facts stated, can be incontrovertibly proved. Much of the mischief is done by those you pervert the public arms to the annoyance, instead of applying them to the protection of their fellow-citizens—an evil which ought no longer to be tolerated, and should at once be remedied, by those who have the power to check this abuse. It is hoped and recommended by a number of the sufferers that associations will be formed for mutual protection. And for this purpose, let plans be adopted, to prosecute and punish offenders; so as to put an end to a dangerous and intolerable oppression. Such an association is now in forwardness on the west side of Schuylkill. It is confidently expected that the magistrates and peace officers will cordially and firmly assist in removing this disgraceful stain from the character of our laws, and the reputation of those to whom their execution ins untrusted.

*Columbian Centinel* (MA) 1807 02 28 page 4 The vulture, sparrow, and other birds. Gay—Parodied.

Let those who will the People cheat;
And give them chaff in lieu of wheat:—
I envy not their posts or state—
And all I covet it —their hate:
Let such vile flattering seekers rise —
By screening fraud, and coining lies—
Give me kind Heav'n, a private station,
And mind serene for contemplation—
Office and profit I'll resign—
The post of honor shall be mine.
My fable read—their merits view—
Then herd, who will—with such a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the present times)
A greedy Vulture*, skill'd in game—
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
Bewitch'd the state, in evil hour—
And step by step intrudes to power:—
Around him throng the seeking rout;
Friends must be serv'd—and foes turn'd out.
The Nightingale was set aside;
A forward Daw his room supply'd.
This bird (says he) for bus'ness fit—
Has both sagacity and wit .
With all his turns, and shifts and tricks—
He's stedfast—and at nothing sticks.
Thousands of hireling cocks attend him,
As blustering bullies to defend him.
At once the Robins were discarded,
And Ravens with their posts rewarded.
None like them croak my good intents—
Though peccadilloes mark the unis.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught—and so to vote.
When knaves like these, a Sparrow cries,
To Governors and rulers rise,
I court no favor—ask no place;
For such preferment is disgrace.
Within my thach'd retreat I find
(What those ne'er feel) true peace of mind.
ESOP, jun.
* Democracy.

*Weekly Wanderer* (VT) 1807 03 16 page 4 The Way to Keep Him [by Garrick, uncredited]

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more
…
The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness and come at your command;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young-birds, may be tam'd at your will…

New-Jersey Journal (NJ) 1807 03 24 page 4 On Spring by Alfred (reprinted)

REJOICE! all nature now rejoice,
Ye woodland glades and vallies ring,
Ye feather'd tribes with gladen'd voice,
Now usher in the smiling SPRING.

Old torpid Winter! horrid time !
With frowning brow, and wrinkled face,
Has gone to join some other clime,
And clasp it in his cold embrace.

Ye Peasant's now arise with joy
To till the earth, go get your plough ;
The Milk-Maid, too, without alloy,
May sing a strain —or milk her cow.

Now stretch'd beside the flowing brook,
The gladen'd Shepherd tune's his reed,
While guarding now his sheep, he'll look
To see them skip across the mead.

Ye Gard'ners too, with spade and rake,
Put on your hats, and ling your seeds ;
The green sod turn, the lumps now break,
And quick destroy the cumbrous weeds.
Flock to the green each sprightly lass,
And each young Swain come dance around ;
While here so sweetly you may pass,
Your hours where mirth and joy abound.

The robin, thrush, and harmless dove,
That perch upon the prickly thorn,
Come tune your notes of endless love,
And echo in each joyful morn.

The Ploughboy, with his rustic song,
  At eve returning from the fields,
His notes so gently waft along,
  He tells of joys which Spring now yields.

Perch'd on some green-branch'd willow tree,
  The whip-poor-will doth sing all night;
While all in sleep is cloth'd but thee,
  You'll strain your throat till morning's light.

The chilling winds now cease to blow,
  No more with ice is froze each rill ;
With gentleness the waters flow,
  And from each mount in drops distil.

Now all the fields are cloth'd with green,
  And leaves again now fill each tree;
And Sol now sparkles in each stream ;
—I wish that SPRING might always be!

While seated round your Cot, at night,
  With burning torch a standing near,
See insects flirting through the light,
  All humming round—no thought of fear.

As roams the school-boy, thro' the wood,
  Amaz'd he stops to hear birds sing ;
They praise the Parent of all Good,
  And thankful usher in the Spring.

*The People's Friend & Daily Advertiser* (NY) 1807 04 27 page 2 Confusion

To an indifferent spectator it must be very amusing to contemplate the hurly-burly raised by the election among the democratic faction, impudently assuming the title of Republican…At a shop, the corner of Denmark Court near Exeter Change in the Strand, you may actually find, or at least not very long ago might find these words inscribed in large fair letters on a shew-board "Eggs New Laid Every Morning By Me, John Bewley." By which Mr. Bewly meant that eggs were laid every morning by his feathered proxies some Hens which he kept for the purpose. And thus it is in New-York, every thing excluded quasi a posteriori by the unhappy Clintonian Outs, is put up in black and white and comes forth as new laid every morning by our good friend and fellow subject, the English Editor of the American Citizen; —that sparrows nest in which the Clintonian Cuckoos lay their eggs…We really are sorry to see our fellow-subjects so treated—

Hedge Sparrow like, what Cuckoos have begot
Wilt thou hatch forth?—Briton, is that thy lot?

*Spooner's Vermont Journal* (VT) 1807 04 27 page 4 Ode to Spring by Philo

Stern winter's boist'rous storms are past,
With rapid speed they've fled;
…
The feather'd songsters now appear,
In splendent plumage drest;
[51]Their matin songs salute the ear,
While pleasure fills the breast.

What rap'trous music do they make!
What melodies we hear!
Let ev'ry one instruction take,
And grant a list'ning ear.

See if you can't extract some good,
From such enchanting songs;
Would they not learn you if they could,
To quite forsake your wrongs?

All the fair beauties of the spring,
Are quite instructive scenes;
Let me and birds in concert sing,
While life in each remains;—

And to the bounteous Lord of all.
Who rolls the seasons round;
In humble adoration fall,
And loud his praise resound.

United States' Gazette (PA) 1807 04 30 page 3 New Theatre

A Friend to good order, would not, willingly "injure creature living," though his feelings have never been wound up by the windlass of sympathy, to whine with the melancholy "Jacques;" yet he must regret that his weapon has been levelled with so unsteady an aim that he fears he has wounded the guiltless breast he loves…But if the nightingale neglect his kind, and prefer to associate with sparrows, let him not blame the husbandman, whose weapon, only employed to destroy the ravagers of his crop, may injure a feather of his wing.

*United States' Gazette* (PA) 1807 05 19 page 3 Advertisement.

…S.F.B. [Samuel F. Bradford] has in the Press and will shortly publish the Birds of

Scotland with other poems by James Graham, author of "the Sabbath."

*Salem Gazette* (MA) 1807 05 19 page 3 Literary Notices

…Mr. S.F. Bradford, of Philadelphia, is about publishing a superb edition of American Ornithology—by A. Wilson—

*The Precursor* (VT) 1807 06 01 page 4

Mr. SAMUEL F. BRADFORD of Philadelphia, has issued proposals for publishing a new and superb work, the first of the kind ever published in America, on AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY, "or the Natural History of the birds of the United States : comprehending those resident within our territory and those that migrate hither from other regions; among which will be found a great number of land and water birds hitherto undescribed. Specifying the class, order and genus to which each particular species belongs. Following with a few exceptions, the arrangements of Latham. Describing their size, plumage, places of resort, general habits, peculiarities, food mode of constructing their nests, term of incubation, Migration, &c. &c.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

CONDITIONS

The work will be printed in large imperial Quarto, on a rich vellum paper, and issued in numbers, Price to Dollars each, payable on delivery— Three plates, 13 inches by 10, will accompany each number. containing at least ten Birds, engraved and coloured from original drawings, taken from Nature— The numbers to be continued regularly once every two months, until the whole be completed.

The study of Natural History is certainly the most pleasing, as well as the most rational and sublime amusement, that can occupy the mind of man. To whatever portion of the vast chain of created beings we direct our research, the wisdom, power, and beneficence of the Deity, in its formation, in the harmony of its parts, and in the provident care exercised for its preservation, fills us with wonder, delight and awful veneration. These sensations increase on every re-examination; and the mind once habituated to the contemplation of these manifestations of the divinity, opens for itself a never-failing course of enjoyment and instruction. In our social walks and rural excursions, everywhere surrounded by the wonders of creation, we seem, as it were, to hold converse with the great author of the universe, through the medium of his works, and with hearts glowing with devotion, to

"Look through Nature up to Nature's God." [Universal Benevolence]

The garden, the fields, the depth of the forest, the most solitary and unfrequented regions, furnish the naturalist with a perpetual fund of amusement He hears a-round him the mingled warblings of the feathered tribes, and recognizes, with the joy of an old acquaintance, the peculiar notes of every particular species, and by a charming association of ideas, a thousand interesting circumstances, connected with, and relating to, their different manners, economy, migrations, &c. On this hand he beholds one

species just returned from the orange groves of Guiana and Surinam, to charm him with its simple melody—On that, a second, who has abandoned the shores of the Amazon or Orinoco, to trace his shallow streams and rivulets—around him sweeps another, who has skimmed, in a few hours, over a space equal to one fourth of the globe, to glide along the surface of his ponds, and seek a shelter under his roof; while a brilliant and numerous family, in green, blue and glowing scarlet, that but lately caught the eye of the sunburnt savage of Brazil, amidst his native woods, now flutter through our orchards, or fill our groves with melody. Impelled by the powerful impressions of love, and the dictates of nature, all of them have winged their way to our more temperate and abundant regions, to rear their young in safety, and conduct a joyous progeny back to southern climes, and far distant countries.

To such pleasing ideas as these does an acquaintance with, and contemplation of, this gay and beautiful, this innocent and sportive part of the creation, give rise. A thousand new objects for tender and delight present themselves to our view, which before were entirely unseen or overlooked; in each of which we behold fresh evidences of a great, a good, and all-upholding Creator: and surely these are enjoyments far beyond the idle prattle of novels—the noisy discord of politicks—the short-lived joys of scandal, ambition, avarice or debauchery. From these destroyers of the health, morals and tranquility of the human race, how noble, how exquisitely pleasing, to retire to where the great book of nature is spread before us—ever open and inviting—replete with a divine and inexhaustible store of pleasure and instruction !

To promote the study of this branch of Natural History, so friendly to virtue and piety, and so congenial to innocence, by exhibiting to the eye, a faithful representation of the numerous, and richly adorned families of the feathered race, that tennant the woods and waters of this peaceful, highly favoured and happy country—to rescue this part of American history, from the obscurity in which the mistakes, the prejudices, and circumscribed situation of foreigners have involved it, and to furnish his fellow citizens with an elegant and rational Amusement, and with additional motives for self congratulation, and love of country, are the great designs of this publication.

Much as we are indebted to the efforts of the naturalist, to whatever nation he may belong, it is yet a mortifying truth to our literary pride, that by foreigners alone has not only this, but almost every other branch of our natural history been illustrated. Nothing similar to the present undertaking has ever been attempted in America; and, indeed, if we except the efforts of a few distinguished individuals, the annals of our literary history present a long and melancholy void in this most interesting and instructive department of science. It remains now with Americans themselves to decide, whether they will still send across the Atlantic for an account of the productions of their own country, or become, like every other enlightened people, the proper historians of their own territories.

To enter into an examination of all the different European publications on the Ornithology of this part of North America would lead us far from our purpose, and might seem invidious, as they have appeared under the sanction of names highly and justly esteemed. Catesby, Edwards, Buffon, and others have respectively published splendid and voluminous works on this subject. But a century has now nearly elapsed,

since the first of these gentlemen visited our country, and the others derived their figures and descriptions chiefly from dried subjects, and from the reports of transient travellers. With all due deference, therefore, to such names, the author will be pardoned for believing that much remains yet to be done, that half our birds have not been figured by any of these writers; and that a more full and faithful publication than has ever yet appeared on this subject is due to America, and to the World; in which the glare of false and gaudy coloring, and the extravagant distortion of posture, will not be substituted for the simplicity of truth and nature. Let the abilities of the painter be what they may, if he has nothing but stuffed skins, or dried specimens to draw from, he can no more give the true tints, form an air of the living original, than he could delineate the native features, the genuine character, and soft expression of the soul, from the shrunk and shriveled visage of an Egyptian mummy.

The author of the work now proposed to the public, has enjoyed advantages which many of those abovementioned were deprived of. With the means of consulting many of the ablest writers who have treated on the subject, he has, during thirteen years, resided chiefly in the country, where he had the best opportunities of pursuing this study. He travelled several thousand miles upon the same pursuit, and neither drawn nor described a single species before examining several individuals of the same kind ; and collecting, from personal observation, facts relative to their history. And, that full justice may be done to the drawings, the publisher has engaged two eminent artists, Messes. Lawson and Murray, to furnish the whole of the engravings, whose abilities are a sufficient guarantee for the execution of this part of the work.

Upwards of 150 of the drawings are already completed, and the plates for the first number nearly ready; which if sufficient encouragement offer, will be published early this ensuing Autumn. Each number will contain ten birds, carefully coloured after the originals, and accompanied by appropriate descriptions; and though the nature of the plan precludes the possibility of their succeeding each other in generick order, yet the order, genus, and specific name of each will be particularly given, as well as those by which they are known in different parts of the country.

Where the plumage of the male and female is nearly alike, the former only will be figured; but where the difference is considerable, both will be represented, in order to correct the numerous errors into which European naturalists have fallen, in describing the male and female of the same nest, as two males of two separate species—in mistaking the male of others for the female, and vice versa: and in considering a periodical change of plumage, to which many of our birds are subject, as marks of an entire different species.

The extent of the work cannot at present be precisely ascertained: it is conjectured, however, that one hundred plates may comprehend the whole, forming two handsome volumes. The drawings will be made with the most scrupulous adherence to nature, the engravings will be executed, and in the impressions coloured under the eye of the author— the type for the letter press is entirely new, and of singular beauty: and the public may rest assured, that no pains or expense will be spared, in any department of the work, to render it in point of accuracy and elegance, worthy their support.

*Political Observatory* (NH) 1807 06 12 page 3 Squirrel Hunt (widely reprinted)

On election day, June 3d, twenty five of the inhabitants of Langdon, agreeably to previous arrangement, joined in hunting, squirrels and such birds as destroyed the productions of the farmer. At night on counting the game it was ascertained that they had killed, during the day, 1668 squirrels and birds.

*Political Observatory* (NH) 1807 06 12 page 3 Squirrels [Randolph paper] (widely reprinted)

At a Squirrel-hunt in this town on Thursday last, there were upwards of 3000 killed. This number, together with those which have been destroyed at several previous hunts within a few weeks, in this town and Brookfield, amount to very nearly 7,000.

*Political Observatory* 1807 06 12 page 3 Bulletin of the Grand Squirrel Hunt ! [Rutland paper] (widely reprinted)

On Thursday morning last, at sunrise, agreeably to previous arrangement, a number of citizens of this town, consisting principally of young men, set out, for their amusement, to scour the adjacent woods of that species of vermin of the desert which so much infest our cornfields. They attacked this formidable enemy with that firmness and intrepidity which became soldiers—They returned at the setting of the sun with their fallen foes. The number killed amounted to about 3000, inclusive of many of the feathered tribe, which appeared to have been in alliance with the Squirrels—Thus ended the campaign.

*Salem Register* (MA) 1807 06 18 page 3

In a late Squirrel Hunting in Vermont and in several towns in New-Hampshire, not less than 18,000 squirrels and birds are mentioned as taken by the sportsmen; generally squirrels.

*The Balance and Columbian Repository* (NY) 1807 06 23 page 2 Extract from a letter of a learned Traveller

…"I expect to have little opportunity of making observations on the natural history of this part of the state [NY]. Of birds, I have seen the *Alcedo alcyon*, the *Turdus migratoriu*s, the *Muscicapa Carolininensis*, the *Picus erythrocephalus*, the *Gracula quiscula*, but not the *Strimus niger alis supernerubentibus*, and I have heard the *Caprimulgus minor Americanus*. These are common in most parts of the United States."…

*Salem Register* (MA) 1807 06 29 page 4 Love of Nature [From Grahame's Birds of Scotland]

I love the neighborhood of man and beast:
I would not place my stable out of sight.

…
Where flocking birds, of various plume & chirp
Discordant, cluster on the leaning stack,
…
O nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
…
To think that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky…

*The Balance and Columbian Repository* (NY) 1807 06 30 page 2 Extract from a letter of a learned Traveller

…I lately saw an *Accipiter piscatorius* hovering over and examining a limpid stream. He stooped twice into the liquid element, nearly at the same spot; but without catching anything. The opinion seems to me just, that neither this bird, nor the *Alcedo alcyon*, which also feeds upon the tenants of the flood, is always successful in the attempt to sustain sustenance. The scaly fry may sometimes perceive their approach and escape them; or they may sometimes engage with an object too powerful or too slippery for their grasp. As the continue only a short time under the water, they are evidently not amphibious; but may be denominated occasional divers. I have not seen in this part of the country the *Columba Caroliniensis* nor the *Vultur aura*, both which abound in some of the other states….

*Hampshire Federalist* (MA) 1807 07 02 page 2 Varieties

…Hunting Party, made by the Emperor Francis I in 1755. — There were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were ladies; the Princess Charlotte de Lorraine was one of them. The chase lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game and wild deer, of which 19 were stags, 77 roebucks, 10 foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,543 partridges, 9499 pheasants, 114 larks, 355 quails, and 54 other birds. The Emperor fired 9798 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9010: in all there were 116, 209 shots fired.

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1807 07 13 page 3 Eider-Down [Dictionary of Merchandize] (widely circulated)

…Eider-Down is a kind of very fine down, coming from Denmark, Norway and Ireland. It is the produce of a species of wild duck, called Eider. To collect this down, the inhabitants, at the risk of their lives, by means of cords, let themselves down the steepest precipices, where the birds have their nests.

The down is made up in balls, about the size of a fist, and weighing from three to four pounds. It is so fine and soft that if a ball is opened and the down cautiously held over red hot coals to warm, it will completely fill a bed for two people.

*Tickler* (PA) 1807 09 16 page 3 The last speech and dying declaration of Skip,

the Magpie [Asylum]

As I understand that judgment has been passed upon me, and that I now remain for execution, I think it necessary to say a few words before the fatal hour comes, when I am to launch into eternity: and on this occasion I shall take the liberty of departing from the form in which this kind of address to the public is usually drawn up; as l am compelled by a hard necessity, and which should move the pity of my judges, to enter upon my justification, after sentence has been passed upon me, and to endeavour to clear my character, when I have no longer any hopes of saving my life. Before I proceed to my exculpation, it would be proper to remark upon the extraordinary manner in which my trial, if I can call it so, has been conducted; it cannot be denied that I have been condemned unheard, in my absence, without having been furnished with a copy of my indictment, without having been confronted with my accusers, without having been indulged with counsel to plead for me, in short, in violation of every form usual in criminal cases, and in conformity to no one known process of jurisdiction, unless martial law can be so called. The suggestions and pretexts upon which these unprecedented steps have been taken, to bring me to an ignominious death, are such as injustice to myself, I do not think I ought to carry to the grave with me. And here I beseech the public to be attentive in distinguishing guilt from accusation, and substantial justice from persecution. A vague and general charge has been made against me and all my race, that we are chattering, pert, intruding birds, that meddle continually with other people's concerns, without ever giving them any assistance.

Now, if talking too much be a capital crime, I should be glad to know what defence can be set up for a large description of ladies, who are notoriously guilty of this practice, many of them from their cradle up; in what manner is it proposed to bring to reason, several private societies, where the clack is incessant, and frequently got more entertaining than our's; who will devise such a code as will reach offences of this nature in the senate and at the bar? what methods will be effectual in order to do justice upon the waiting maids in this very house, as well as in every other, of the same class? they whose whole sisterhood is represented in the best comedies of this and the French nation, which are certainly the truest mirrors of real life, is, I say, represented as prattling by profession, whose whole talent is in their tongue, and to whom therefore the charge of chattering, pert, intruding, meddling birds, is full as applicable, if not more so, as to me and those of my species.

Not to go farther than the parlour, I should wish to hear what excuse Mr. B—r and little John, those eternal talkers, and who dash at everything, can offer in their favour; one would naturally have thought that these chatterers should have felt some sympathy for my unhappy situation and pleaded the cause of an oppressed brother; but I have found by sad experience, that they do not like any talkers but themselves, and that the vulgar proverb is here verified, that two of a trade can never agree; so that anything that they have said, instead of being favourable to my cause, has on the contrary, tended to throw a ridicule over my grievances, and to decry my pretensions to mercy.

The next charge brought against me is, that I have shewn a passion for viewing my face and person in a looking-glass, from which it is pretended that considerable danger

would accrue to that brittle and costly article of furniture. On this charge, at least, I may hope for the countenance and protection of Miss M— and Miss J—, who must be conscious of a like propensity in themselves, and who, I am sure, are too gentle and too just to allow that a poor Magpie should be brought to public execution for a practice, which they themselves indulge for some hours in every week, and by the means of which, their conquests and triumphs are foretold to them, as was done by the oracle, to generals of old.— Even Madam herself is a daily debtor to this true friend, for an elegant arrangement, or at least a correction of her dress, and perhaps, owes some of the graces of her deportment to that inclination, which in my case is urged as a capital offence; nay, even the gentlemen, if they were candid, would confess, that shaving is not the only use which they make of a looking glass; witness the flourishing top knots of their hair, and other studied adjustments of their dress, by which they expect to look amiable, and with the help of bold advances, to carry the ladies hearts by storm. On this charge, therefore, had I been heard, I might have hoped to have done away the atrocious degree of guilt that has been imputed to me; at least, if everyone would have made the case his own, I could not have failed of success.

The next article of crimination is, that our fraternity is given to common thieving, and that we have mischievous pleasure in secreting little articles of value, and thereby occasioning them to be lost, That low bred and unprincipled Magpies may have indulged a propensity to stealing, and thereby brought a general suspicion on our species, is what i shall readily admit; but I must alledge on the other hand, that all sects and communities have their bad members, and that any of our flock, who have been given to pilfering, have probably, as being imitating animals, done no more than follow the example of some accomplished originals in this art. I must observe beside, that more is laid to our charge in this way than is really founded in fact, nothing is more easy or handy for the servants, when a tea-spoon, salt-spoon, the lid of a pepper-box, mustard pot, &c. is lost or mislaid by their own carelessness, or stolen by interlopers who they admit improperly, about the house; nothing, I say, is more ready than to lay the blame on the poor Magpie. Thus it is that Button, the lap-dog, is said to bear the blame of certain embarrassing little accidents that sometimes happen in company. If those persons who are high in power would condescend to consider what I have said in my justification. I might still hope that mercy might be extended to me, and that my hard sentence might be changed into imprisonment or transportation ; but if that cannot be, I have only to add these words of course which are commonly made use of in such unhappy circumstances as those I stand in.—I was born of very dishonest parents in the garden hedge of H—n, though not meriting death for what is laid to my charge, yet, as I have committed many other offences, I acknowledge that my sentence is no more than I deserve.

I now caution all my brethren against that which first led me into wickedness, the bad example of my parents. Since I can remember them, their constant employment was the robbing of gardens, a practice which has led many to the gallows. In this way they supported themselves and their family, and if I by reason of my youth was not an accomplice in their thefts, yet I was always a most willing receiver of the stolen goods; so that I cannot now complain that I am doomed to end my life, as I began it, on a tree.

*Mercantile Advertis*er (NY) 1807 09 24 page 2 To the Editor of the Mercantile Advertiser (reprinted in Poulson's 9/26 with its own follow-up)

Sir, It has just come to my knowledge that a small bird in Pennsylvania of the hawk kind has the sagacity to catch grasshoppers and to stick them on the thorns of apple and other trees as baits, to seduce little birds more nimble than himself within his reach, that he may catch them. I shall esteem it a favor if any of your correspondents can inform me whether the natural history of this extraordinary bird is extant, and in what collection it may be found. A.Z.

*Mercantile Advertiser* (NY) 1807 09 25 page 2 To the Editor of the Mercantile Advertiser

Your correspondent A.Z. has not been correctly informed. The bird he alludes to is called vulgarly the Butcher Bird. It's classic name I have forgotten. It impales worms, and probably grasshoppers, on a thorn, for the purpose of devouring them at leisure. I have seen a slight sketch of its natural history, but do not recollect in what book; though I am inclined to think it will be found in the Encyclopedia Brittanicae.

*Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1807 10 01 page 3 Description of the Butcher Bird, Great Shrike or Mountain Magpie. (*Lanius Excubitor*, Lin. Syst. Nat 135—see Pennant's British Zoology, page 213) Contributed by M. [References Pennant's British Zoology. and Linneaus, and Edwards and Germans.] (this reply reprinted in many papers, including the *Mercantile Advertiser*)

Mr. Poulson, If the following information relative to the Butcher Bird (which answers to the ideas of your inquiring correspondent) proves satisfactory to him, I will with pleasure let him see the engraving, from a drawing of this extraordinary bird, taken from the life.

This bird is about the size of a blue jay, weighs three ounces, and measures 10 ½ inches in length, and 14 inches from tip to tip of the wings. It has a strong bill, hooked at the end, the upper mandible has a large sharp process near the point; the nostrils are covered with black bristles; the legs are small and black; the outermost toe joined to the middlemost as far as the first joint.

The back and upper part of the head and neck are of a light ash colors the wings are black with a broad bar of white along the tiddle of the quill feathers. From the bare of the bill to the back of the head is a broad black stroke. The throat, breast and belly are of a dirty red. In the female the feathers of the breast are marked with semicircular brown lines, which distinguish them from the male. In the tail, which consists of twelve feathers, the two middle ones are black, the others are white at the tips, and the two outside feathers are almost entirely white.

The head of this bird is very large, the muscles which move the bill, being very thick and strong,—" This apparatus," says Mr. Pennant "is quite requisite in a species, whose method of killing its prey is so singular, and whose manner of devouring it is not

less extraordinary. Small birds it will seize by the throat and strangle; which is probably the reason why the Germans call this bird Wurchangel or the suffocating angel. It feeds on small birds, young nestlings, beetles and caterpillars. When it has killed the prey, it fixes them on a thorn, and when thus spitted pulls them to pieces with its bill; on this account some of the Germans call it Thorntraer and Thornstreker. We have seen them when confined in a cage, eat their food in much the same manner, striking ii against the wires before they would devour it. Mr. Edwards very justly imagines, that, as nature has not given these birds strength to tear their prey to pieces with their feet, as hawks do, they are obliged to have recourse to this artifice. Linnaeus observes of this bird that it gives notice to the smallest ones of the approach of the hawk: its nest is built of moss and heath, and lined with wool. It lays six eggs of a dull olive green, spotted at the thickest end with black.—This is called by Pennant the Great Shrike. It is also called the murdering bird or shriek. It inhabits woodlands, tarries with us thro' the winter, and in that season subsists on small birds, mice, &c.

*Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1807 10 01 page 3 A letter from Mr. John Heckewelder, to Dr. Barton, giving some account of the remarkable instinct of a bird called the Nine Killer (from *American Philosophical Transactions*[52], fourth volume 1799)

Bethlehem, December 18th, 1795

Having an opportunity by a friend of mine to Philadelphia, I must mention to you a curious fact, that came to my knowledge but yesterday.

I went to a farm, about eleven miles and a half from this place, to view a young orchard, which had been planted, about five weeks ago, under my direction, where on viewing the trees, I found, to my great astonishment, almost on every one of them, one and on some two and three grasshoppers, stuck down on the sharp thorny branches. which were not pruned when the trees were planted. I immediately called the tenant, and asked the reason and his opinion of this. He was much surprised at my ignorance about the matter, and informed me, " that these grasshoppers were stuck up by a small bird of prey, which the Germans called Neun-toedter (in English, Nine-killer) : that this bird had a practice of catching and sticking up nine grasshoppers a day, and that as he well knew they did not devour the grasshoppers, nor any other insects, he thought they must do it for pleasure. I asked him for a description of this bird, and was perfectly satisfied that it lived entirely on small animals, such as small birds, mice, etc for I had paid attention to this bird as early as the year 1761, when, in the winter, one of the sane species took a favourite little bird out of my cage at the window, from which time I have watched them more closely, and have found them more numerous in the Western-country than here. Not being satisfied with what the tenant had told me respecting the intention of the bird's doing all this (viz, for diversion sake), and particularly observing each and every one of these Grasshoppers stuck up so regularly, and in their natural position as when on the ground, not one of them having its back downwards, I began to conjecture what might be the real intention which the bird had in this, and my determined opinion was, that this little bird hawk, by instinct, made use of thin art, in order to decoy the smaller birds, which feed on insects, and by these means have a

fair opportunity of catching them. All this I communicated to my friends, on my return home, and they were not less astonished at what I had related to them, that I had been on discovering the fact,—It being agreed that one or more gentlemen of learning and observation should more minutely examine into this matter, the proprietor of this with another gentleman and myself, went this day out for the purpose, and viewing the grasshoppers on a number of these small trees (some of which we cut off, and took home), we returned to the tenant, who not only himself but also his father and sister gave us the best assurances, that they had, long since, and from time to time, observed this bird catching grasshoppers and sticking them up in the manner already related, and that sometimes they had observed, in places where this species of bird keeps numbers of grasshoppers stuck up on a thorn-bush in like manner. The Reverend Mr. V. Vleck is perfectly satisfied that this bird-hawk is the *Lanius Canadenis* (in Bartram*), and has obligingly communicated the following account of this little bird-hawk to me: it is extracted from a German publication printed at Gœttingen, in 1778, under the title of " Natural History for Children, by M. George Chriftian Paff," who after giving a description of the different species of this bird, concludes thus: " Why is this bird of prey called the nine-killer? Because it is said to have the habit of sticking beetles or other insects, and perhaps sometimes nine of them in succession, upon thorns, that they may not escape until he has leisure to devour them all at once. And for the fame reason, it is sometimes called the thorn-sticker." Now by the above account, we see that it is known in Europe that this same species of birds actually does stick up insects of different kinds on thorns, &c. but it is supposed they eat them immediately after being stuck up. Here the case is quite otherwise. They remain stuck up, for we must suppose these to have been stuck up at least some weeks ago, and before the hard frosts set in. The very birds (as we suppose) that stuck them up are now on the same ground, watching the smaller birds that come out to feed, and have been seen catching the latter but a few days ago. If it were true, long would he be feeding on one or two hundred grasshoppers? But if it be intended to seduce the smaller birds to feed on these insects, in order to have an opportunity of catching them, that number, or even one half, or less, may be a good bait all winter: and all of us, who have considered these circumstances, are firmly of opinion, that these insects thus stuck up, are to serve as a bait, &c. through the course of the winter.

You will readily excuse my being so lengthy on this subject. The matter appeared to me of too much consequence to pass over hastily. I shall be glad to hear your opinion on this subject.

I send you a few of these grasshoppers, as I cut them from the trees. They being hard and dry, most of their legs broke off in taking them home.

I am, with great respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and Humble servant, JOHN HECKEWELDER.

*I do not find that Mr. Bartram has mentioned, in any part of his Travels, a *Lanius Canadensis*. Since the date of this letter, Mr. Heckewelder has favoured me with a well-preserved specimen of the bird-hawk. It proves to be the *Lanius Excubitor* of Linneaus,

the Great-shrike of Mr. Pennant. B.S.B. [53]

*Lancaster Journal* (PA) 1807 11 20 page 4 Advertisement. Wesley's Philosophy.

> Proposals by William Hamilton [publisher of the Lancaster Journal] of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for publishing by subscription A Survey of The Wisdom of God in the Creation; or A Compendium of Natural Philosophy by John Wesley, A.M. from the Fourth London Edition.
>
> …
>
> Of Birds
>
> Their structure and motion, of the Cuntor [sic] of Peru, of the hanging-bird, of vultures and rooks, the magpie, the woodpecker, bird of Paradise, mockingbird, crane, stork, pelican, albatross, swan, tame and wild goose, Soland goose, eagle, ravens, Iceland down bird, bat, kingfisher, &c. …

*The Mississippi Messenger* (MS) 1807 12 10 page 3 Advertisement. Mr. Church

> From the Province of Lower Canada and late of the Theatres of Philadelphia, Fredericksburg, Petersburgh and Charleston;
>
> Respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Natchez that he intends gratifying the public curiosity, with a display of his extraordinary abilities….
>
> Part I.
>
> Mr. Church will go through his admirable
>
> IMITATION OF BIRDS
>
> Particularly the Robin, Red Bird, Chicken Thrush and the American Mocking Bird…
>
> Part II.
>
> HERCULEAN BALANCING…

## 1808

*The Watchman* (VT) 1808 01 01 page 4 Sketch of the Condour (uncredited but original might be Samuel Ward's *A Modern System of Natural History* Vol 5 1775, filtered through later copies, including Goldsmith)

It is doubtful which this bird is most allied to, the eagle or the vulture; its force and vivacity resembling the former, while the baldness of the head and neck are like the latter. No bird can compare with it for size, strength, rapacity, and swiftness of flight. It is, therefore, more formidable than the eagle to birds, beasts and even to mankind. The rarity of this pernicious and destructive bird, is another instance of the great care

of Providence in proportioning these creatures, according to their utility or ferocious propensity for, were the Condour as prolific, or common as others of the feathered tribe, it would spread universal devastation.

Sir Hans Sloane; says, one was shot by Capt. Strong, not far from Mocha, an island in the South Seas, on the coast of Chili, as it was sitting on a cliff by the sea side. The wings, when extended, measured, from each extremity, sixteen feet. One of the feathers, which is now in the British Museum, is two feet four inches in circumference, and weighed three drachms, seventeen grains and a half.

According to Garcilaso de la Vega, several have been killed by the Spaniards, which, in general measured fifteen or sixteen feet from wing to wing. To prevent the too fatal exercise of their fierceness, nature has denied them such talons as the eagle. They have only claws, which are as harmless as those of the hen. Their beaks are, however, strong enough to tear off the hide, and penetrate the bowels of an ox. Two of them will attack and devour a cow or a bull; and it has often happened that boys of ten years of age have fallen a prey to them. The inhabitants of Chili are, therefore, in continual dread lest their children should be devoured in their absence. In order to allure them, they expose the form of a child, made of a very glutinous clay, on which they dart with such rapidity, and penetrate lo deeply with their beaks, that they cannot disengage themselves. The Indians assert, that they will seize and bear aloft a deer, or a young calf, as easily as eagles do a hare or a rabbit.

Nature apprises every one of its approach; by causing it to make so great a noise with its wings, as almost to occasion deafness. The body is as large as that of a sheep, and the flesh as disagreeable as carrion. Thus man loses no food from the providential scarcity of this terrific and devouring creature. Forests not affording room for its flight, are never infested with its depredations; they, therefore, dwell mostly in mountains, visiting the shores at night, when rain or tempests drive their finny prey thither for shelter.

They are chiefly to be found in the deserts of Pachomac [Pachacamac], where men seldom venture to travel; those wild regions being alone sufficient to inspire the mind with a secret horror, affording no other music but the roaring of wild beasts, and the hissing of serpents; while the adjacent mountains are rendered equally terrible from the visits of this destructive bird.

This bird is thought, by naturalists, to be the same as the rock, found in Arabia, the Tarnassar in the East Indies and the large vulture in Senegal.

## *The Watchman* (VT) 1808 01 08 page 4 [from (Monthly) *Anthology* (by Benjamin Waterhouse)]

Natural history is the most pleasing study that can occupy the rational and tasteful mind…Utility, public utility is the motive which imperiled him to hold up mineralogy and agriculture to the love of the rising generation… Let the branch of the oak…with its acorns, bind the brow of America—let in encircle the American Eagle, or rather let the emblem of the western empire be a Condor[54] reposing on a mighty branch of this

pride and glory of our forests.

*New-York Commercial Advertiser* (NY) 1808 03 05 page 2 The Orphans[55]
[uncredited, from the *Monthly Mirror*]

The trees droop and wither, their verdure is gone,
  The swallow to regions of mildness is flown;
The storms of the winter will quickly come on,
  And the lone Orphan's cot o'er the village be strewn'
It's time moulder'd shelter then who will restore?
  Who fence them from cold and supply them with food?
The poor man will turn them in grief from his door.
  Heart wounded himself—he can do them no good.

As lately I mark'd where the grey pointed stone
  Gives a simple memoir of the tenant below,
Some sorrow-breath'd sighs seem'd to prelude this moan,
  Which discover'd the plaints of the children of woe;—
"Oh! Father, dear Father, tho' stretch'd in that bed,
  "O'er which the green turf we've so newly remov'd,
"To the pow'r we submit that has pillow'd thy head,
  "By the hallow'd remains of a mother belov'd

"To thy axe would the oak of the forest oft yield,
  "We have follow'd thy steps, and the loppings have bound;
"We have eagerly ran to the harves afield,
  "And pick'd the scant gleanings that offered around;
"But again to thy bidding we cannot comply,
  "Thy voice can no longer the laborers cheer;
"The streamlet our cottage runs mournfully by,
  "And the tears of sad autumn discolour the year."

The sadness of autumn accords to their grief,
  It in sympathy sooths but can bring them no rest;—
Thus the callow brood wait for accustom'd relief,
  And the parent birds gladly return to their nest,
Till the aim of the Fowler has doom'd them to bleed,
  Then fate speaks in thunder—The flutt'rers are torn!
Thrice blessed are they, who, beholding the deed,
  Leave not misery's offspring to perish forlorn!

*New-York Commercial Advertiser* (NY) 1808 03 12 page 3 Communication

I have been much entertained by perusing the first number of the Substitute, published by [David] Longworth [American printer]—containing "The Peacock 'At home' " by a Lady (with elegant appropriate engravings) being a sequel to "The

Butterfly's Ball"—to which is added "The Butterfly's Ball" by Roscoe. The following is an extract from the review of these poems, in the British Critic for November last.

"There is something so peculiar in the merit of these two poems, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of distinguishing them. We consider the first, as a specimen of playful wit, conducted by genius, judgement and taste, such as has not been seen since the publication of that, which in some points it resembles—the [New] Bath Guide.

"The Butterfly's Ball," by Mr. Roscoe, has the merit, and no small merit it is, of the original thought; for in trifles of fancy, the first idea is almost everything; and seldom, very seldom, does it happen, as in the present instance, that the first inventor is surpassed by any imitator. On this hint, Miss C. Fanshaw [sic] has built her poem of the "Peacock at Home," which for neat and natural humor, just appropriation of character, and action to the birds introduced, variety of plan, and felicity of execution, cannot well be surpassed.—Incidentally, also, she displays in it no small knowledge of the history of birds. We shall not make any long extract from this poem, the whole of which almost every reader will say by heart, after a few repetitions; and of which many thousands of copies have doubtless been sold already. For humor, nothing can much surpass the preparations of the birds for the peacocks rout....[56]

*The Luzerne Federalist; and Susquehanna Intelligencer* (PA) 1808 06 10 page 3 Letter from George Grumble

…O, Mr. Printer, Jacob wishes me to tell you that we had a black-bird hunt in our neighborhood the other day.

We set men to ploughing in different fields, and they halloed like Stentor, (as our Schoolmaster says.) Well this noise brought the blackbirds about as thick as pigeons upon a stubble field, and as they settled in the furrows, over we popt them. We killed during the day about 500—and Jacob has made a calculation how much corn we have saved.

500 birds would pull up 50 stalks each during the season, this would have made 25,000 stalks, and this is a moderate estimate—Well each stalk would have had upon it 2 ears upon an average. This would make 50,000 ears,—and these 50,000 ears would yield about 200 bushels of corn.—Want that a good day's work. Your's again. G.G.

*Portland Gazette and Maine Advertizer* (ME) 1808 06 20 page 3 [North American]

The Birds of Wisdom, the Intelligencer and Monitor of Washington-city, have pierced themselves upon Mr. Key's speech on the embargo. Though all the world admire it, these winged animals think it defective and deformed. The cause is evident; they do not see in the light, on account of the natural structure of their optics, and therefore their impressions cannot be expected to correspond with those of others.

*The Sun* (MA) 1808 06 25 page 3 (widely reprinted)

…in Westford, Mr. Henry Thorp, aged 18, late of Boston—He took a gun and went into the woods to shoot birds; but not understanding the use of a fowling piece, he put in a double charge and while ramming it down, the lock struck against a bush, which discharged the whole contents into his breast. This could be a caution to others, in handling so dangerous a weapon.

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1808 07 14 page 3 Advertisement. Extract from a new Poem, in 24 Cantos, entitled Mug-Wig-Ania

> But see! descending from the spheres above,
> Where Pope's Belinda shades the star of love,
> Wiggania comes, the friend of human race
> …
> Then raise the song, and high the chorus raise,
> Let every street resound with Huggins' praise,
> "In strains so soft, tho' high, so loud, yet clear,"
> Till Boston, Charleston, Philadelphia hear,
> Hassey himself shall join the choral train,
> And bid his mocking birds repeat the strain.

*Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1808 07 22 page 3 Late Additions and Donations to Peale's Museum

> A living Monkey, from Africa. Presented by Mr. Wm. Hulings
>
> A collection of American Birds, nests and eggs. Presented by Mr. Alexander Wilson….

*The Daily Advertiser* (NY) 1808 09 27 page 3

The friends of science, and particularly, the lovers of natural history, will be gratified to hear, that a new and magnificent work entitled American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States, illustrated with plates, drawn and colored from nature, by Alexander Wilson is now publishing by Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep of this city, in ten volumes, imperial quarto. The paper type, colored engravings, and the general execution of the work and unrivaled by anything of the kind, we believe, hitherto published. The descriptions, we are assured, are wholly original—the result of the author's own observations during a residence of thirteen years in this country: in which time he has explored many thousand miles of the territory of the United States. In addition to his very interesting accounts of the manners, habitats, migration, &c. of our birds, the numerous errors of European writers on this subject are pointed out and corrected with great spirit and ability.

We are persuaded that every American of date will consider this publication as highly honorable to the country; and we are happy to recommend to the science in general and our literary amateurs in particular, this very splendid national work.

*American Citizen* (NY) 1808 09 28 page 2

A new and very splendid work on American Ornithology is announced for publication by Messrs. Inskeep and Bradford of this city. It is to be pressed in ten volumes; to contain figures and descriptions of every species of American Birds, either resident in or that occasionally migrate to the territory of the United States. The first volume, which is already published, is printed in large imperial quarto on a rich vellum paper, and contains nine highly finished plates, comprehending the figures of thirty-eight of our native birds colored after nature.

The author is Mr. Alexander Wilson, who, we understand, has for upwards of thirteen years devoted himself, with great industry, to the study of this department of Natural History, and in traversing the different regions of the United States in search of new discoveries in this science. The drawings have been done from the living or newly killed birds, and the descriptions of their manners, nests, eggs, migration, &c. &c. are entirely original, the result of profound observation, and will be found extremely interesting and minute. If we may judge the merits of this work by the elegance of the colored engravings, paper and letter press of the present volume, we may safely pronounce it to be the most magnificent of the kind hitherto published; highly honorable to the taste and talents of the author, as well as to the state of the fine arts in this rapidly improving country; and truly deserving the patronage of every friend to Natural History both in Europe and America.

*American Citizen* (NY) 1808 09 28 page 3 Advertisement. To the Lovers of Natural History (this was the long version of the ad, widely circulated and posted on repeated days)

A New and Superb Work—Being the first of the kind ever attempted in America.

Now publishing by subscription, by Inskeep & Bradford, New-York, in imperial quarto, price twelve dollars handsomely half bound in Morocco, volume 1 of

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY;

Or, the

Natural History of the Birds of the U. States;

Comprehending those resident within our territory, and those that migrate hither from other regions, among which will be found a great number of land and water birds hitherto undescribed. Specifying the class, order, and genus to which each particular species belongs, following, with a few exceptions, the arrangement of Latham, describing their size, plumage, places of resort, general habits, peculiarities, food, mode of constructing their nests, term of incubation, migration, &c. &c. illustrated with plates, engraved and colored from original drawings taken from nature—By Alexander Wilson.

It is now upwards of a year since the Prospectus of this work was first issued; but owing to a train of unforeseen events, its publication has been retarded to the present time. During this temporary suspension the author has had leisure to review and

reconsider his plan, and to new model it in such a manner as will render the work in point of elegance not inferior to any of the kind that has appeared in Europe; and as the whole materials of its mechanical parts are the product and manufacture of our own country, the publishers trust it will stand not only among ourselves but with foreigners, as an honourable testimony of the state of the arts in this young and growing empire.

The original design was to publish the work in Numbers, each to contain 3 plates; but the inconvenience of parceling it out into such small parts, and the injury that both the engravings and letter press would inevitably sustain in that detached and exposed state induced the author to abandon it for a more commodious and respectable form, better suited to the nature of the publication. Those gentlemen, therefore, who were pleased to patronize the work under its first form will, it in hoped, approve of the change; and are at liberty to withdraw their names, or to extend their patronage to the present .

CONDITIONS .

The first volume being now ready for publication, will be submitted to the inspection of those gentlemen desirous of promoting the study of Natural History, and the progress of the arts in this country. It is printed in large imperial quarto, on a rich vellum paper, made by Mr. Amies of Philadelphia. The type was set by Binney & Ronoldson, and the general execution of the whole, it is presumed, will lose nothing by a comparison with the most finished European publication.

Vol.1, contains 9 plates, each 13 inches by 10, comprehending the figures of 38 of our native birds, of the size of life, engraved by Lawson and Murray, from the original drawings: and colored from nature with the most scrupulous attention to the true tints of the originals; the descriptive part consists of about 160 pages.

Ten volumes it is expected will comprehend the whole; one of which of the same size and price with the present, containing a like number of plates, and executed in the same style of elegance will be published every six months until the whole be completed. Any subscriber who, on the publication of the second volume, disapproves of the work, shall be at liberty to withdraw his name. A list of the names of those who patronize this splendid national work will be printed in the last volume.

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1808 09 28 page 3 Advertisement. To the Lovers of Natural History (this was the short version of the ad, widely circulated).

A New and Superb Work—Being the first of the kind ever attempted in America.

Now publishing by subscription, by Inskeep & Bradford, New-York, in imperial quarto, price twelve dollars handsomely half bound in Morocco, volume 1 of

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY;

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Natural History of the Birds of the U. States;

Comprehending those resident within our territory, and those that migrate hither

from other regions, among which will be found a great number of land and water birds hitherto undescribed. Specifying the class, order, and genus to which each particular species belongs, following, with a few exceptions, the arrangement of Latham, describing their size, plumage, places of resort, general habits, peculiarities, food, mode of constructing their nests, term of incubation, migration, &c. &c. illustrated with plates, engraved and colored from original drawings taken from nature—By Alexander Wilson.

*Vermont Courier* (VT) 1808 10 03 page 3 Died,

…In Ridgway (Con) Mr. Eben'r Stebbins…In discharging a gun at some birds (one of which he killed) the breech pin flew out and entered his head just above the eyebrows and lodged in his brains:—he lived 48 hours after the accident.

*Columbian Centinel* (MA) 1808 10 12 page 2

Our readers will observe, among the advertisements of this day, the annunciation of a new work, now publishing by subscription, in ten volumes, imperial quarto by Messrs. Bradford & Inskeep, of Philadelphia, entitled American Ornithology or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States, illustrated with engravings, drawn and colored from Nature, by Alexander Wilson. We have been favored with a sight of this very superb Work by the Author himself, who is new in this town receiving subscriptions and we consider its merits such as to lay claim to no common share of our esteem. This volume is printed on a superb vellum paper and contains nine plates, engraved by Lawson & Murray on which are represented thirty-eight of our native Birds, richly colored after nature. The letter press, which contains 160 odd pages, is executed in a style equal to any specimen of typography we have seen from Europe. The first volume of this expensive work, we understand, has been published previous to applications being made for a single subscription—the Author trusting … support, to the taste and public spirit of his countrymen, in which trust we sincerely wish and believe, he, will not be disappointed. Every gentleman of easy fortune, who has any taste for Natural History and every Public Library throughout the United States ought to be possessed of a Copy of this splendid National Work.

*Essex Register* (MA) 1808 10 12 page 3 Salem, Wednesday, October 12, 1808

…A work entitled American Ornithology by Alexander Wilson, in 10 volumes is issuing from an American Press. The first volume in 4to with 9 plates has appeared, and we are told in the best style of execution. The Author is an actual observer of our birds and has been for many years engaged in his enquiries on this part of our natural history….

*Independent Chronicle* (MA) 1808 10 13 page 3 Literary

A very splendid Work has just made its appearance and is announced for publication by Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia, entitled American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States; illustrated with

engravings, drawn and colored from nature. It is printed in large imperial quarto, on a rich vellum paper, and if we may judge of the merits of the whole from the first volume, which we have seen, we do not hesitate to pronounce it well deserving the patronage of every gentleman of taste and highly honorable to the state of the arts in this country. The author, we understand, is a Mr. Alexander Wilson, who, for upwards of 13 years, has been engaged in the collection and compilation of materials for this publication and has traversed many thousand miles of the territory of the United States in pursuit of his favorite study. The volume which we have examined contains colored representations of thirty-eight of our native birds, executed in a very superior style; and appear equal to rich paintings in watercolors. In addition to his very interesting descriptions of the manners, habits, migrations, &c of the birds, the errors of European writers on the subject are examined and corrected with great spirit and ability. We have rarely seen a more elegant specimen of typography; and we are happy to give this public testimony to the merits of the Work.

*The Repertory* (MA) 1808 10 18 page 3 Advertisement. To the Lovers of Natural History

> [includes Note:] "Particulars of the plan and conditions may be seen at this office. Mr. Blake at the Boston Bookstore, No 1, Cornhill, is appointed agent to receive subscriptions and will have a specimen of the work[57].

*Republican Farmer* (CT) 1808 11 09 page 2 The War with France [From the *Philadelphia Aurora*]

Nothing could more decidedly prove the existence of foreign influence in the city, than the conduct of the folks at this city coffee house on the receipt of the late humbug from New-York, brought by the barque Richard, of a declaration of war by France against America…

The Embargo has built or nearly built one thousand new houses in this city—the Embargo has erected two manufacturies for shot in this city, which forever secures the calculation at home, of about 200,000 dollars heretofore sent abroad—sent abroad to pay for shot—for shooting birds alone we sent 200,000 dollars abroad; Philadelphia now, from the two towers erected for casting patent shot, can, after supplying all America, cast enough to supply all Asia beside….

*New-York Commercial Advertiser* (NY) 1808 12 31 page 3 Advertisement.

> The following amusing and instructive Books for Children (adorned with cuts by Bewick) are just received and for sale by E. Sergeant, 39 Wall-street.
>
> 1. Morning's Amusement; or Tales of Animals, Vol 1st, containing the History of Beasts.
>
> 2. Morning's Amusement; or Tales of Animals, Vol 2d, containing the History of Birds.

"The volume of nature is the book of knowledge." Citizen of the World….

**1809**

*Philadelphia Literary Reporter* (PA) 1809 01 01 page 4 Advertisement. Johnson & Warner, Market-street

> …Goldsmith's Natural History, abridged by Mrs. Pilkington, in two volumes, on fine paper, and illustrated by one hundred and forty figures of beasts, birds, fishes, &c. executed in the first style—Price 2 dols. 50 cts.

*The Enquirer* (VA) 1809 01 07 page 4

Mr. Wilson of Philadelphia, now in this city, has favored us with a view of the first volume of his splendid work on American Ornithology, or History of the Birds of the U. States. Next to Mr. Barlow's Columbiad, it is certainly the most complete and elegant specimen of American typography, that we have yet seen. Its print and paper are uncommonly fine. The engravings or the birds are executed by some of the best artists in the U. States. The colorings of these engravings are not hit off in that glaring style, which distinguishes the prints in Catesby's "History of South Carolina," but they are peculiarly soft, and chaste and true to the tints of nature.

The descriptions of the birds themselves, which accompany these prints, are extremely interesting. The style of composition is picturesque and pleasing.—The knowledge which they convey of the little warblers of the forest is drawn from a variety of sources,—not only from the labors of such as have already written on the birds of the U. States, but from many original observations of the author himself.—It is impossible however, for us to convey a just idea of the elegance of the American work, which is now submitted to the patronage of an American public. Mr. W. is now in this city, and has the composition in his hands. Such gentlemen as are desirous of encouraging the splendid productions of American genius, will find this work worthy of their patronage.

*The Enquirer* (VA) 1809 01 27 page 4 American Ornithology

The "American Ornithology, by Alexander Wilson," lately advertised in the Enquirer, is unquestionably one of the most splendid monuments hitherto erected to science in the United States. With sincere eulogy, we hail the appearance of a work, in which the skill of the artist is no lens eminently displayed, than the knowledge of the naturalist and the eloquence of the writer . —It has been frequently observed, and lamented, that the natural riches of our country are but imperfectly known. T h e study of natural history has generally been neglected among us ; or, if a few instances of industrious research in that science can be mentioned as honorable exceptions, the efforts thus made, though highly commendable in themselves, have produced little else but rude materials and unconnected fragments of knowledge. Rudis, indigestaque moles. Nor have the scientific travels of foreign naturalists over the surface of Federal America, been of much greater service, at least, to us. In general, those naturalists have

continued their researches to our largest and most conspicuous animals, to our most beautiful, or most valuable plants. It was not their original design to embrace the whole range of our indigenous productions of any particular kingdom, class or order, &c. and in their hasty excursions, they could not observe and describe with accuracy, even the few and prominent objects to which their attention was particularly directed. Besides, the circulation of their works among us, and consequently, the utility of the same, with respect to our country, has been extremely limited.—Under circumstances like these, Mr. Wilson's work becomes doubly meritorious and valuable—It presents us with one of the brightest links that will, at a future day, for the vast chain of our natural history ; it fills up one of those chasms which the eagle eye of research, views with impatience and regret; in a word, it entitles its author to the patronage, and even to the gratitude of those who are able both to discover and to encourage genuine merit.

The plates of the "American Ornithology" are far superior to such in Catesby's work as represent Birds; they closely approximate to the beauty and perfection of those which adore Le Vaillant's splendid natural history of parrots. They have been engraved, from the original drawings of Mr. Wilson himself, by the best artists in our country, and the manner in which they are coloured reflects the highest honor on the skill and attention of the author. He has seized with unerring accuracy, the generic and specific characters, the attitudes and dimensions of birds, the various tints of their plumage &c. All the parts of his delineations are in perfect harmony, and bespeak a masterly hand.

The descriptive part of the work is written in a style at once simple, correct, and elegant. Mr. Wilson is not a mere nomenclator; he does not confine himself to a barren enumeration and description of those organs which furnish generic and other characters. His manner evinces both philosophy and taste. He observes and writes as Aristole, Pliny, Buffon, Lacepede, &c. The habits, the manners of the winged tribe have justly engrossed a considerable share of his attention, and he describes these with equal felicity and truth.—In fine, it appears to us that in Mr. Wilson' work, every reader with find a charm sufficient to excite his interest; the Ornithologist considerable additions to his favorite science; the agriculturist, facts important to his pursuits; and the philosopher frequent subjects of meditation.

*The Republican; and Savannah Evening Ledger* (GA) 1809 03 02 page 3
American Ornithology

Those desirous of obtaining an accurate history of American birds, have now a most favorable opportunity of being gratified. Mr. Wilson, at present in this city, is preparing a work on this subject, and has come hither for the purpose of making a tender of his services and soliciting the patronage of the literati of Georgia, and the amateurs of this science in particular. We have been favored with a sight of the first volume, which he has with him, as a specimen. The paper, type, and impression are equal, if not superior, to those of any European production of the kind ever exhibited in this country; and the plates, which are numerous and of the first order, are most exquisitely colored.

Mr. Wilson has peculiar claims on the liberality of the admirers of natural history

in this country. Whilst other naturalists have written a history of our birds in their closets, or adopted the opinions of writers whose descriptions accorded nearest to their fancy, Mr. Wilson has ransacked the forests of America for fifteen years past and derived his information from personal observation. Surely such industry will not go unrewarded. The many respectable personages which have patronized the work is an evidence of its merit, as well as of the confidence reposed in the abilities of the author.

*Litchfield Gazette* (CT) 1809 03 08 page 3 A Fact [*Courant*]

A Pigeon catcher by means of a flutterer had hovered a noble flock of Pigeons, which were just ready to light in the bed, within the cover of the net; when suddenly a Pigeon Hawk darted amongst and scared them away. He then sent out his flutterer and decoyed the hawk down, and caught him in his net; and out of compassion to the hawk, and to save him from a greater evil, he sewed him up at both ends & let him go.

Now let the wise politicians and sage philosophers of the age say, whether this was not a measure of the greatest economy and humanity towards the hawk; and whether by this, he was not made independent of all the world for subsistence, and enabled to live forever having an inexportable sufficiency within himself, and as he makes no exports, he will never want any imports.

Happy bird! the envy of all the birds of the Desert, who wish to be as thou art.

*Independent Chronicle* (MA) 1809 04 03 page 2 A snake endeavoring to charm Republican Birds for the sake of devouring them

Of all the miserable pitiful attempts, to support a rotten, failing cause, the address in the Centinel of Saturday, to the Hackmen, is the most insulting. Do federalists believe the Hackmen to be such a poor, weak, set of mortals as to be gull'd to vote for a Tory Candidate, whose friends would probably within a month after the election, issue their mandate prohibiting any driver of a carriage from demanding more than two dollars for a trip to Waltham; and if anyone thereafter should be known to ask six pence more than their stated federal price, should we notice published in all the newspapers, something like the following Notice? Viz—

The driver of Hack No. —having demanded eight cents more than the regular stated price for carrying my Lord Gull in Waltham, on Sunday last, is hereby forbid driving any Hack for the space of one month from its date.

*Vermont Journal* (VT) 1809 04 03 page 4 The Dove [from the *Baptist Magazine*] (widely reprinted)

The following extraordinary circumstance respecting the conduct of a dove, may be relied on as a fact. It took place on the first Lord's day in August last, in the Baptist meeting house in Pawlet, in the state of Vermont, in the time of public service; consequently, several hundred people were witnesses of this singular event.

"The Rev. Mr. Beal, pastor of the Baptist church, was called upon in the

intermission to baptize. He preached to the people that day from Psalm xcii 1,2 and in illustrating his subject he took occasion to bring into view the descent of the Holy Ghost, in bodily shape like a dove, on the head of our glorious Redeemer, at his baptism. Before he had done with his subject, a dove flew into the door of the meeting-house, and lit upon the cornice over the pulpit, and soon hovered down and lit upon the top of the speaker's head: from thence it went down on to his right shoulder. After sitting there some time, it walked across the back of his neck on to his left shoulder. At length it walked out upon his left arm, (that being at the time extended from which it hovered down, and sat upon the Bible, which lay on the desk before him . After sitting on the Bible for some time, it spread its wings and few out at one of the gallery windows.

"It was judged that the time that this innocent bird stayed upon, and about the preacher was half an hour. It did not appear to break, but rather to help his ideas in preaching. It had a molt solemnizing effect on his mind, and also, as was thought, on the whole assembly. It has occasioned (says the writer from whom this extract is taken) much talk in this vicinity. But the end that God had in this providential occurrence is yet kept a secret."

We have thus simply narrated the above fact and leave the reader to make his own comments upon it.

## *Maryland Gazette* (MD) 1809 05 03 page 1 American Ornithology

…

Extracts from a Review of the above Work. [*Select Reviews*, Feb & March, 1809 (actually Jan &Feb)]

Under a plain, unassuming title-page, we have been surprised with the appearance and contents of the first volume of a new work, which, if continued through the succeeding volumes in the same style of elegance, and with equal fidelity to nature, will not only do honour to the individual and the country that gave it birth, but may serve as a model to the Ornithologists of Europe, where it is not likely soon to be surpassed. The advantages of correct, well coloured engravings, in books of this kind, are so many, and their effects so great, that they seem almost indispensable. In a few moments they speak more to the understanding, through the medium of the eye, than could be conveyed in a volume by words; and the impressions are not only received with more pleasure, but rendered much more lasting. When to these are added interesting details of the objects themselves, in language at once familiar and elegant, the labours of the writer are entitled to the good wishes, at least, of every man of taste, and friend to literature. The present work of which we propose to give some account, has every claim to the above merits. [original continues]

The descriptive part of the book commences with the history of the Blue Jay, a well known American species. [The great length of this interesting and very entertaining article prevents our inserting it in this Gazette]

The Baltimore Bird [*Oriolus Baltimorus*] or Hanging Bird, is particularly

described. The extent of its range, the singular formation of its nest, and the errors of European writers respecting its manners, are fully discussed. The author has also here, as well as elsewhere, given us a specimen of his poetical talents, which we could have wished had been still more numerously interspersed. The circumstances of building and incubation are thus delineated.

High on yon poplar clad in glossiest green.
The orange, black capped Baltimore is seen.
The broad extended boughs still please him best,
Beneath their bending skirts he hangs his nest ;
There his sweet mate, secure from every harm
Broods o'er her spotted store and wraps them warm
Lists to the noontide hum of busy bees.
Her partner's mellow song, the brook, the breeze ;
These day by day the lonely hours deceive.
From dewy mom to slow descending eve.
Two Weeks elapsed, behold a helpless crew !
Claim all her care and her affection too ;
On wings of love th' assiduous nurses fly.
Flowers, leaves, and boughs abundant food supply ;
Glad chants their guardian as abroad he goes.
And waving breezes rock them to repose[58].

The history of the blue bird is the subject of another interesting article, and gives us back those images with which, in early life, we have all been familiar. The visits of this species early in spring to the "box in the garden," or " the hole in the old apple tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors" — his soft, pleasing warble on the fences and barn tops — his single melancholy note at the approach of winter, as if seeming to deplore the desolation of nature, are all truly characteristic of this well known bird. The little poem in which the author has here celebrated the Blue bird, is tender and descriptive. Our limits will not permit the insertion of the whole ; but the following stanzas, are selected.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together;
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair!
Your walks border up; sow and plant at your leisure;
The Blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.
He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers whereever they be.
And seizes the caitiff's that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours;
The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;

His song and his services freely are ours.
And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.
The ploughman is pleas'd when he gleans in his train.
Now searching the furrows — now mounting to cheer him;
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him ;
The slow ling'ring school boys forget they'll be chid.
While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em.
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red.
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.
When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er.
And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers that charmed us before.
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow,
The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home.
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow.
Till forced by the horrours of winter to roam.
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow[59].

The Reviewers of this work conclude as follows:—

Upon the whole, we have been highly gratified with the appearance and perusal of this very splendid volume. The paper, which is from the manufactory of Mr. Amies, and the letter press by Mr. Robert Carr, stand unrivalled by anything we have seen from Europe. The numerous synonymies prefixed to the history of each species, and the very minute descriptions of their plumage, economy, &c. &c. together with the elegance and high finish of the engravings, must render it peculiarly valuable to every scientific naturalist. And when we consider how much this, as well as many other branches of the history of our country, has been misrepresented by foreigners, and how humiliating it is for any enlightened people, to be obliged to send to a remote quarter of the globe, for information respecting the productions of their own territories ; when, moreover, we see a work, that even in Europe would scarcely be adventured on, unless under the protecting patronage of princes and nobles, undertaken in our own country, without even the solicitation of a subscription, until the publication of the First Volume should indicate the character of the Work ; we cannot withhold our most sincere wishes for its complete success, and honourable termination.

*The Luzerne Federalist; and Susquehannah Intelligencer* (PA) 1809 05 05 page 4 The Sabbath by James Grahame. [F. Journal]

In a ramble among the groves consecrated by Genius and Piety to Religion…. where shall we find a more beautiful prospect, than the opening of "Grahame's Sabbath" presents…where imagery more poetic, sentiments more divine, or language more musical?

How still the morning of the hallowed day,
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed

The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
That yester-morn, bloomed, waving in the breeze;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear…the hum
Of early bees, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland lees,
The black-bird's not comes mellower from the date;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worm glen,
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, peace o'er yon village broods,
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful, on this day the limping hare
Stops and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe!.....

*The Intelligencer & Weekly Advertiser* (PA) 1809 05 09 page 3 The Thrush by Corydon, Banks of Conestoga

Brown bird so ardent on the spray,
Wilt thou accept a poet's lay?
Are these thy streams and stately trees?
O! with what dignity they please!
Now on the banks, where fountains gush,
This first of May, I hear thee, Thrush,
And fond I view thy speckl'd throat,
Delighted with thy changeful note:
Sweet bird, awhile the strain prolong,
A couplet might response thy song—
Ah, were my notes but half so sweet,
My Clara's ears they soon should meet!

*The Republican Argus* (PA) 1809 05 10 page 4 The Peacock "At Home" by Mrs. Letitia Barbauld [sic], [Catherine Ann Dorset]

The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feasts
Excited the spleen of the Birds and the Beasts:
For their mirth and good cheer—of the Bee was the theme,
And the Gnat blew his horn, as he danced in the beam;

’Twas humm’d by the Beetle, ’twas buzz’d by the Fly,
And sung by the myriads that sport through the sky.
The Quadrupeds listen’d with sullen displeasure,
But the tenants of Air were enraged beyond measure.
The Peacock display’d his bright plumes to the Sun,
And, addressing his Mates, thus indignant begun:
“Shall we, like domestic, inelegant Fowls,
As unpolish’d as Geese, and as stupid as Owls,
Sit tamely at home, hum-drum with our Spouses,
While Crickets and Butterflies open their houses?
Shall such mean little Insects pretend to the fashion?
Cousin Turkey-cock, well may you be in a passion!
If I suffer such insolent airs to prevail,
May Juno pluck out all the eyes in my tail!
So a Fête I will give, and my taste I’ll display,
And send out my cards for St. Valentine’s Day.”
—This determined, six fleet Carrier-Pigeons went out
To invite all the birds to Sir Argus’s Rout.
The nest-loving Turtle-Dove sent an excuse;
Dame Partlet lay in, as did good Mrs. Goose.
The Turkey, poor soul! was confined to the rip;1
For all her young brood had just fail’d with the pip.
The Partridge was ask’d; but a Neighbour hard by
Had engaged a snug party to meet in a Pie:
And the Wheat-ear declined, recollecting her cousins,
Last year, to a feast were invited by dozens,—
But, alas! they return’d not; and she had no taste
To appear in a costume of vine-leaves or paste.
The Woodcock preferr’d his lone haunt on the moor;
And the traveller, Swallow, was still on his tour;
While the Cuckoo, who should have been one of the guests,
Was rambling on visits to other birds’ nests.
But the rest all accepted the kind invitation,
And much bustle it caused in the plumed creation.
Such ruffling of feathers, such pruning of coats,
Such chirping, such whistling, such clearing of throats,
Such polishing bills, and such oiling of pinions,
Had never been known in the biped dominions!
The Tayor-Bird offer’d to make up new clothes
For all the young birdlings who wish’d to be beaux:
He made for the Robin a doublet of red,
And a new velvet cap for the Goldfinch’s head;
He added a plume to the Wren’s golden crest,
And spangled with silver the Guinea-Fowl’s breast;
While the Halcyon bent over the streamlet to view
How pretty she looked in her bodice of blue!

Thus adorn'd, they set off for the Peacock's abode,
With the guide Indicator*, who show'd them the road:
From all points of the compass flock'd birds of all feather,
And the Parrot can tell who and who were together.
There was Lord Cassowary and General Flamingo,
And Don Peroqueto, escap'd from Domingo:
From his high rock-built eyrie the Eagle came forth,
And the Duchess of Ptarmigan flew from the North.
The Grebe and the Eider-Duck came up by water,
With the Swan, who brought out the young Cygnet, her daughter.
From his woodland abode came the Pheasant, to meet
Two kindred, arrived by the last India fleet:
The one, like a nabob, in habit most splendid,
Where gold with each hue of the rainbow was blended;
In silver and black, like a fair pensive maid
Who mourns for her love, was the other array'd.
The Chough came from Cornwall, and brought up his wife;
The Grouse travell'd south, from his lairdship in fife;
The Bunting forsook her soft nest in the reeds;
And the Widow-Bird came, though she still wore her weeds:
Sir John Heron, of the lakes, strutted in a grand pas.
But no card had been sent to the pilfering Daw,
As the Peacock kept up his progenitor's quarrel,
Which Æsop relates, about cast-off apparel;
For birds are like men in their contests together,
And, in questions of right, can dispute for a feather.

The Peacock, imperial, the pride of his race,
Received all his guests with an infinite grace,
Waved high his blue neck, and his train he display'd,
Embroider'd with gold, and with emeralds inlaid;
Then with all the gay troop to the shrubbery repair'd,
Where the musical birds had a concert prepared.
A holly-bush form'd the Orchestra, and in it
Sat the Black-bird, the Thrush, the Lark, and the Linnet;
A Bullfinch, a captive almost from the nest!
Now escaped from his cage, and with liberty blest,
In a sweet mellow tone, join'd the lessons of art
With the accents of nature, which flow'd from his heart.
The Canary, a much-admired foreign musician,
Condescended to sing to the fowls of condition;
While the Nightingale warbled and quaver'd so fine,
That they all clapp'd their wings and declared it divine!
The Sky-Lark, in ecstasy, sang from a cloud,
And Chanticleer crow'd, and the Yaffil laugh'd loud.
The dancing began when the singing was over:

A Dotterel first open'd the ball with the Plover;
Baron Stork in a waltz was allow'd to excel,
With his beautiful partner, the fair Demoiselle†;
And a newly-fledged Gosling, so fair and genteel,
A minuet swam with the spruce Mr. Teal.
A London-bred Sparrow—a pert forward cit!
Danced a reel with Miss Wagtail and little Tom Tit.
And the Sieur Guillemot next perform'd a pas seul,
While the elderly bipeds were playing a pool.
The Dowager Lady Toucan first cut in,
With old Doctor Buzzard and Admiral Penguin;
From Ivy-bush tower came down Owlet the Wise,
And Counsellor Cross-bill sat by to advise.
Some birds past their prime, o'er whose heads it was fated
Should pass many St. Valentines—yet be unmated,
Sat by, and remark'd that the prudent and sage
Were quite overlook'd in this frivolous age,
When birds, scarce pen-feather'd, were brought to a rout,
Forward chits! from the egg-shell but newly come out.
In their youthful days, they ne'er witness'd such frisking;
And how wrong in the Greenfinch to flirt with the Siskin!
So thought Lady Mackaw, and her friend Cockatoo;
And the Raven foretold that "no good could ensue!"
They censur'd the Bantam, for strutting and crowing
In those vile pantaloons, which he fancied look'd knowing:
And a want of decorum caused many demurs
Against the Game Chicken, for coming in spurs.
Old Alderman Corm'rant, for supper impatient,
At the Eating-room door for an hour had been station'd,
Till a Magpie, at length, the banquet announcing,
Gave the signal, long-wish'd for, of clamoring and pouncing:
At the well-furnish'd board all were eager to perch,
But the little Miss Creepers were left in the lurch.

Description must fail, and the pen is unable
To recount all the luxuries that cover'd the table.
Each delicate viand that taste could denote,
Wasps à la sauce piquante, and Flies en compôte;
Worms and Frogs en friture, for the web-footed fowl,
And a barbecued mouse was prepared for the owl;
Nuts, grains, fruit, and fish, to regale every palate,
And groundsel and chickweed served up in a salad.
The Razor-bill carved for the famishing group,
And the Spoon-bill obligingly ladled the soup;
So they fill'd all their crops with the dainties before 'em
And the tables were clear'd with the utmost decorum.

When they gaily had caroll'd till peep of the dawn,
The Lark gently hinted 'twas time to be gone;
And his clarion, so shrill, gave the company warning,
That Chanticleer scented the gales of the morning,
So they chirp'd in full chorus, a friendly adieu;
And, with hearts beating light as the plumage that grew
On their merry-thought bosoms, away they all flew.
Then long live the Peacock, in splendour unmatch'd,
Whose ball shall be talk'd of by Birds yet unhatch'd!
His praise let the Trumpeter** loudly proclaim,
And the Goose lend her quill to transmit it to Fame.

*Cuculus Indicator, a bird of the Cuckow kind, for in the interior parts of Africa; it has a shrill note which the natives answer by a soft whistle; and the bird repeating the note, the natives are thereby conducted to the wild-bee hives, which this bird frequents.

† The Numidian Crane, or Demoiselle, from the elegance of its appearance and its singular carriage is called the Demoiselle, which means the Young Lady; for this bird walks very gracefull, and sometimes skips and leaps, as though it were trying to dance.

**The Agami, or Trumpeter, a native of America, remarkable for a singular noise, resembling the instrument from which it takes its name.

*Political and Commercial Register* (PA) 1809 05 12 page 4 Advertisement. Bradford and Inskeep

…Have just received by the Edward and Charles from London, and are now opening, A Large Collection of The Latest Publication of the British Metropolis: Among them are the following, Most of which have never before been seen in this country…

A Natural History of Birds intended chiefly for young persons by Mrs. Charlotte Smith….

*American Citizen* (NY) 1809 05 19 page 3 The Blue Bird [*American Ornithology* by Alexander Wilson]

The following little poem is extracted from an original work lately published entitled—"American Ornithology; a natural history of American birds." By Alexander Wilson

After relating at large the history of the Blue Bird, Mr. Wilson modestly observes:

"Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the Blue Bird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this western woody worked, to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse; as has been done to his representative in Britain, the Robin Red breast. A small acknowledgement of this kind I have to offer, which the reader, I hope, will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,
The fisherman hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud cleaving geese to the lakes are asteering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glows the maples so fresh and so pleasing,
O! then comes the BLUE BIRD, the HERALD OF SPRING!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.
Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together;
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair!
Your walks border up; sow and plant at your leisure;
The Blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.
He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach and the apple's sweet blossoms;
He snaps up destroyers whereever they be.
And seizes the caitiff's that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours;
The worms from their webs where they riot and welter;
His song and his services freely are ours.
And all that he asks is, in summer a shelter.
The ploughman is pleas'd when he gleans in his train.
Now searching the furrows — now mounting to cheer him;
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him ;
The slow ling'ring school boys forget they'll be chid.
While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em.
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red.
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.
When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er.
And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers that charmed us before.
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow,
The Blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home.
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow.
Till forced by the horrours of winter to roam.
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.
While spring's lovely season, serene, dewey, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heav'n,
Or love's native music, have influence to charm;
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are giv'n;
Still dear to each bosom. the blue bird shall be;
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure:

For thro' bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

*Lancaster Journal* (PA) 1809 05 19 page 3 Died, [from Benjamin S. Barton's *Medical and Physical Journal*] written by Barton.

In Philadelphia, on the 11th day of January Past, in the 47th year of his age, Matthias Barton, Esq….

Although Matthias Barton was but little known to the world as a man of literature or science, and may, therefore, seem to have but a slender claim to commemoration in a work such as the present, yet he was the means of considerably enlarging the stock of natural knowledge in the United States; and as a man of exact observation he was, perhaps, inferior to few of his countrymen…In particular, the facts which he collected, often from his own immediate observation, relative to the manners and habits of the animals, especially the viviparous quadrupeds, the birds and the fishes, are some of the most curious and important that the editor has hitherto met with…His drawings, especially those of the birds and fishes of Pennsylvania are acknowledged by many competent judges to be some of the most beautiful in natural history; in point of accuracy, the editor is of opinion that they never have been excelled and seldom equalled.…

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1809 06 03 page 3 Trenton, May 29 [Trenton True American] (widely reported)

The large Golden Eagle is a bird now seldom seen in this part of our country; and it is therefore we note the following circumstances:—Mr. Wm. Chambers a respectable farmer, near Johnstown Burlington county, had several lambs carried away by an Eagle of this description, this spring, one of which the king of birds bore off in his talons! Mr. Chambers watched the return of the Royal Depredator & with a good fowling piece, well-charged with buckshot brought him to the ground as he was soaring at a great height—He measured 7 feet one inch from the end of one wing to that of the other.

*American Citizen* (NY) 1809 06 08 page 3 Advertisement. To the Lovers of Natural History (widely circulated, repeated in consecutive issues)

A new and superb Work—being the first of the kind ever attempted in America—Now published by Inskeep and Bradford, No 128 Broadway, American Ornithology or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States—illustrated with plates engraved and colored from original drawings taken from nature—by Alexander Wilson[60].

*The Star* (NC) 1809 07 06 page 4 To raise hemp seed by E.K.

…When your seed begins to ripen there is a small yellow bird which comes in flocks and will destroy it if not attended to….

*Greenfield Gazette* (MA) 1809 07 10 page 4 On the Barbarous Practice of Shooting Robbins and Other Harmless Birds

—The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great, -
As when a Giant dies. SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet Robin—songster of the vale,
No more thy pleasing lay,
In notes soft wafted on the gale,
Shall hail the new born day.

When sinks the sun in western skies,
Retiring from our view,
No more thy tuneful voice shall rise,
To chaunt thy soft adieu.

Curse on the fowler's fatal art,
Which thousands, thoughtless, court;
Hard and insensate is that heart,
Which makes thy death it's sport.

Oft, when the fun adorn's the East,
When Spring and Nature smil'd -
Oft have I wander'd forth to list,
Thy sweet notes warbled wild.

Is there a man whose heart of stone,
No soften'd feeling knows ?
Whose breast to sympathy's unknown;
As cold as Zembla's snows?

Is there, who can the race survey,
And lift their tender strain,
Unfeeling, then their bliss destroy,
And desolate the plain

'Twas morn—the Songsters of the grove
Were perch'd on ev'ry tree;
Sweetly they warbled forth their love,
In wildest harmony.

But chief one Robin's plaintive strain,
Charm'd my attentive ear;
Its song might soothe the heart of pain;
And dry the starting tear.

Pleas'd, while I listen'd to its song,
A cruel spoiler came" —
A murd'rous fowler pass'd along,
In rav'nous quest of game.

This Robin caught his watchful eyes
His gun was quick apply'd—
The hapless victim from on high,
Fell—flutter'd—gas'p—and di'd.

*The Minerva* (NC) 1809 07 20 page 4 Letter from Wm. Creath

Mr. Boylan, Is requested, if he thinks proper, to insert in the Minerva the following singular circumstance respecting a Bird :

On Wednesday, the last day of May, 1809, I preached at James' Meeting house, in Brunswick county, Virginia; then on my way to Newbern, North Carolina, and lodged that night at Mr. Isaac Walton's in Greeneville county. In a conversation with him on various subjects; I asked him if he had seen a narrative in the papers respecting a Dove lighting on the head of a Baptist minister; he said he had not—I told him I had the paper and would read it to him. After I had read the piece, he doubted the truth of it; and while we were arguing on the subject, a Bird came to the window where Mr. Walton sat and fluttered up and down the sash; then withdrew and returned again. Mr. Walton then would give it admittance let it be what […]. Accordingly hoisted the window, and it flew into the hall and lit on the table at which I sat by a candle, and appeared entirely calm and looked me in the face very wishfully. Mr. Walton took up the Bird in his hands; and it was in the possession of the family the next morning when I departed from them. The Bird was between the size and colour of the Dove and the Blue Bird.

Ww. CREATH. Mr. Creath is a respectable Baptist preacher (J.B.)

*The Republican Argus* (PA) 1809 07 26 page 3 Extraordinary Advertisement (reprinted)

Peter Puff,

Having obtained a patent for selling all kind of patent machines, &c. informs his numerous friends and a discerning public, that all machines &c. which are not purchased at his Ware-house, are spurious.

He Makes And Sells

1st . Patent fowling pieces, with two locks; one at the usual place, the other at the muzzle, so that with two charges, it serves as a double barrelled gun, and much more handy. It is particularly useful for young sportsmen, as with this gun it is immaterial which end is put to the shoulder.

2. Double barrelled guns, which are sure to hit, provided the bird is within hearing, though not in sight.

3. To prevent the many dreadful accidents which happen by guns going off without the intention of the owner, he has made a few for his particular friends, without touch-holes.…

*Green-Mountain Farmer* (VT) 1809 07 31 page 3 Bulletin of a Grand Army of Freemen [from the Baltimore Whig]

"Ah me! Could foreign slaves but know
"The blessings which from Independence flow,
"Could they but have a short and transient gleam
"Of Liberty, though 'twas but in a dream
"They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
"But once made Freemen would be always free.
"Bred in a cage, far from the feathered throng,
"The bird repays his keeper with his song;
"But if some playful child sets wide the door
"Abroad he flies and thinks of home no more:
"With love of liberty begins to burn,
"And rather starve than to his cage return."

On the fourth of July, the American patriot annually renews his vow to live free or die…

*The True American* (NJ) 1809 07 31 page 1 Lines, by a Lady (widely circulated)

Written August 1808, on letting a Hum-Bird fly from my hand.

Go, captive bird, thy little frame
  Forbids detention here;
For what to all the breathing world
  As liberty's so dear?

Th' ALMIGHTY WORD which gave me life,
  Imparted thine to thee;
And dare I prison what He form'd,
  And form'd it to be free?

Else why that trembling dread of man
  When fetter'd in his hand,
If thou may not enjoy thy span
  From instinct's strong demand :

Instinct more pure, oft more refined,
  Than man's proud mental light,

When passions warp his nobler mind,
And reason's out of sight.

Then little Hum-Bird, welcome go,
Resume thy liberty:
Surrounding flow'rets as they bloom,
Are free to thee as me:

And yet less selfish is thy claim,
Not e'en the fragrance gone:
While we, unfeeling, pluck the flower,
And leave the stalk alone.

*The Reporter* (KY) 1809 08 29 page 1 Mr. Adam's Correspondence Continued [Boston Patriot]

…September 5th [1780], wrote to Mr. Dana, at Paris…

I saw with pleasure the revival of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia, and the establishment of an academy of arts and sciences at Boston…I hope that one of the first objects of the new societies in America will be the formation of botanical gardens, and collections of the birds, beasts and fishes, as well as trees and plants, which are peculiar to that country, in order to a natural history of it. An ample field this…

In travelling from Boston to Philadelphia, in 1774, 5, 6, and 7, I had several times amused myself at Norwalk, in Connecticut, with the very curious collection of birds and insects of American production made by Mr. Arnold…

*Boston Mirror* (MA) 1809 09 09 page 4 For the Boston Mirror by "Arion"

A young lady's request, that the author would write some verses upon the circumstance of a sparrow's flying into the school-room of an academy in the summer of 1805, occasioned the following stanzas.

SAY, what could tempt the stranger here?
What could allure him from the skies?—
Or led by hope, or forc'd by fear
Quits the void through which he flies?

Say, what within these walls could claim
A visit from the songster sweet,
Where lit'rature and science reign,
And muses deign to hold their seat?

To learn who live in distant climes?—
What sort of creatures feed the plains?—
No; —for his wings have oftentimes

Instructed him without the pains.

To construe Latin, Hebrew, Greek,
  To modulate the studied note?
No;—nature's language sparrows speak,
  And nature's music sing by rote.

But nothing beauteous walks or flies
  But knows what's beautiful beside?
Traffina's air, Traflina's eyes,
  Traffina's mein of decent pride
Have charm'd the little flutt'rer from the skies:

*Spooner's Vermont Journal* (VT) 1809 09 11 page 2 State of Society, Manners &c. of Vienna [from a late London publication]

…Among the places of public resort and recreation at, or in the neighborhood of Vienna, the imperial gardens of Schonbrun deserve particularly to be mentioned…To complete the illusion of the scene, a number of rare birds are to be seen flying about as in full liberty, or perched on the very trees which afford them shelter or food in their native country. "How pleasing it was," says the well-informed author we have already quoted [Dr. Townson], "too see the little Psittacus pullarius perched on a beautiful Limosa in full flower and the Astrild, Butyacea, and other Loria, playing under the great leaves of the Hernandia sonara and the Helicteres apetala. The Astrild is very numerous, having bred here. Some nightingales are likewise kept. These birds destroy ants and other insects which are so noxious in other hot-houses." These are pursuits worthy of imperial magnificence and the easy access which the public has to them reflects honor on the liberal spirit of his imperial majesty…

*New-Hampshire Gazette* (NH) 1809 10 31 page 3 [Old Col. Gaz.]

One of our friends who is a great projector, suggests the expediency of importing a large number of Parrots and teaching them those subordinate branches of what is absurdly called Politics, which require no great intellectual gifts; a few of these placed in every village, and taught to repeat the cant words French Influence, Jacobins, Fools of Napoleon &c., would without diminishing the effect, save for better purposes the immense deal of time, breath, and paper which is now employed in repeating such words. Those birds have intellect entirely sufficient for such small work. Should any young or old scribblers or chatterers of nicknames and empty repetitions object, that this would take from them an employment from which they derive all their little consequence; we can only advise them to mend; to leave chattering cant words to parrots; and seek for fame on the nobler basis of investigation and reflection[61].

## 1810

*Rhode-Island American* (RI) 1810 01 12 A Scene in Rhode-Island ["written by

a young lady, formerly of Newport"]

Lost to youth's enthusiasm
  Lost to all poetic fire;
The mind must be a lifeless chasm
  That these scenes do not inspire.
…
Here the birds, the sun-beams flying,
  Nature's inspiration sing;
Echo to their voice replying,
  Makes the neighboring vallies ring:

*Salem Gazette* (MA) 1810 01 16 page 4 December [from Birds of Scotland by James Grahame, uncredited] (widely reprinted)

Where late the wild flower bloomed, the brown leaf lies,
Not even the snow-drop cheers the cheery plain;
The famished birds forsake each leafless spray,
And flock around the barn-yard's winnowing store….

*New-Hampshire Patriot* (NH) 1810 01 23 page 4 The Dwarf Hawk [*Shaw's General Zoology*[62]]

Smaller than a Merlin: upper parts brown, the tail crossed by a few deeper bars: under parts white, marked on the throat and breast by oblong brown spots, and on the belly and thighs by narrow transverse bars. This small hawk is native of the interior of Africa, where it was observed by Monsieur Levaillant, who describes it as of a highly bold and spirited nature, preying on small birds, and occasionally driving away from its haunts the larger bird of its own genus, as well as Shrikes, &c. It builds on trees, forming its best of small twigs, intermixed with moss and leaves externally, and lining it with wool and feathers. The eggs are five in number, spotted with brown near each end. The female bird is nearly twice the size of the male. Monsieur Levaillant relates a singular instance of the audacity of this species. He was sitting at a table, engaged in preparing some birds lately killed; when one these hawks suddenly stooped, and seized one of the newly stuffed specimens, and flying with it to a neighboring tree, began to plume and tear it open but finding nothing but moss and cotton, seemed indignant at the disappointment; and, after tearing in pieces the skin, at length contented itself with devouring the head, the only part which remained in its natural state.

*New-Hampshire Patriot* (NH) 1810 01 23 page 4 The Shrike [Collared Shrike from *Shaw's Zoology*]

When this bird, says Levaillant, sees a locust, a mantis, or a small bird, springs upon it, and immediately carries it off, in order to impale it on a thorn, and is so dexterous in this operation, that the thorn always passes through the head of the bird or insect thus transfixed. If it cannot find a thorn, it fixes the head of the animal between the division of two small branches, and this with as much address as if performed by

human means. —We need only watch this shrike for a single minute in order to witness its ravages,; and if we take the pains to examine the spot it frequents, we are sure to find every bush and tree the victims which it has transfixed, the major part of which are often so dried as to be unfit for his food; a proof of his singularly destructive instinct.

It is often taught to fight by the natives of Bengal, on being held up opposite to another, on the hand of a man, to whose finger the bird is fastened by a string, sufficiently long to enable it to Dy and peck at its adversary. It is said to be of a remarkably docile disposition, and is sometimes carried by the young Indians, in order to execute little commissions of gallantry; and, at a signal given by the lover, will seize and carry off with much dexterity, the small gold ornaments usually worn on the head of a young Indian lady, and convey it to its master. It will also with admirable celerity, follow the descent of a ring purposely thrown down a deep well, catching it in its fall and returning it to its owner. The Persian poets represent the Bulbul as enamored of the rose, and grieved or angry, at seeing it rudely cropped.—Whatever may be said by poets and unscientific observers. Mr. Pennant has not scrupled to declare his opinion that the natural note of this bird is harsh and unmelodious. If this be the case, the music of the Bulbul may be considered as nearly allied to the celebrated song, of the Swan, so often, recorded in the flights of poetic fiction.

*New-Hampshire Patriot* (NH) 1810 01 23 page 4 *Paradisea Tristis* [Paradise Grakle in *Shaw's Zoology*]

This bird is a native of India and the Philippine islands and is said to be of a very voracious nature, feeding both on animal and vegetable food, and is particularly fond of locusts and grasshoppers. On this head the count de Buffon relates a curious anecdote. The island of Bourbon, where these birds were unknown, was overrun with locusts, which had unfortunately been introduced from Madagascar; their eggs having been imported in the soil with some plants which were brought from that island. In consequence of this, Mons. Deforges Boucher, governor general of the isle of Bourbon, and Mons.de Poiver, the intendant, perceiving the desolation which was taking place, deliberated seriously on the means of extirpating the noxious insects, and for that purpose, caused to be introduced into the island, several pair of the Paradise Grakle from India. This plan promised to succeed; but unfortunately, some of the colonists, observing the birds eagerly thrusting their bills into the earth of the new sown fields, imagined that they were in quest of the grain, and reported that the birds, instead of proving beneficial, would, on the contrary, be highly detrimental to the country. The cause was considered in form, On the part of the birds, it was argued, that they raked in the new ploughed grounds, not for the sake of the grain, but the insects; and were, therefore, beneficial.

They were, however, proscribed by the council; and, in the space of two hours after the sentence was pronounced against them, not a Grakle was to be found in the island. This prompt execution was however followed by a speedy repentance. The locusts gained the ascendency, and the people, who only view the present, regretted the loss of the Paradise Grakles. Mons. de Morave, consulting the inclinations of the settlers, procured three or four of these birds eight years after their proscription. They

were received with transports of joy. Their preservation and breeding were made a state affair The laws held out protection to them, and the physicians, on their part, declared their flesh to be unwholesome. After so many powerful expedients for their welfare, the desired effect was produced; the Grackles multiplied, and the locusts were destroyed.

But an opposite inconvenience has since arisen: The birds, supported no longer by insects, have had recourse to fruits, and have fed on the mulberries, grapes, and dates. They have even scratched up the grains of wheat, rice, maize and beans; they have rifled the pigeon houses, and preyed on the young ; and thus after freeing the settlers from the locusts, they have themselves become a more formidable scourge. This, however, is perhaps an exaggeration; since Mr. Latham in his second supplement observes, on the subject of their bird, that Mons. Duplessin, who had resided many years in the isle of Bourbon, had given his opinion that the Paradise Grakle might be advantageously introduced into that part of Spain nearest the coasts of Africa for similar purpose, added, that, so far from its having become a nuisance in the isle of Bourbon, the laws for its preservation were still in force.

This bird according to Buffon, is of the same lively and imitative disposition with the India Grakle, and when young, is easily taught to speak. If kept in the poultry yard, it spontaneously mimicks the cries of all the domestic animals, hens, cocks, geese, dogs, sheep, &c. and this chattering is accompanied by many gesticulations[63].

*Boston Mirror* (MA) 1810 03 03 page 1 Maria—An Idyl. [French Periodical] translated by "W."

I no longer hear the linnet, which so lately poured her song from the thick foliage of this branching chestnut. How I regret her. In the absence of Henry, her company was the solace of my heart. At the first smile of Aurora, she celebrated the sweet return of light, which diffuses activity and joy. She sung, and the birds applauded with envy the rising day. When her sweet melody was heard in the grove, she hid herself in the thicket, like Palemon, when he relieves the indigent families of the village. Sometimes she calls the nightingale to her, and he immediately obeys the pleasing summons. How I love to hear them talk to each other! They confound their little voices, as Henry and I do, when we speak of our loves.

In the evening, after the other birds were asleep, she would entertain me with her wild and varying song. Thus I love to hear Henry, at the feasts of the hamlet, play alone on his hautboy, after the concert of the shepherds is ended.

What is become of my gentle linnet? —Gentle linnet, why are thy sweet warblings suspended? Has thy mate forsaken thee? If Henry should abandon me, I would break my pipe and sing no more. Has thy delicate breast suffered from the cold, which was yesterday so severe?—Come, I will give thee some of the honey, which I have reserved for Henry. What barbarous hand could have deprived thee of life or liberty? But it cannot be;—there are no bad men in the village.

At these words of Maria, the linnet left her retreat in the branches. She appeared a moment on the wing and directed her flight to a field of waving wheat. She alighted

upon a ripe ear; it bent beneath her weight. She pecked it, she shook it; the grains fell; she collected them in her beak, and returned to her favourite tree. No sooner had she reached it, than her little brood expressed their joy by their cries and flutterings. The shepherdess perceived them, as they put their heads out of the nest.

Thou art then a mother, cried she, charming linnet?—How happy thou art!—Thy little ones constitute all thy care and all thy delight. Thou dost not yet sing to them; they are too young. Thou amusest thyself with them and thy mate, who wanders no more from thee.

Sweet linnet, who so often hast enchanted my soul in its languor, I have not forgotten the pleasure which thou hast given me; permit me yet that of assisting thee to nourish thy little ones. I will collect insects from the sweetest flowers, and grains from the ripe ears, and every morning I will lay them at the foot of thy favorite tree —— What! thou rejectest the service which I offer thee ?—Ah! I understand the reason. Thy little family would no longer be so dear to thee, if any other than thyself bestowed on them her cares. Maria will perhaps one day be a mother; her children will be all to her, and she will be all to her children. Her pipe shall sound only for their amusement; her breasts shall shield them nourishment; and if these sources be dried up, how much will it cost her to implore assistance from strangers! Adieu, tender and fortunate mother. Maria shall learn from thy example, what is the command of nature;—she goes to fulfil it.

*American Citizen* (NY) 1810 03 05 page 3 Advertisement. American Ornithology (widely announced and repeated)

> This day is published by Inskeep & Bradford 128 Broadway, the 2nd Volume of American Ornithology; Or, the Natural History of the Birds of the United States: Illustrated with plates Engraved and colored from original drawing taken from nature. By Alexander Wilson.

*Boston Mirror*[64] (MA) 1810 03 10 page 8 Lines on leaving a favorite place by Henry

> Adieu, ye scenes of tranquil bliss,
> Where festive joys and mirth abound;
> Where rosy health, and smiling peace
> With blooming wreaths my temple crown'd.
> …
> And must I leave my favourite plains,
> Where oft at pensive eve I stray'd,
> While Philomela pour'd her strains
> And murmuring zephyrs round me play'd?
>
> Ah yes! Once more Minerva calls,
> To tread her sacred Lycean grove;
> Where Harvard rears its ancient walls,

And where Pierian muses rove.

Inclos'd within some mouldering cell
No more my breast shall Thalia fire;
No more attune the golden shell
Nor wake to love the trembling lyre!

*Boston Mirror* (MA) 1810 03 17 page 7 Communication by W.

Mr. Oliver, I was much pleased with the lines signed "Henry" in your last. In my opinion, they possess considerable merit. But I would ask him, in what part of the country I can be entertained with the song of the Nightingale? I have always had a strong desire to heart it. I would also inquire if Thalía is pronounced Thália, "where Pierian muses rove?"

*Boston Mirror* (MA) 1810 03 31 page 7 Communication

Henry acknowledges his error with respect to the pronunciation of the word "Thalia," and feels grateful to "W." for pointing it out to him. Had W ever perused "Goldsmith's Animated Nature," he would not, I am persuaded, have questioned me concerning the "Nightingale." If he has not, he should not criticize upon such subjects. Henry does not consider himself obliged to answer any questions, which may arise from ignorance.

*Boston Mirror* (MA) 1810 04 07 page 7 Communication by W.

Henry says " he does not consider himself obliged to answer any questions which may arise from ignorance." As the questions which I ask arise from that source, like the questions of most other people, I fear I am not likely to be the wiser for asking them; unless Henry will condescend to relax a little from the rigidity of the rule which he has laid down.

I had read even Goldsmith, before I questioned Henry concerning the Nightingale. I have since very carefully examined that work, at the article in question; but unfortunately remain as ignorant as before. Will Henry have the goodness to point out the passage, in which the Nightingale is said to inhabit this country?

That there may be birds in America, which some people have nick-named Nightingales, is very possible. They may be perhaps as nearly similar to the true one, as our Robin is to the Robin red-breast of England. —No one, how-ever, would think of appropriating to them the term " Philomela."

There are many works on natural history, from which Henry might derive more important and extensive information, than can be obtained from the imperfect compend of Goldsmith—I beg leave to refer him to one,—Histoire Naturelle, Generale et Particuliere, 37 vols. quarto,—in which it is expressly asserted, that the nightingale is peculiar to the "old continent, and is not to be found in America."

I should not have said this much on the subject, had not Henry accused me of unjust criticism.—When my remarks were made with the most friendly intention towards him. In the common sing-song of the day, I should not have noticed such errors; but being pleased with Henry's poetical talents, I thought it would eventually be doing him a service, to point out the impropriety of copying from the poets, instead of their great original, nature.

Pope, in his remarks on the pastorals of Phillips, observes, that "his roses, lilies, and daffodils, blow in the same season." Even Spenser makes his Nightingales sing in November. So Henry, in his verses, which appear from the time of their being published to have been written at the close of the winter vacation at Harvard College, introduces descriptions which are incongruous with the season. He gives us "blooming wreaths, and flowery glades, and woodbine shades, and meandering streams, and murmuring zephyrs, and Philomela's strains," at a time when they exist only in song. This will always be the case, when the objects of nature are viewed through the uncertain medium of poetry, and when the charms of summer are enjoyed in a close study, and before a roaring fire.

I shall always peruse the poetical communications of Henry with pleasure. Instead of wishing to damp the ardor of his muse, I would, if it were in my power, increase its brightness.— I am sensible, that it is much easier to detect the faults of others than to emulate their merits. It is likewise much easier, as well as more honourable, to acknowledge a trifling error, or an unimportant oversight, than it is to defend it. W.

*Boston Mirror* (MA) 1810 04 21 page 7 Communication

Had Henry rightly understood the question of "W." in his first communication, he should not have answered it in the manner he did. Not having had the pleasure of perusing that number of the Mirror, in which it was inserted till a few days since, and having been informed that "W," had enquired in what country the Nightingale was to be found, he supposed that such a question, which might have been so easily answered by examining any natural history of birds, could only arise from a desire of criticising, however unjustly. Henry well knew that America is not the residence of the Nightingale, when he obtained the insertion of those lines in the Mirror, which were composed several months since, nor did he observe the error until he had perused W's communication of the 7th ult. Henry is desirous of being more particularly acquainted with the history of the Nightingale, and would be obliged to " W." to inform him in what volume of the "Histoire Naturelle Generale et Particuliere, 37 vols. 4to." it may be found.

*Boston Mirror* (MA) 1810 04 21 page 8 Spring. By Pilgarlic Quiz & Co. [From the *Vermont Centinel*]

The following was sent us all the way from Vermont (postage paid)

Messrs. Editors,

Please to give the within a place in your paper, as I think it (though small) a

specimen of genius and good poetry; by doing it you will oblige your Friend and Patron

Now Hyems cold blast changes to the mild gale,
Spring with her dye-tub, colors nature's gown green,
And with her bright hues, paints the long, the wide vale,
Glowing with blossoms.

Sol with a slow step, from the southward rises,
Takes off his great coat, fearless of cold winter
And with great splendor, scornfully despises
This little planet.

Now gentle Zephyrs fan the evening air,
Swelling with fragrance, wafting from each flower,
While Philomela offers up her prayer,
Sweetly melodious.

On ev'ry hill white lambkins gaily sporting,
In ev'ry vale the sturdy farmer plowing,
At each cool window lovers sit a courting,
Fondly caressing.

*Maryland Gazette* (MD) 1810 04 25 page 4 Fable of the Parrot

A parrot of beautiful hue,
Was kept by a lady, of late,
And long was Poll nourish'd and grew,
Contented and pleas'd with her state.

Her cage with fine gold was inlaid ;
Her food was the whitest of bread,
And when night did the welkin o'ershade,
The softest of down was her bed.

Thus many a summer she past,
In happiness, splendor and gee,
Till tir'd of dependence, at last,
Poor Poll often sigh'd to be free.

One fine rosy morn, in the spring,
The door of her cage open stood,
And Poll, with a fluttering wing,
Escap'd to a neighbouring wood.

The birds of the grove throng around,
The beautiful stranger to view,

The hills with their praises resound,
  The vallies the echo renew.

Poll hears their applause with delight ;
  Of her beauty and wit she grows vain—
When lo! by a ravenous kite,
  She is seiz'd and destroy'd on the plain.

MORAL.
Thus thoughtless maids, who love from home,
In quest of flattery to roam,
Shall find when caution is too late,
Their virtue meet the Parrot's fate.

*The Rhode-Island American and General Advertiser* (RI) 1810 04 27 page 1
Ode on the pleasure arising from vicissitude by Gray

Now the golden Morn aloft
  Waves her dew-bespangled wing.
With vermil cheek and whisper soft
  She wooes the tardy Spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tend'rest green.

New-born flocks, in rustick dance,
  Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
  The birds his presence greet ;
But chief, the Sky-Lark warbles high
His trembling trilling ecstacy:
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
  Rise the rapt'rous choir among!
Hark! 'tis Nature strikes the Lyre,
  And leads the general song:
Warm let the lyrick transport flow,
Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.

Yesterday the sullen year
  Saw the snowy whirlwind fly :

Mute was the musick of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace:
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

*Charleston Courier* (SC) 1810 05 03 page 3 American Ornithology

The second volume of Wilson's American Ornithology is, certainly, the most splendid work ever published in this country. It contains colored engravings of fifty American birds, in the highest style of execution. Some beautiful native ochres have been used in this volume, which for richness of color are not exceeded by any foreign growth or manufacture. The labors of Mr. Wilson will afford amusement to those whom curiosity may prompt to become acquainted with the birds which surround their dwelling, or who study ornithology as a branch of Natural History.

*The Balance, & New-York State Journal* (NY) 1810 05 11 page 3 Imitation of Burns. A Lament Upon a Dead Robin, by Florian.

So high already is the sun,
All other birds their praise have done;
Yet Bob his song has not begun.
Sure this is odd ;
For 'mong the foremost he is one
In praising God.

Ah! from my window I descry
The melancholy reason why
Poor Bob neglects his friend on high :
This morn, so bright,
No more will beam on Bobby's eye
The morning light.

Bobby, you've made a quick retreat ;
When yestere'en you sung so sweet,
I fondly hop'd you'd oft repeat

Your happy strain:
But ah! your voice will never greet
My ears again.

Perhaps if in the wood you'd died,
Your parents, with a tender bride,
And many robins red beside,
Had mourn'd your doom ;
And to your lifeless frame supplied
A leafy tomb.

But in a prison didst thou die,
With not a pitying creature by,
To shed a tear or heave a sigh
For thy decease:
But, Bob, thy master will supply
A grave of peace.

Hadst thou ne'er known what slavery meant,
But in the groves thy moments spent,
Still might'st thou've liv'd in calm content,
Thy friends among;
And blest thy Sire Omnipotent
With thy sweet tongue.

But Bob with freedom ne'er was bless'd:
Ere yet of wings for flight possess'd,
A cruel boy clumb to his nest,
And stole the brood,
While their fond guardians were in quest
Of needed food.

How must their cries have pierc'd the air,
When, bringing home their daily fare,
They found no little robins there,
The load to take!
How couldst thou, boy, so blest a pair
So wretched make?

Ah! Bobby, little didst thou know
With what distracted hearts of woe
You parents wander'd to and fro,
To find their all:
Sure never did a heavier blow
On parents fall.

Had the poor mourning couple known,
That in a cage you dwelt alone,
Thither, no doubt, they would have flown
To set you free,
Or else, till thou wast fully grown,
Have nourish'd thee.

But Bob scarce knew what parents were,
Ere he was stolen from their care;
And so he quickly learnt to bear
His alter'd state;
And from my hand to take his fare,
Held by the grate.

And Bob was never mov'd with ire,
To find himself immur'd with wire;
Nor did he more of good desire
Than bondage gave;
And yet, no doubt, that demon dire
Prepar'd his grave.

Though short thy life, poor Robin red,
A better sure was never led;
None pure as thee have cause to dread
Grim Terror's king;
For ne'er was in thy heart or head
A wicked thing.

Hadst thou a human soul possess'd,
That verily had now been bless'd;
For ev'ry soul'd a welcome guest
Where seraphs glow,
That in a grateful guileless breast
Has dwelt below.

Ah! Bobby, I am mortal too;
And, while this vale I journey through,
Heav'n make my life to human view
As fair as thine;
That I may leave a guide like you
To bliss divine.

*The Centinel* (PA) 1810 05 23 page 1 To Hunters and to all persons who are desirous to prevent the killing of Game out of season by A Friend of a Real Sportsman [from the Chester and Delaware Federalist]

"He ne'er can be true," she aver'd,
"Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
"And I lov'd her the more when I heard
"Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

It would be pleasing to the feelings of humanity, if our inconsiderate hunters, who are in the habit of Shooting Squirrels at this season of the year, were seriously to reflect on the beautiful extract which heads this address; if they were so to do the offspring of this little animal would not be so frequently entombed in the hollow of the ancient oak, which but a few hours or days preceding, was the spot of their birth: In fact, there is more, infinitely more, cruelty justly attributable to the person who kills a female squirrel at this season of the year, than to the person "who robs the poor bird of her young." In the latter case, this species of kidnapping is seldom, if ever, attended with fatal consequences, either to the mother or her offspring, and not unfrequently proceeds from good motives, and may, ultimately, be attended with the best consequences to the youthful possessor.

Leander sees a bird of elegant plumage, or a bird of most melodious notes, carrying food to her young. He resolves to take possession of the offspring—he alarms not the parent; but silently follows her with his eye to the nest, feels anxious that she may live to feed by her industry, the little family, until he may choose to reclaim them. When he has most carefully and tenderly encaged them, he administers necessaries to them with a parent's care—he consults their wants, and if, perchance, death should bereave him of any one of his little flock, he feels a sorrow resting on his mind, which steals a tear from his eye, whilst he covers its little frame in some retired corner of his walks. As above suggested, the caging of a bird may be productive of the most happy effects on the human mind, and, this may be the case, whether the act proceeds from idle curiosity, or from the laudable motive of constantly having in view the wonderous works of God displayed and illustrated in this little fowl of the air. By habitually supplying it with food, the possessor learns the necessity of providing at a future day, for the support of a family, and by amusing himself occasionally with the subject of his care, he enjoys a foretaste of domestic attachments, and by losing it he becomes practically acquainted with the severity of domestic misfortunes.

But what palliation can be justly offered in favor of the person who (at the period in which the little animal, the subject, in part, of this address, is giving milk to her young) pierces its body with a cruel and savage ball, and this too, perhaps, at the moment when the little creature is laboriously searching for nutriment, which is destined to form the future pabulum of her young, or at the moment of its sportive tricks, exhibited on the branches of the tree, wherein the little offspring, ignorant of their parent's fate, long listen for the gladsome moment of her return, but in vain they listen, they fret, they pine and die.

It may be said that the squirrel is a prolific and destructive animal. This is certainly true, and when numerous are very destructive on fields of corn, and other kinds of grain fields. Hence in every part of this state, at some period of the settlement thereof, it has been found necessary to offer premiums for their scalps. But from causes perfectly obvious, they have long since ceased to be numerous in the ancient counties of this

state, and, like the aborigines of the country, having ceased to be numerous, they have ceased to be mischievous; and so far from being objects of our destruction, they should be subjects of our preservation, until the proper season for hunting them arrives, which is from the first of August until the first of December.

In the ancient counties of this state the rabbit, the pheasant and the partridge should be the object of our preservation—they afford very palatable and wholesome food peculiarly grateful to the much debilitated convalescent. One branch of the state legislature, as appears from the minutes of their proceedings, in the session of 1808, considered the preservation of the rabbit, pheasant and partridge of so much public consequence as to induce that body to pass a bill, entitled "An act to prevent the killing of rabbits, pheasants and partridges out of season, in the counties of Delaware, Chester and Philadelphia." It appears from the aforesaid minutes that the bill originated from petitions of persons resident in the county of Delaware, praying that an act might be passed to the above effect. From the same records it appears, that previously to the passage of the bill in senate, petitions of similar tenor to the above, were presented from sundry citizens of the counties of Chester and Philadelphia and that the latter counties were in some stage of the bill incorporated therein.

The writer of this address hath been informed, that when the aforesaid bill, was presented to the house of representatives for their concurrence, it experienced the hostility of the western members—those zealous advocates of every measure by which the city of Philadelphia and its neighbouring counties can be benefitted. Those illustrious champions of democracy and guardians of the peoples' rights, declared, that they could never yield assent to a law which would be a prelude to, and introductory of, the British game laws, when in fact there can be no more analogy shown between the British game laws and the contemplated act to prevent the killing of rabbits, pheasants and partridges out of season, than there was on this occasion between the conduct of the western members and consistency. For be it known and be it remembered, that at the very same period, these champions of liberty had framed a bill and were actively employed in endeavouring to procure its passages entitled, "An act to prevent the killing of muskrats and beavers out of season," and also at that instance, an act had sometime preceding this, passed the legislature insisting severe penalties on any person who should kill a Deer out of season, when perhaps the perpetrator of the act was driven to the measure, in order to prevent the starvation of himself and family. The western members by the above law were anxious to preserve the deer, not only as a source of food for their constituents, but as a source of emolument and amusement for themselves and hunters. The eastern members wish to preserve for their constituents, themselves and hunters, their rabbits, pheasants and partridges, for similar purposes. And while the eastern indulge the western members in the passage of laws to prevent the destruction of their deer out of season, the latter should extend a similar indulgence to the former, or condescend to assign some rational cause for their opposition, or reasons satisfactory of their apparent inconsistencies.

The introduction of the aforesaid bill to public notice, may be considered as a digression from the object of this address, made for the purpose of affording to the writer an opportunity of indulging himself in illiberal animadversions on the conduct

of the western representation in the legislature of this state, towards their eastern brethren; and it may be thought both unjust and ridiculous to use so much severity in a partial instance, and one of minor importance. To this supposable charge the writer replies—that the two subjects are intimately connected and the object of his digression from the principle intent of this address was incidentally to call the attention of the citizens of the counties of Delaware, Chester and Philadelphia, to the propriety of renewing their application for the passage of the aforesaid bill. But since the writer has mentioned the subject of the bill, and believing that the failure of it arose from the causes above mentioned, he feels no disappointment to relinquish the chance of declaring the fact, a knowledge of which he has obtained from an attentive perusal of the legislative journals for some years back, that there does exist a reluctance in the minds of the western members generally, to confer favors on the city of Philadelphia and its neighbouring counties, whether the favor prayed for shall tend to agricultural or commercial advantages, or to prevent the killing of rabbits, pheasants and partridges out of season, or even to objects of less importance than the latter.

In the meantime it is much within the power of the inhabitants not only of the above recited counties, but those of other counties, who conceive that the preservation of the above mentioned species of game is an object of importance, to effectuate the object of their wishes, and probably such a determination as the one about to be suggested would be as effectual as any law which could be passed upon the subject. Let both young and old who either hunt or kill the abovementioned species of game out of season, experience the decided disapprobation of all who are desirous to prevent the killing of game out of season—Let no such person either in the city or country, purchase from them, game killed as aforesaid—Let no hunter be indulged in trespassing upon such persons' premises, whist in pursuit of game out of season.

If the abovementioned determinations should be generally adopted and rigidly observed, no doubt could be entertained that the object would, in a great degree, be answered. And such determinations are recommended, under a presumption that a majority of our modern Licurgi will not be found to afford legislative sanctions to any bill upon the subject.

A Friend of a Real Sportsman.

## *National Aegis* (MA) 1810 05 23 page 3 Unfortunate Accident

As Hutchins Hapgood of Petersham, son of H. Hapgood Esq. was, on the morning of the 8th inst. diverting himself by hunting birds in company with his intimate friend and cousin Aaron Brooks Jr. At the moment of their separating each to go to his home, having passed the usual ceremony on the occasion, the gun charged with shot, in the hand of Aaron, they being about six feet apart, accidentally went off and the charge passing the surface of the left breast of Hutchins and wounded it in a shocking manner, and was lodged in his left arm near the shoulder. Skillful surgeons were immediately called, and on examining the wound found the bone of the arm much broken—part of the buckle of his suspenders and several pieces of his coat, shirt &c. were extracted from the wound—Amputation was thought necessary for the preservation of life, but

he being unwilling to submit to the operation, it has hitherto been delayed. He now languishes under all the afflictions of his distressing wounds, but not without hopes of recovery. He was to have set out in a few days for Dartmouth College—of which he is a Member.

*The Tickler* (PA) 1810 05 23 page 4 Spring [From the *Massachusetts Spy*]

Muse! hear no more the Democratic growl,
Nor more behold the Jacobinic scowl;
With eye disdainful cease, sweet Nymph, to view
The grovling, lying, plotting, plund'ring crew ;
The Gallic Faction, in eternal broils,
Just fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'
For works of darkness fit, and badly brave;
Their country's rights to sell—her sons enslave!
Yes, turn we now from this unnatural band,
Born for the curse and ruin of the land;
To tune their souls to truth we try'd in vain,
And now, to peaceful Nature pour the strain.

Let mad ambition, fierce contention cease;
And far hence be the enemies of Peace!
With joy I see bright verdure clothe the vale,
And Spring's sweet flowers adorn the gladsome dale;
Pleas'd I inhale their sweets in every breeze,
And see the swelling buds on all the trees.
Now, 'midst the dewy beauties of the morn,
The daffodils the gardener's beds adorn:
Now, ere the sun appears, I hear around,
Reverberations of each rural sound:
The Ploughman's note, when whistling in the field,
The various songs of birds rich pleasure yield,
The Robin joins his voice, both clear and strong,
In softer notes the Bluebirds pour the song.
Ye Martens whose hard fate I lately mourn'd
With joy I hale you, safe to us return'd!
With grief sincere, your loss I could deplore
For ah! I fear'd you would return no more!
With outspread wing, I gladly see you roam
Or hear you sing around your little home.
The gales which lately overthrew the trees,
Are chang'd to zephyrs or the rustling breeze;
The floods which lately deluged vale and plain,
Are now soft showers and mild prolific rain.
Dear Spring, your sweet, revivifying breath,
Recalls all nature from the arms of death:

Beneath the influence of your kinder skies,
New generations of the plants arise;
May plenty in th' ensuing months appear,
And Ceres and Pomona crown the year.

*The True American* (NJ) 1810 06 04 page 2 The State of Delaware

…The second volume of that new and interesting work, American Ornithology, or History of the birds of America, by Alexander Wilson, has been given to the public. It is said to be the most superb work ever issued from an American press.

We take this occasion to observe that we understand Mr. Wilson, the Ornithologist, to be the author of the patriotic and elegant National Song[65] which obtained the prize medal of the Philadelphia Military Association and which we republished a few weeks since...

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1810 06 20 page 2 To Malvina by Sidney de Courcy

On a bird flying in at a window as which she was sitting. This circumstance is supposed by the vulgar to forbade misfortune.

The fluttering bird, that in thy casement flew,
Ah! can it augur ill, dear M. to you;
Was not a Bird, the emblem bird of Love,
Sent from the Ark, the child of hope to rove;
Torn from the presence of its feather'd mate,
To seek a haven from the storms of fate;
To hail the dawning of the delug'd land,
Rais'd and reviv'd by God's most high command
Where nature's remnant long by tempests tost,
Might rest their sorrowing weari'd minds at last !
So thy poor Bird, by storms of grief opprest,
Sought thee, dear Girl, the harbour of its rest;
Scar'd by some Brute, or Man's more cruel art,
Claim'd tranquil peace and shelter in thy heart.
Thy tender care, thy pearly pitying tear,
Sooth'd its faint heart, and banish's ill its fear;
And like the Dove with Olive Branch return'd,
Bore these glad tidings to its friends that mourn'd:
"Ah dry your gushing tears, your plaints forego.
" For I have found a balm for all your woe;
"Should famine press, or dangers voice alarm,
"Malvine's tender care shall fate disarm."

*New-York Evening Post* (NY) 1810 06 21 page 2 Song by Sidney de Courcy (reprinted)

Air, “The manly heart.”—Mozart.
Ah haste dear Edwin, haste and prove
Thy constant, drooping Ellen’s love;
Far, far from dreadful wars alarms,
Seek peace and love in these fond arms.
Ye Saints that guard the virtuous brave,
My gallant youth from perils save;
Soft power of love, oh lend thy wing,
O’er seas and land, my lover bring.
Of sweetest flow’rs, I’ll twine a wreathe,
That on the air their fragrance breathe;
The Village throng with joy I’ll lead.
To crown their welcome hero’s head.
Oh then we’ll greet the blissful hour,
With musick Heaven descended pow’r;
Melodious birds, his welcome sing,
Llangollens vale with joy shall ring.

*Boston Mirror* (MA) 1810 06 23 page 5 American Scenery [*Port Folio*]

Mr. Wilson, the celebrated Ornithologist is exploring the western wilds, in prosecution of his great object, a history of American birds. The Port Folio contains an amusing letter from him, dated at Lexington, the 4th of April last. The following passage describes his setting out in an open skiff on a voyage down the Ohio:—

“Though generally dissuaded from venturing by myself on so long a voyage down the Ohio, in an open skiff, I considered this mode, with all its inconveniences, as the most favorable to my researches, and the most suitable to my funds, and I determined accordingly. Two days before my departure the Alleghany river was one wide torrent of broken ice, and I calculated on experiencing considerable difficulties or this score. My stock of provisions consisted of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial presented me by a gentleman of Pittsburg; my gun trunk and great coat occupied one end of the boat, I had a small tin occasionally to bail her and to take my beverage from the Ohio with, and bidding adieu to the smoky confines of Pitt, I launched into the stream and soon winded away among the hills that everywhere inclose this noble river. The weather was warm and serene, and the river like a mirror, except where floating masses of ice spotted its surface, and which required some care to steer clear of, but these to my surprise in less than a day sailing totally disappeared. Far from being concerned at my new situation, I felt my heart expand with joy at the novelties which surrounded me; I listened with pleasure to the whistling of the red bird on the bank, as I passed, and contemplated the forest scenery as it receded, with increasing delight. The smoke of the numerous sugar camps, rising lazily among the mountains, gave great effect to the varying landscape; and the grotesque log cabins that here and there opened from the woods were diminished into mere dog houses by the sublimity of the impending mountains.

*Commercial Advertiser* (NY) 1810 07 03 page 2 Refined Amusement

> The Great Book of Nature is now opened at No. 21 Chatham-street opposite the New-York Free School, by Mr. Scudder, who has been long and arduously engaged in the Study of Natural history, the preservation of birds, animals, insects, reptiles, etc etc….If the writer is correctly informed, and his enquiries have been such as to make him fully convinced in his own mind, Mr. Scudder, who has got up and established this Museum, is the only real American artist, in this country, who is capable of adorning an establishment of this kind….[66]

*American Watchman; and, Delaware Republican* (DE) 1810 07 07 page 2 Fall of Ducks [*Harrisburg Times*.] (widely reported)

About the beginning of May, the persons residing along the Welsh mountain and Conewago hills, were astonished, on rising the morning after a thunderstorm, to observe large numbers of wild ducks unable to fly, on the ground, and in ponds of water. They were taken by the people, from the junction of the Welsh mountain and Conewago hill, several miles along the Welsh mountain, and along the Conewago hills, as far as Colebrook forge, within 20 miles of this place. They were of different sizes and kinds. The dam of Spring-Grove forge, the seat of Cyrus Jacobs, in Lancaster county, was filled with them, and they were shot without difficulty. It remains for philosophers to account for this fall of ducks.

*Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1810 07 10 page 2 Fall of Ducks by A.

Mr. Poulson, I observed in your paper of this morning, two articles from West Chester and Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, relative to what they term a "phenomenon no less novel than extraordinary," and calling upon philosophers to account for the " singular gregarious exhibition."

I have no pretension, Sir, to philosophy, more than nature gave me, and therefore shall not attempt artificially to explain what to our country gentlemen seems so "improbable yet nevertheless true."

It is well known to those who have observed the arrival and departure of the feathered part of creation, denominated Birds of Passage, that they go and come in flocks, and are implicitly guided by a leader chosen to head them for the purpose. Now it may happen among Birds, as it often happens with Men, that a leader may have been pitched upon, whose incapability and incapacity, they were not aware of, to guide them through difficulty, but above all to take the true path they should go, and in case of accident to brave the storm without giving up to despondency, and thereby save the whole flock from utter destruction. It would seem, however that the Ducks have been this time deceived—their leader has proved himself incapable of the task assigned him—yet, like blind, infatuated beings, they thought it their duty to follow him, even into the hands of the common enemy,

To be serious, I would account for the extraordinary phenomenon in this way,

—The flock alluded to, must have been on the wing to the lakes in the north western wilderness—from whence their departure was taken, no one can ascertain—probably they had flown a thousand miles before overtaken by the pitiless storm from the north west; it will be found by a reference to our meteorological observations for the beginning of May, that a north west wind had prevailed for several days, and consequently retarded their progress—that being much wearied and meeting with a heavy blow at the top of Connewago mountain, were obliged to alight in the valley below, not being able to proceed any further, and consequently became an easy prey to the lords of the land.

That it is probable this was the only and sole cause, I will mention a fact to which I was an eye witness,—In the spring of 1794, while on the north west point of Sandy Hook, an immense flock of Crows were espied early in the morning, making for that point of the land over the sea—the wind was then and had been for several days, violent from the north west— the distance from which they were first seen could not have been more than twenty miles—yet the great body of them were more than an hour in reaching the beach, previous to which several of them , on nearing the land, absolutely fell and were drowned in the water—those that escaped were easily taken with the hand, so completely unable were they to proceed any farther.

If a man can calculate the distance he is able to walk, without casualty, it may surely be inferred that the GREAT CREATOR of all things has given sufficient instinct to the feathered race, to judge of their ability in executing a journey which nature has assigned them, but which the elements conspired to render abortive.

*Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1810 07 18 page 3 Advertisement.

Peale's Museum now contains upwards of one hundred thousand interesting articles of nature and art;

Among which are Quadrupeds, birds, insects, fishes, lizards, snakes, worms, shells, corals, minerals, and immense collection of miscellaneous articles, and a hundred and twenty portraits, including a number of our most distinguished characters.

[header image is "Book of Nature"]

*Essex Register* (MA) 1810 07 21 page 2 Salem, Saturday, July 21, 1810

…A singular circumstance has attracted notice in several parts of Pennsylvania of the fall of ducks, as it is called, from the extreme facility with which they have been taken in particular places. No history of these birds has been given. The passing of these birds has been long noticed by the sportsman and naturalist and the history is not undeserving the attention of the curious….

*Newport Mercury* (RI) 1810 08 11 page 2 Advice to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind by Thomas Broadhurst [From the *Edinburgh Review*]

Some persons…deem it more becoming that a woman should educate flowers,

make friendships with birds, and pick up plants than enter into more difficult and fatiguing studies….If she is full of strong sense and elevated curiosity can there be any reason why she should be diluted and enfeebled down to a mere culler of simples, and fancier of birds?...

*Farmer's Cabinet* (NH) 1810 09 04 page 4 [Extract from *Birds of Scotland*] submitted by Euphronius.

The subsequent extract from Graham's "Birds of Scotland" bespeaks a mind fraught with that ardour of sincere piety as well as poetical elegance, which so remarkably distinguish his writings.—"Every heart will assent not only to its beauties but its sentiments, that has ever admired the awfully grand and elegantly minute in nature, or has ever been warmed with a single spark from the altar of devotion." Euphronius.

Oh nature! All thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is his presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain wood and stream,
To think that He, who hears the heavenly choirs,
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;
To think, that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark his presence in the mighty bow
That forms the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower; to hear his awful voice
In thunder speak and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel his care for all that lives;
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A frugal field, each grove a paradise.
Yes! Place me 'mid far stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heath bell there
Would soothe my weary sight and tell of Thee!
There gratefully would my uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault, by day,—by night
When glows the firmament from pole to pole;
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
The heavens declare the glory of the Lord.
The firmament shews forth his handy work!

*Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1810 09 18 page 2 Catalogue of Books which have been added to the Library belonging to the Library Company of Philadelphia since the eleventh of August, 1809.

Folio…

985. American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United

States, illustrated with plates. By Alexander Wilson. Philadelphia, 1809-10. Vols. 1st and 2d….

*New-Bedford Mercury* (MA) 1810 10 05 page 1 Advertisement.

Prospectus of a new monthly (or quarterly) publication, upon the plan, and embracing the several subjects herein specified. The Massachusetts Garden and The Patriot's Common-Place Book….

12. In an appropriate part of the Garden there may be an Alcove, adjoining the Parterre, where the agriculturist, the philosopher, and the physician, and the patriot, may at their ease discuss their favorite topics, and communicate to the public the result of their enquiries…A Cabinet for the general Naturalist, and his companions…An Apiary for bees; an Aviary for rare birds; and a Pond where the angler may find uncommon fish…[67]

*Columbian Centinel* (MA) 1810 10 13 page 1 Heads of a course of lectures on natural history.

… 12. Ornithology, or the doctrine of birds. As in the descending scale of nature, quadrupeds, strictly so-called, follow after man, so birds follow after the quadrupeds. The difference between the internal structure of birds and quadrupeds. How air penetrates every part of their bodies, even their bones, while their lungs are nearly quiescent. The difference between their digestive organs and man's. The curious structure of a feather. Of moulting. Nothing in nature so strong, so forcible, and so light, as the wings of birds. Why man must ever despair of flying with feathered wings. The flying of a bat on different principles from that of birds. Of the eyes, and surprising sharpness of sight in birds; Their eyes nearly as large as their brains. General character of the rapacious class of birds. Of the instinct of birds….

24. Of the art of reading the Great Volume of Nature. How the ancient Magi construed it. The analogy between things material and intellectual; or an attempt to show that the material world is a mirror reflecting moral truths….

26. After all the struggles of a reluctant philosophy; the necessary resort is to a deity. The marks of Design are too strong to be got over. Design must have had a Designer. That there is a God, a perceiving, intelligent, designing Bering, at the head of creation, and from whose will it all proceeded, is nevertheless an Immense conclusion.[68]

*The True American and Commercial Advertiser* (PA) 1810 11 27 page 2 Advertisement.

New Books. Bradford and Inskeep, No. 4, South 3d st. have just received per the Alpha & Caledonia, a large and valuable collection of the latest English publications among which are,

…

Bewick's quadrupeds

[Bewick's] Birds…

*Columbian Centinel* (MA) 1810 12 26 page 3. Advertisement. Rannie's Exhibition

> …Mr. R will present an Oyster which he causes to imitate a number of birds of different species; and what is still more astonishing, when Mr. R places the Oyster under a gentleman's hat or in his pocket, the same sounds will be heard there. … On that evening, Mr. R will cut off the head of a fowl and afterwards reunite it as before….

*New-York Evening Post* (MA) 1810 12 31 page 3 Advertisement. Museum at 166 Greenwich St.

The proprietor informs his friends and the public that the Museum has gone through considerable repairs, with large additions of birds, reptiles, quadrupeds, and amphibious animals, from the South Sea Islands…

## The Shrubbery

Young Melmoth went down in the summer to his father's seat in Westmoreland, where, being of an active disposition, and having no companions but a German flute, and the works of a few favorite authors, he frequently amused himself with the sports of the field. He was one day so warmly engaged in pursuit of the wild fowl, which abound in the lake of that romantic county, that he had gained the banks of Winandermere; the solemn colouring of this magnificent scene, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them till they nearly touched the hithermost shore; all this concurring with the reflections of his being at such a distance from home, filled him with sensations that he had never before felt. As he looked round amidst this terror and uncertainty, he espied a small farm-house peeping forth from a grove of old trees. After a short deliberation, he resolved to follow a path that seemed to lead thither, and passing thro' several lonely dells shaded with beeches, and overrun with wild- flowers, he arrived at a wicket that opened into a shrubbery; the opposite plants intermitting their branches, cast a gloom very pleasing to the imagination, and a rivulet which ran murmuring over pebbles, or broke into cascades, now glittered through the leaves at a distance, and now meandered close by the walk. Melmoth had not advanced far in this retreat, when the shrubs suddenly opening on one side, discovered a little stream dashing down a rough green bank in an irregular winding manner, and finely diversified by the clods of turf and stems of brushwood that resisted its current. A seat in the opposite side of the walk seemed to invite him to contemplate the beauties of the scene; so he accepted its offer, and resting the butt-end of his gun on the ground, and raising his hand to its muzzle, he leaned forward to examine the water-fall.

He had not continued long in this posture, when he heard the sound of a harpsichord, accompanied by a female voice. The air was pathetic in the highest degree, and tho' he could not distinguish the words, the melancholy cadence with which they were uttered, concurring with the beauty of the scene, had a strange effect upon him for his constitution was naturally very warm, and his feelings were always awake to music. The sound presently ceasing, broke the chain of romantic ideas which they had inspired.

He laid down his gun, and taking out his flute, an instrument on which he excelled, he raised it to his mouth, but the idea of alarming the stranger checked his design, and he returned it into his pocket. He immediately rose up, and stealing along the walk, presently entered on a circular grass-plot planted round with evergreen, in the entrance of which stood a small stone temple.

A myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building, and a jessamine, which had been taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On the prize was this inscription: DEDICATED TO SENSIBILITY. As this seemed to be the place from whence the sounds, which still vibrated in his ear, had proceeded, Melmoth hesitated whether he should not return, but concluding from the silence that the person to whom he was indebted for them had retired, with a trembling hand he opened the door.

The walls in the inside were stuccoed, and in a niche was placed a marble urn in which grew a sensitive plant, a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place, contracting its leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air. On the urn were these words, from Sterne: Eternal Fountain of my feelings, 'tis here I trace thee! A harpsichord stood open on one side, and a book lay upon it.

Melmoth took it up. It was the third volume of *Emma Corbett*, and opened at that part in which the dying Emma, on her return from America, when she had left the remains of a husband and a brother she adored, meets her aged father at his door, supported by his servant, and going to attend the funeral of her brother's widow, who had died distracted.

The passage affected Melmoth, and it seemed to have affected somebody else, for he thought he saw a tear upon the page; and he concluded that the reader had thrown down her book in a fit of enthusiasm, and struck off the beautiful combination of sounds he had just heard:

He had scarcely replaced the book, when a young lady passed by the window with a basket of fruit in her hand. She was dressed in a plain white muslin night-gown, with a bonnet of the same, and there was an elegance in her form which struck him.

She presently came back, and stooping down to bind the broken stalk of a carnation that grew in a border before the window, gave him an opportunity of examining her. Her face was beautiful but rather formed to please than to dazzle; her features had such a softness and sweet delicacy in them that they were lost at a distance; and there was a sweetness mingled with melancholy in her look that moved him exceedingly. Her complexion was not striking, but a pleasing expression is

superior to the finest in the world.

Melmoth had never known what it was to be in love, nor did he now then, but he thought he saw something in her countenance which made him wish to be acquainted with her.

The God of Love is a gentle deity; his chains are so light that the victim is a captive when he least suspects it; and his arrows are so finely pointed; that the wound is deepest when it is felt the least. As soon as she was out of sight, he left the apartment, and turning down the dark walk on the other side, soon came to a little rocky cavity overshadowed by the brown foliage of an oak which grew at its entrance.

A seat had been hewn out of the rock on either side, and a spring which gushed from a corner of the roof at the other end, trickled down with a soft lulling sound, and running directly across the floor, entered the rock on the opposite side.

Melmoth sat down to indulge his reflections, when a robin which had been drawn thither by the sound of his feet, hopped confidently in, but when it saw him flew immediately out again.

And will you fly from me, gentle bird?" said he, bending down and stretching out his hand, though I am not the fair being you took me for, I would not hurt you, indeed I would not, but would cherish you for her sake." As he said these words he rose up and continued his ramble until he arrived at an opening in the wood, that presented him with a distant view of the lake and its islands, the colours of which were melted into each other by the soft light of the evening.

He had hardly fixed his eyes on the prospect, when his dog, who had been ranging the garden, rushed across the walk in pursuit of some game he had just started. Come hither, sirrah," said Melmoth, angrily," violate nothing here on pain of your master's displeasure, these are hallowed grounds."

The singularity of the speech, and the warmth with which it was uttered, attracted the notice of an elderly gentleman who was sitting on a bench at a small distance, and whom a sudden turn in the walk had prevented him from seeing.

From his dress he appeared to be a clergyman. He immediately rose up as Melmoth now saw it was too late to return, he walked up to him with a respectful air, and acquainted him with his name, and the particulars of his case, assuring him that nothing but the greatest necessity could have urged him to trespass on his grounds.

You are welcome, Sir," said the stranger, with a smile equally benevolent and polite; "I have always heard your family mentioned with esteem, and I shall consider your company not as an intrusion, but as an honour."

Melmoth returned a bow for this compliment, and taking a brace of birds from his net, he begged his acceptance of them as a small mark of his sense of the obligation. The old gentleman would have declined the present, but Melmoth would not submit to a refusal, and they proceeded along the walk.

"You have a sweet spot here, Sir," said Melmoth, "Yes, Sir," replied the other,

“I take great delight in it, but it has received no ornaments of my taste, it owes all its beauties to my daughter, who, poor girl, since her mother’s death, has been my only companion in this solitude.”

The walk now brought them to a small meadow planted with fruit-trees, and divided by the rivulet which Melmoth had seen before. The steeple of the village church rose on one side, and at the upper end stood an old brick house, the front of which was almost vegetable from the over-growth of the vine with which it was covered.

“This is my dwelling, Sir,” said the old gentleman, it has not much elegance in its appearance, but”—”It has more,” interrupted Melmoth, the venerable appearance of an old house affects me much more deeply than the elegance of a modern one. It seems to breathe something of that generous spirit of hospitality which characterised our ancestors; at least I have always connected that idea with it.

[End of Part 1]

They were now arrived at the door, and Melmoth was shewn into a room fitted up with a great degree of taste. The walls were hung with several flower-pieces cut in paper, and with drawings of different views, which the country around it afforded. The windows looked into the orchard. It was the hour of twilight’s soberest grey: the bat was taking its circles in the air, and now and then the owl hooted and flapped its wings against the casement.

“You live very retired here, Sir,” said Melmoth; “Yes, Sir,” said Mr. Hartop, for that was his name; “but my time is spent so agreeably in the discharge of the duties of my parish, and in cultivating my daughter’s mind, that I do not feel the least regret at my seclusion from the world.”

The door now opened and his daughter made her appearance. “Julia, my dear,” said her father, “this gentleman intends to honour us with his company to night.” Melmoth rose at her entrance, and she received him with a modest look of welcome; a look which she always gave to the friends of her father.

They both sat down, and a silence ensued. Melmoth knew not what to do; when he looked up, his eyes met Julia’s, and he cast them down again. He was soon relieved from his distress by the appearance of supper, the elegant simplicity of which charmed him. It was succeeded by a desert. The flavour of the fruit was exquisite; Melmoth had never tasted any so fine:—they were gathered by the hand of Julia. When the clock struck ten all the servants entered. The master of the family informed his guest that it was the hour of prayer! and on bended knees he poured forth the effusions of a grateful heart, with all the honest fervour of devotion.

Melmoth went to bed early, but he could not chase Julia’s image from his mind. His adventure had something so romantic in it, that he almost doubted its reality; but a few hours before, he did not know that such a being existed, and now his whole existence was enterwoven with her’s.

As soon as it was light, he went down into the garden. The shrubs and flowers,

refreshed with the dew, breathed a fragrance exquisitely pleasing, and the lark soared high in the air, and warbled his trembled thrilling notes of ecstasy.

Melmoth followed the course of the rivulet in its mazes through the grove, till he descended into a dingle, where it widened its stream, and slept upon its rushes. The trees which overhung it reflected so deep a shade that the light was no stronger than that of a bright moon-light, and all was rudeness, silence and solitude. Melmoth sat down on a bank and played a lively air upon his flute.

It was a piece which he himself had composed, and his fancy had already drawn a little circle of fairies dancing round him to the sound, when he was roused by the rustling of the leaves. He started up and looking round, was saluted by Mr. Hartop and his daughter: — they had been taking their morning walk, and accident had pointed it in the very same direction with his. They apologized for their disturbance and entreated him to finish the tune.

He took up his flute and touched a few notes of the voluntary effusion he had heard the night before. Julia blushed: Mr. Hartop observed her confusion, and leading Melmoth to an opening, began to point out to him the beauties of the prospect. It was a little home-scene in the pastoral style. In the valley below, ran a small river with a mill turning in its stream, and a green hill rose on the opposite side, partly covered with furze, and seamed with an winding sheep-walk. In the woodlands on the right and left the birds were singing sweetly in concert; and the pauses of harmony were supplied by the murmurs of the water-mill, and the tinkling of the weather's bell. Melmoth stood listening to these mingled sounds with such a look of pleasure, that he communicated his feelings to his friends.

Julia caught his enthusiasm, and her father smiled.

It was a favourite scene of hers; she had often viewed it, and as often admired it; but she had not known half its beauties till now.

"I hope your little Robin is well this morning," said Melmoth to her, as they were returning to the house.

"Very well, sir," she replied, coloring; "but I did not know that my little friendly visitor had the honour of your acquaintance."—" My daughter," interrupted Mr. Hartop, "has a great affection for the feathered race, and they seem to return it with almost equal warmth. She has at this time a little family of blackbirds under her protection, and she visits them, I believe, every morning with the greatest anxiety for their welfare."

As he said these words, they observed a cat playing with something on the grassplat at a small distance, and Julia stepped up just time enough to see her favorite blackbirds expire at her feet.

"Here they are," said she, bending over them with her hands clasped, "here they are indeed!" As the spoke, she looked up, and her heart's soft tear was in her eye. Melmoth felt it stream over his senses.

He had all the milk of human kindness in his bosom; but at that moment he felt

something more than the simple impulse of humanity within him: and the impression he then received was never lost. As he turned round to conceal his emotion, he saw the cat sitting behind a shrub close at hand, and contemplating with the greatest composure on the little scene of distress which she had occasioned.

Resentment for a moment flushed his cheek, and he took up a stone from the walk to throw at her. "You must not, indeed you must not," said Julia, warmly, "she only pursued the dictate of nature." At these words she lifted her hand to his arm, which was raised in the action; and the tears which had stood trembling on her eye-lids forced their way down her cheeks. Pity's finest strings were then touched, and with her soft and silver sounds the harsh discordant notes of revenge are never in unison.

Melmoth dropped the stone upon the ground, and, whilst he turned aside his head to hide a tear, secretly exclaimed, "What an amiable girl !"

Mr. Hartop stood silent all the while. He looked first at the birds, then at Julia, then at Melmoth, and then at the birds again; his heart was too full to allow him to speak—it ran over through his eyes.

How long this scene lasted I cannot tell; had it been in my power it should have lasted forever; I would have fixed it on the canvas.

The conversation at breakfast became warm and interesting; literature and music were the principle topics. Julia was not silent on either she discovered a delicacy and correctness of taste which astonished Melmoth.

"The study of music," said he, "while it sweetly sooths the sense of hearing, touches the soul, and elevates and refines its nature. I am persuaded there never was a poet who had not a taste for it; though I cannot go so far as a French writer who affirmed, that he who is insensible to its effects, has but half a soul."

Shakespeare's celebrated assertion is not bolder," said Mr. Hartop;" but I think I can confute you by a single instance.  Garrick and Johnson had no taste for music. "

The Italians," said Julia," are enthusiasts in the art; and the French seem to have imbibed their spirit. The fine nerves of J. J. Rousseau were tremblingly alive to its powers; and his extreme fondness for it, I have heard, appears almost in every page of his works. Indeed, those who have touched the springs of pity with the finest hand, have generally presented the idea of music to the mind in their most affecting scenes. Marmontelle has given to Fonrose his hautboy; Julia de Roubigne has her harpsichord; and Maria de Moulins has her flute."

"I do not know a sweeter poem in our language," returned Melmoth, than the Minstrel: it breathes a spirit of melancholy enthusiasm, which captivates the mind irresistibly. The character of Edwin is drawn with exquisite taste, and the whole exhibits some of the most romantic scenes in nature. The idea of his reclining at a distance from the village-dance, 'soothed with soft notes warbling in the wind,' is inexpressibly beautiful."

[The following section in brackets was omitted from American newspaper reprints of the story:

No less so is the reflection that it suggests.
Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! How is that rugged heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He need not woo the muse, he is her scorn
His petition in favor of the singing-birds is sweetly pathetic.
"O let them ne'er with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Julia's eye brightened as he repeated these lines, but the unhappy end of her blackbirds had thrown an air of sadness over her features, which all her efforts could not dissipate. It had stamped upon her countenance

—"That expression sweet of melancholy

"Which captivates the soul."

And as Melmoth was acquainted with its amiable cause, it operated on his feelings with peculiar energy.]

The heart of Julia was all attuned to gentle emotions, and whenever the faded form of sorrow met her eye, the tear of sympathy was ready to start. I have seen her set out in a morning on her little errands of charity to the poor of the village. She entered every cottage with such a smile of sweetness and listened to every tale of family distress with such a look of tender concern, that my heart dilated at the sight.

I would not have exchanged my feelings on that occasion for those of any one under Heaven but herself. Though united to her by no closer bond than that of humanity, I felt a pride an honest pride in the connection; I felt a dignity in my nature which I had never known before.

In the evening, they sailed on the lake, the surface of which was just ruffled enough to show it was alive. A Cormorant was flying over it and fishing; and on the banks, which were steep and shagged with wild shrubs, hung a few goats.

Here and there a grotesque mass of rock projects boldly over the water, with a little shining torrent failing from its brow; and often through the precipices appears a green lawn, embosomed in old woods which climb halfway up the mountains side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. All these objects were reflected on the blue surface of the lake: and no sooner had the boat pushed off from the shore then they started into motion. The rocks, and woods, and mountains passed by in silent succession, and changed their figure at every turn. The rays of the setting sun gave a glow to the landscape, and Melmoth, threw an air of enchantment over it with the dulcet notes of his flute.

Our voyagers were delighted with their expedition. They coasted every island and looked into every bay. Each stroke of the oar pointed out new beauties and inspired new ideas. The spirit of pleasure left not a second of vacancy, and evening had

overshadowed them with her last and deepest shade before they landed. When Melmoth retired to his chamber and reviewed the little incidents of the past day, the exquisite sensibility of Julia thrilled his heart. He took out his pocket-book and penciled on a slip of paper the following lines;

THE BLACKBIRDS:

AN ELEGY.

SPRING had return'd and nature smil'd,
Verdure had crown'd each wood and vale,
All was compos'd, serene, and mild,
And notes of pleasure swell'd the gale.
'Twas then a Blackbird and his mate
In a seringo built their nest,
The patient hen assiduous sat,
With trembling wings and heaving breast.
Two chirpers soon reward their care,
The pledges of their mutual love;
The pleasing task the parents share,
And range for food the blossom'd grove.
Returning thro' a shrubby mead,
The gentle pair, with anguish saw
Their little ones expiring bleed,
Beneath a wanton tyrant's paw.
In vain they feebly flutter'd round,
In vain they pour'd a plaintive lay,
Deaf to the sweet pathetic sound
The plund'rer still retain'd her prey.
"Whither, ah! whither shall we fly?
"Life has no value now," they sung ;
"We'll melt the murd'rer's heart, and die
"With wings stretch d fondly o'er our young."

When he had finished, he thought something was still wanting; —he had not paid a compliment to Julia. He cut his pencil again and again, but it would not do; the string was too fine to touch upon. He went to bed in despair.

In the morning when he took his leave, he presented the paper to Julia. She read the title, and put it, with a smile, into her bosom. But the smile betray'd a secret she wished to have concealed.—It forced a tear down her cheek.

Spirits of love and sympathy!—inspirers of all the soft affections, of all that is beautiful in feeling, and elevated in thought! ye alone can tell, ye, who can awake such thrilling harmony from that sweet instrument the human soul, what fine, what exquisitely fine cement unites congenial natures, what magnetic principle operates upon them.

[End of Part 2]

It was not until three years after, when Melmoth returned from making a tour of Europe, that he had an opportunity of revisiting his friends. He had written to them several times on his travels, but had never received any answer, and he concluded that his letters had miscarried.

Interesting as were all the various scenes which had passed under his eye during that interval, they had not once diverted his thoughts from the beloved subject of their contemplation: Julia mingled in every idea; he had passions, sighs, sentiments, and sensations only for Julia. As soon as he arrived in London, he obtained his father's consent to ask her hand and instantly set off for Westmoreland.

It was toward the close of the third day when he reached the borders of the lake, and he ordered the post-chaise to drive to the bye-path, intending to walk up to the house through the shrubbery that he might surprise them the more agreeably.

When he opened the wicket, he was presented with a scene embellished with all the beauties of spring. The lilac was in full bloom, and the laburnum dropped its golden clusters in a grand profusion; while the softer blossoms of the apple and the almond appeared above the rest and were finely relieved by the fresh verdure of their foliage.

Melmoth recognized every object with the feelings of a friend. Every tree and shrub recalled to his mind the ideas they had inspired when he first walked under their shade; and he bade them welcome with as much ardour as if they had 1 been animate. He looked down, as he passed, at the bench on which he sat when the voice of his Julia first broke upon his ear; and his heart exulted as he looked. But his impatience would not suffer him to indulge the idea. He had a thousand things to say, a thousand little incidents which he had treasured up in his memory to tell of. Every minute seemed an age which did not bring the interview along with it, and he quickened his pace at every step.

When he came to the house, he found a servant sitting in the porch, and he inquired eagerly if Mr. Hartop were within; "No, Sir," she replied, he is just gone to speak over his daughter's grave!" His daughter's grave! interrupted Melmoth in a faultering voice. "Miss Julia's, Sir, she died last week of a consumption. That gate opens into the church yard."

Melmoth felt the intelligence in every nerve. It was the cold point of a dagger at his heart. He did not utter a word in reply, his feelings would not let him; he stood motionless as a statue, gazing on vacancy, and lost in sensations which harrowed up his soul. All the fond hopes he had cherished so long were now extinguished, and in the very moment when he expected their completion. He walked up to the gate, but he could open it; it led to a scene which he knew would quite unman him—he let the latch fall, and burst into tears.

An interval of reason succeeded—it was an interval of patience, humility, and hope—but it was short. The frenzy of his soul returned, he burst the gate open and rushed violently through.

As he hurried along the path that winded among the tombstones, his eyes looked round involuntary for the objects on which they most dreaded to fix; and soon found

them. A number of mourners had ranged themselves in a circle round a grave on one side. It was an interesting group, and Melmoth drew near to examine the weeping figures that composed it. They were villagers whose families Julia had been enabled by her father to keep from want, and who had asked leave to pay this last tribute of gratitude to her memory. Mr. Hartop stood advanced a few steps before the rest, with the volume of inspiration in his hand.

There was a manly resignation expressed in his countenance, and a firmness in the tone of his voice, which shamed Melmoth for his weakness—except now and then when a tear stole down his cheek and melted his accent. He had lost all that was dear to him in this world, and his soul was now ready to take its flight. A good man struggling with adversity, and a thing amidst all its efforts to depress him, is an object on which angels may took down with delight, and which the divine Being must contemplate with peculiar complacency.

As soon as the funeral service was over, and the mourners had departed, Melmoth stepped up to the grave and looked eagerly in; the frantic wildness of his air struck the sexton; who was preparing to throw the earth into it; and he stood fixed in silent astonishment with his foot lifted up on his spade.

Melmoth kept bending over with his eye chained to the inscription on the lid of the coffin. Within it were the remains of one whom he had chosen from the rest of the world—he had seen her walk—her eyes, now forever closed, beam with benevolence and love; and who could not have interpreted their language!—they had once conversed tenderly with his. The thought cut him to the soul—he could not bear it—and he walked hastily away—but he had not gone ten spaces when his strength failed him, and he turned back to take another look. It was too late—the sexton had already fallen to work, and the coffin was to be seen no more; for the last spadeful of earth had covered it. A tear started into his eye at the disappointment, he looked wistfully at the man a moment, but had not the heart to reproach him for it—every feeling within him was tuned to tenderness; he fetched a deep sigh and walked slowly away, weeping as he walked.

In his return to the parsonage house, he met some of the mourners who had been conducting Mr. Hartop home, and he commanded firmness enough to inquire the particulars of an event, the sudden disclosure of which had so strongly affected him. Mr. Hartop, they said, had been confined the year before by a long and dangerous illness; and the closeness and anxiety with which his daughter had attended him during that period, had brought on a slow fever that soon threw her in a decline.

When Melmoth came up to the gate, he felt himself but ill qualified to act the part of a comforter, and he took a turn in the garden in order to compose himself. But Julia had not left the shades which she rendered so dear to him. They were all full of her. He saw her in every object, he felt her at every step, at every instant he heard her well known voice

"Sweet as the Shepherd's pipe upon the hills."

In every wood-scene her gentle figure appeared at a distance among the trees;

she sat on every bench, and stood listening beside every waterfall. He took a path that soon brought him to the edge of a small pool hung round with willows. It was a scene in unison with his feeling, and he threw himself on a seat to indulge the melancholy which had taken possession of his soul.

He looked back on the past, and every sensation within him accused him of folly in his conduct to the Hartops.—To have delayed an alliance even for a moment with virtue, should have shown him unworthy of it; but to go abroad to linger so long in a foreign country; to seek the society of strangers —while Julia was alive; this betrayed such insensibility that he could never forgive himself.

He was rising in an agony of vexation and despair, when happening to turn his eye towards the tree round which the seat was fixed, he observed, his name cut on its bark. Julia did not forget him, though he deserted Julia. The idea, of his having wronged her was more than he could bear every better feeling revolted at it. He took out his penknife, and wiping away the tear that dimmed his eye, he cut Julia Hartop close under his name.

"This tree, said he, "shall not bear such a memorial of her affection without an accompanying one of mine." By the time that he had finished he had acquired some degree of composure, and ventured to return to the house. When he reached the door he found it open, and stepped into the hall. He waited a few minutes for a servant to introduce him, but none happened to come; and, after a little hesitation, he walked softly into the parlour. The first object that net his eye was the venerable figure of his friend, sitting by a table, and leaning on his hand, with his eye cast down, in the attitude of meditation—The sight of the room in which they had last met, gave him back the sensation he then felt.—When he looked round on the furniture and saw every chair and table, every flower-piece and drawing, just in the places he had left them, Julia entered his bosom, and touched at a thousand points; he trembled, and would have given the world to go back.

He made an effort to speak, but the words he would have uttered died on his lips. —Mr. Hartop lifted his eyes from the ground. At the sight of Melmoth he started from his seat—he took his hand—he looked him full in the face—the tears came—You are come, Sir," said he, " to a house of mourning; but, I hope, you will not repent your visit: the obligation it confers is deeply felt. I have suffered severely in my family since I saw you last—I have lost a daughter, and such a daughter;"—he paused—" I have had the distress to see her die by inches before my face—and with such angel meekness did she bear it all:"—he paused again: nature melted within him at the thought: it revived the images of tenderness in his memory, and all the father rushed into his eyes.

"But I am not without consolation," he added, pointing with a triumphant action of the hand to a bible, that lay open on the table," I am not without hope. That book assures me we shall meet again—meet in a better and happier world, never, never to be parted."

He cast a look upward as he said this. A silence of a few moments followed stepped up to the mantle-piece, and taking down a portrait—the portrait of Julia, he presented it to Melmoth. "I was charged," said he, to deliver this to you, Sir, as soon

as the original was no more. She drew it herself, a little before she died; and in her last moments, she intrusted it with me, as her legacy to one, with whom she had once wished to be united."

Melmoth gazed on her miniature with a kind of weeping rapture that wants a name. He dwelt on every feature, till imagination gave it life. He saw again that face with all its touching sweetness of expression, which his heart had just told him he should see no more; and he forgot for a moment that he held only the semblance in his hand.

"Perish the lover whose imperfect flame
"Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd![69]"

Mr. Hartop felt himself overcome. Every nerve was shaken; and he walked up to the window to conceal his emotion: a robin at that instant flew down to pick up some crumbs that had been thrown on the grass-plot—It was Julia's—He burst into tears.

The good old man did not long survive his daughter. A shock so severe soon broke a constitution which time had already shattered; and when he died, he left his little all to Melmoth. He was buried, as he had desired, in the same grave with his wife, and daughter; and one plain stone, with as plain an inscription, marks the spot.

Melmoth immediately returned into the active scenes of life. A natural gaiety of temper, and a fine flow of spirits, soon dispelled the gloom which hung over his mind; but the loss he had sustained was never forgotten; and often, in his brightest moments, when the image of Julia crossed his mind, he would step aside into the shade to dwell on her virtues, and feel the melancholy luxury of tears[70].

## Endnotes

1 Carolina Parakeet (*Conuropsis carolinensis*).

2 This might be the first true "spare the birds" story. Not just a lecture about utility and ecology but a plea to not kill.

3 This seems to be in error. This is a British story.

4 This account is from *Bewick's History of British Birds* told by Dr. Heysham, 1775.

5 The poem features all native American species. The same issue of the Port Folio featured a poem titled "The Robin's Return."

6 John Gay wrote "but man, curs'd man! on turkies preys" in his fable "The Turkey and the Ant," 1726 .

7 Emu (*Dromaius novaehollandiae*).

8 Sensibility shared with birds. In a November 1882 *Gentleman's Magazine* piece by Phil. Robinson,"Birds of Beauty and of Song," he notes the poets who refer to the woodlark by name: Shenstone, Burns, Lyttleton, Cunningham, Scott, Wordsworth, Thomson, Montgomery, Dryden, Hemans, Keats, and Mary Howitt. "But how many of these meant the bird they name, it is difficult to say." In other words, it is just a singing bird in the woods, not a species.

9 This is Pindar's "Ode IV." (1788)

10 This is likely the same as *Infant's Cabinet of Birds & Beasts* published 1820. Pictures of animals with animal name underneath (The Swan, the Vulture, The Lark, The Turkey etc. Both domestic and British birds.)

11 The *Columbian Minerva* August 3, 1802 ran a different version, also widely circulated. "Uncommon as it may seem to sportsmen in this part of the country—who so often complain of the scarcity of birds—we can furnish them with a fact, which must make them sigh for the solitudes of New York and Vermont; and their fingers itch to participate in the sport.— In the town of Hillsdale…"

12 Here is the passage referred to: "Spring," verses 104-147: "Rooks. Wood Scenery. Various Birds"

But still unsafe the big swoln grain below,
A fav'rite morsel with the rook and crow;
From field to field the flock increasing goes;
To level crops most formidable foes:
Their danger well the wary plunderers know,
And place a watch on some conspicuous bough;
Yet oft the sculking gunner by surprise
Will scatter death amongst them as they rise.
These, hung in triumph round the spacious field,
At best will but a short-lived terror yield:
Nor guards of property; (not penal law,
But harmless riflemen of rags and straw);
Familiariz'd to these, they boldy rove,
Nor heed such centinels that never move.
Let then your birds lie prostrate on the earth,

In dying posture, and with wings stretch'd forth;
Shift them at eve or morn from place to place,
And death shall terrify the pilfering race;
In the mid air, while circling round and round,
They'll call their lifeless comrades from the ground;
With quick'ning wing, and notes of loud alarm,
Warn the whole flock to shun the' impending harm.
…
(Whence inspiration, pure as ever flow'd,
And genuine transport in his bosom glow'd)
His own Shrill matin join'd the various notes
Of Nature's music, from a thousand throats :
The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,
And Echo answer'd from her close retreat;
The sporting white-throat on some twig's end borne,
Pour'd hymns to freedom and the rising morn;
Stopt in her song perchance the starting thrush
Shook a white shower from the black-thorn bush,
Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,
And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.
Across his path, in either grove to hide…

13 *The Salem Register* (September 2, 1802) added "On Monday morning last, Mr. Paul Upton of this town, killed upwards of a gross of the above birds in about three hours."

14 Note that this version had already passed through various versions, quite changed from the original in *Gleanings through Wales, Holland, and Westphalia. Vol 3*, which begins with a complaint about cats. The story was being excerpted in British publications as early as 1796; this seems to have been the first American newspaper (of many more to come) to publish the story.

15 The *Green Mountain Patriot* (October 20,1802 10 20) introduced the story as follows: "The following narrative is distinguished by a tender and beautiful simplicity of style, which has rarely been excelled. An incident trifling in its nature, by the force of strong and glowing colors, is wrought up to a most pathetic and interesting tale. The hint was probably taken from Yorick's story of the "Dead Ass." It possesses all the pathos without any of the ludicrous circumstances of that adventures. The death of Pratt's "Canary Bird" may vie with the distraction of Sterne's Maria. It will steal many a tear from the eye of sensibility, and beguile many an hour of its real and imaginary sorrow."

16 The story continues in the original…. In volume 2 of *Gleanings through Wales, Holland, and Westphalia*, Pratt wrote:

"The small birds in Holland particularly domesticated. The author's intimate friendship with several of them during the hard frost" The poor little domestic birds (sparrows, robins, &c.) how this hard weather has subdued their usual independence! How they throw themselves on us for protection! I have already more than twenty of these winged pensioners, who seem to have no resource but what they receive from the crumbs that fall from my table. At this moment they are seated on a board outside of my chamber window, on opening which, several of them have actually come in, hopping about my room, warmed themselves at my fire, and, thus refreshed, again take wing and brave the element. Birds are at all times more tame here than I have seen them elsewhere; but in the severe part of the year, so absolutely throw themselves in the way of your bounty, that a man's charity must very perversely "pass by on the other side," not to see,

and seeing, he must have a heart yet colder than the ice, not to accommodate their little wishes. What pleasure there is in gentle offices, whether administered to bird, beast, or man! How it refreshes one in warm, how it animates one in rigorous weather! A redbreast is trotting over my carpet as I write; a poor frost-nipped chaffinch is nestling almost in the ashes of my buzaglio; and a sparrow who had, after warming himself, ascended my table, is within the length of his beak of the paper on which I am writing. I nod and tell him, as he slopes his curious head to the writing, 'tis all about himself and his associates; and the little fellow, with the pleasant pertness which characterizes the sparrow-tribe, looks saucily into my face with his head aside, as much as to say, A very good subject! Glean away, friend!

But though he, you and I, may think so, some critics may be of a different opinion. "An author and his reader are not always of a mind," says Johnson. Cold as the snow and biting as the frost, the literary caviller also may ask, whether "two sparrows are not sold for a farthing?" and by way of inference demand, what can that leaf be worth that is wasted in describing or supplying their wants? The literary caviller shall not be honoured with a reply: but should the true critic…in this instance, at least, I feel assured of the uncontracted brow; for they will consider, that if in the eye of Omnipotence "one of these sparrows shall not fall to the ground," but his divine ministry must deal the blow, their lives, their comforts, their distress must be of some account in the eye of humanity; and he that saves them from falling shall at least disarm criticism, if he has no claim to praise. And after all our magnificence,

"These little things are great to little man."

And if they were not, the time and paper, and room in my book they have here employed, shall be nothing lost, even to the reader who values only quantity; for, that such reader may be no loser, I promise him a long letter gratis on great subjects…. [later talks about "Republican" storks, quails, swans, ravens in Holland]

Pratt's poem "Humanity," which is appended to the volume, includes some verses with birds and cruel man

And the bird ravish'd from its tender song,
That in reward of all her musick giv'n,
The lark is murder'd as she soars to Heav'n:
…

17 Duke Albert. It is a famous story: a messenger tells Albert about the sack of Zug, and he changes the subject to the care of his falcons (had they been properly fed?)

18 Robinson was an acclaimed British actress, newspaper poet, and later novelist with a tragic backstory.

19 Pursuits of Literature was a "satirical poem" by T.J. Mathias.

20 Originally in *The Sporting Magazine* for May 1802. In the same issue there is a letter on the "Utility of Birds."

21 Hassey's ad now includes a cut of a European Goldfinch.

22 This the first newspaper report I can find about the flight of passenger pigeons. It is interesting that at the time, the spectacle was considered an omen.

23 Herodotus, *Histories*, Vol 1. Book 2:75.

24 "Praise the Lord! The Sun of Morning." This is a Lutheran hymn.

25 “Birds of the Muses” are bees.

26 *Monthly Review*, 1767, “Discourse concerning Compassion due to the Brute-Creation…designed for the Use of Little Children.” see David Perkins (2003) *Romanticism and Animal Rights*, Cambridge UP.

27 Samuel John Galton, *The Natural History of Birds*, 1791, with beautiful plates.

28 Canonicus was the chief of the Narragansetts when the Pilgrims arrived.

29 In *Key to the Indian Language*, Roger Williams gives and account of “Canounicus,” who “once in a solemne Oration to my self, in a solemne assembly…said, I have never suffered any wrong to be offered to the English since they landed…He tooke a sticke and broke it into ten pieces, and related ten instances (laying downe a sticke to every instance) which gave him cause thus to feare…](Chapter VIII. Of Discourse and Newes.)

In the same chapter, Williams also notes of Native Americans: “Their desire of, and delight in newes, is great, as the Athenians, and all men, more or lesse; a stranger that can relate newes in their owne language, they will stile him Manitióo, a God… “

In *Key to the Indian Language* Roger Williams has a long and meaningful chapter on “fowle,” which provide an indigenous persepective on several bird species:

Black-birds “Chógan, ẽuck” Obs. Of this sort there be millions, which are great devourers of the Indian corn as soon as it appears out of the ground; unto this sort of birds, especially, may the mystical fowles, the divells be well resembled (and so it pleaseth the Lord Jesus himself to observe, Matth. 13. which mystical fowle follow the sowing of the Word, and pick it up from loose and careless hearers, as these black-birds follow the materiall seed.

Against the birds the Indians are very careful, both to set their corn deep enough that it may have a strong root, not so apt to be plucked up (not too deep lest they bury it, and it never come up:) as also they put up little watch-houses in the middle of their fields, in which they, or their biggest children lodge, and early in the morning prevent the birds, etc.

Crow (Kaukont tuock). These birds, although they do the corn also some hurt, yet scarce will one Native amongst a hundred will kill them, because they have a tradition that the crow brought them at first an Indian grain of corn in one ear and an Indian or French bean in another, from the Great God Kautantowwits field in the southwest from whence they hold came all their corn and beans.

Sachim is a little bird about the bigness of a swallow, or less, to which the Indians give that name because of its Sachim or Princelike courage and command over the greater birds, that a man shall often see this small bird pursue and vanquish and put to flight the crow and other birds far bigger than itself.

The hawk [Wushówunan] which the Indians keep tame about their houses to keep the little birds from their corn.

30 This all farce: the product of John Richard Desborus Huggins’s elaborate advertising campaign collected in *Hugginiana* (see John Strachan’s *Advertising and Satirical Culture in the Romantic Period*. Strachan includes Hassey’s ads as if they were written by Huggins, but they appear to be independent.

31 Rodomontade is bragadacio. The name of the tune is actually “Good people, I’ll tell you no Rodomontade.”]

32 Alexander Pope, "An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," about fame and reputation.

33 This remarkably opaque-to-modern-readers satire is very likely about David Dagget, Mayor of New Haven and a judge (crow), who published the pamphlet, "Steady Habits Vindicated" in 1805. The nine point list was likely based on a pamphlet by "Simon Holdfast" (Dagget) published in 1803, titled "Facts are Stubborn Things, or Nine Plain Questions to the People of Connecticut." The background is the continued animosity of Federalists and Jeffersonians expressed through their party papers, especially the Federalist use of the Sedition Act to quiet critics.

An August 25 followup:

"A certain smiling, would-be-though special pleader of New-Haven, has lately opened a shop for the purpose of retailing slander against Col. Kirby and other republican characters. It is said he is supplied from the wholesale store of Simon Holdfast & Co. Benny the Crow is employed as an understrapper, to peddle off such lies as his employers would be ashamed to circulate.—Benny, however, is so little, and bites so quick at any bait, that I would advise Don Quixote to set a mouse-trap for him "The poor Crow is convinced by this time, that he is no Eagle."… Federalists! Shall we be provoked to lift up the curtain behind which you have so long concealed your real character?..."

34 1793, considered to be two poems.

35 This is the 1802 version printed in the *Morning Post*, October 1802. Later revised in variety of versions.

36 Another ad by Huggins. It is not clear if this was done with Hassey's cooperation.

37 This excerpt would recirculate in 1814 under the title "The Bird Hermit."

38 The passage continues in the original: "If there is a happy man upon this earth, I have seen that extraordinary man, and here he dwells!—his features, his manners, all his looks and actions, announce it;—yet he had not even a single *maravedi* in his pocket:—money is as useless to him, as to one of his black-birds."

39 The book is dialogue-based. In it animals talk to each other about their abuse at hands of humans. It includes a long account of an owl seized by children and confined, and a sparrow, confined and tormented by children.

40 1798 by Edward Augustus Kendall. Kendall also published *The Canary Bird* (who gives an account of himself to the feathered Congress), *The Crested Wren*, and the *Swallow*.

41 The original also cites Johnson, Somerville, Cowper and goes on to criticize hunting of a hare.

42 Another article in same volume is headed "ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ" [*Epea Pteroenta* (Winged Words, a Homeric phrase)] and titled "On the agency of the feathered tribe in agriculture" by "Olvium Nutritor" Lyndhurst, July 4. Paragraphs on the benefits of small birds and references work of sparrows "during the time they are feeding their young, destroy weekly four or five thousand caterpillars"

43 We've seen this fable/poem in volume 2 applied to the Revolutionary War. Here it has been pressed into service in the controversy between Democrats and Federalists. Quids were faction of Democratic-Republicans that broke with Jefferson, led by John Randolph, unsatisfied

with Jefferson. (Derived from *tertium quid*, the third way).

44 The *New-York Evening Post* (August 28, 1805) 1805 08 28 includes the following:

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed do hereby agree to form an Association under the name and description of The Brush Club, and we do hereby individually pledge ourselves to each other, that we will not shoot any Heath-Hens or Grouse, within the County of Suffolk or Queens on Long Island, at any time between the first day of January and the fifth day of October, in each year, that we will not purchase any Grouse killed by any other person at any time between the first day of February and the fifth day of October; but that we will discourage and prevent, as far as may be within our power or influence, all conduct of any person whatever that may be a variance with the letter and spirit of this agreement, and the design of the Association.

Least any person should suppose they may kill Grouse and bring them to market in the unlawful season, it may be proper to observe that should any such birds appear in our markets, the clerk of the market will take care to have them seized, and the persons bringing them prosecuted according to law.

45 The public sphere of fish., so to speak...

46 An eclipse had happened in the U.S. earlier that year.

47 Eskimo curlew, currently considered to be an extinct species.

48 Edward Young. Night-Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality, c. 1742

49 From *The Cabinet*, an opera by Thomas Dibdin, published 1805. . This appears to be the duet referenced:

Orlando. Ah! could I hope my fair to see!
Floretta. Haste, then, and hope to find her;
Orlando. No hope—Alas! She's flown from me,
Floretta. Indeed! then never mind her.
The bird that sings from yonder cage
Orlando. To me sings notes of sorrow,
And adds new transports to my rage,
Floretta. You'll change your note tomorrow.

50 Alexander Wilson references this story in his *American Ornithology*, leading some to speculate that he was the author.

51 Wilson apparently offered this prospectus to many newspapers. This is the only full example I have been able to find.

52 Note that the same volume includes "Some remains of Antiquity" and discussion of bird superstitions/ birds sacred to Native Americans. By Benjamin Smith Barton (To the Rev. Dr. Joseph Priestly)

p. 206 begins discussion of birds that are objects of superstitious veneration among the present races of North American Indians

Among the Lennape, or Delawares, the owl is held in particular veneration or regard (because it is a "guard over them by night")

BSB includes a long note about sacredness of snowy owl among Mongol, considered to have allowed Genghis Khan to have escaped pursuers.

Young priests among the Creek-Indians carry a stuffed owl, as badge of their profession.

Indians in Virginia revere small bird (unidentified); there is a story that an Indian that killed it was taken away. Bird is only heard in the twilight. BSB believes it is the Whip-poor-will, called the We coo lis of the Delawares. Some apparently considered to be the souls of massacred Indians.

53 Wilson includes parts of this letter in his account of the species in his *American Ornithology*, but does not believe that shrikes uses their larders as bait for other birds.

54 The Editor adds a note on the Condor: "For a particular description of this bird, the reader is referred to the fourth page of last week's paper."

55 The Original is "The Orphans. A Song," credited to ***. *The Monthly Mirror* for February, 1807, London. Later collected in *The Universal Songster: Or, Museum of Mirth*.

56 See *The Republican Argus* (May 10, 1809) for full poem.

57 Other places designated in advertisements to receive subscriptions included: Mr. S. Patten, Bookseller, for the District of Maine; the Book-store of Cushing and Appleton, Salem; Coale & Thomas, No. 176 Market St., Baltimore; Bradford and Inskeep's Bookstore No 4 South Third street, Philadelphia; the Bookstore of Mr. Samuel Pleasants, Richmond; the office of the *Republican*, Savannah, Georgia; samples of the first volume could be seen at the Philadelphia Library and Peale's Museum.

58 The original continues with Wilson's accounts of the Wood Thrush, Robin, and Golden-winged Woodpecker ("He attempts also, and with considerable humor and effect, to vindicate this species from the aspersions thrown on the whole of the woodpecker tribe, in the well known philipick of Buffon")

59 The original continues with Wilson's accounts of the Orchard Oriole, Great American Shrike, Summer Redbird, etc. *Select Reviews*, by itself, made extensive sections of the *American Ornithology* available for reprinting in newspapers.

60 The *American Ornithology* was available in June 1809. Papers around the country printed notices that subscribers could finally receive their copies.

61 A reference to the story of Psapho (see Volume 1) and the Jacobin storm petrels (Volume 2).

62 Shaw's began in 1800, with multiple volumes and high quality engravings. Volume 7 (1809) was dedicated to birds. This whole section was taken from *Select Reviews of Literature and Spirit of Foreign magazines*, Vol 2, 1809.

63 This was an important story in the "useful bird" literature. Generally speaking, Shaw was positive with regard to American Blackbirds ("Red-Shouldered Orioles" and "Purple Grakles"). Shaw repeats the 1749 blackbird story.

64 The *Boston Mirror* during this time, devoted a full page to submissions by would-be poets.

65 "Freedom and Peace," which features figurative vultures.

66 This was Scudder's Museum, later sold to P.T. Barnum. Note that the expression "Book of Nature" was, far from being obscure philosophy, was advertising language.

67 As far as I can tell, this was never realized.

68 According to one source, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse's first course of Lectures on Natural History, given in Cambridge, Massachusetts from 1788 to 1809, induced many to "peruse the volume of the Creation, in a language which has gone out to all the ends of the earth, unaffected by the confusion of Babel." (a line from Francis Bacon).

Harvard has digitized Waterhouse's handwritten lecture notes, including the lecture on ornithology, which includes this passage: "Man must despair of ever flying by the help of feathered wings. The only chance he has must be with wings like a bat, which singular creature has no air-cells and has lungs and breathes as we do."

69 This passage from Shenstone was not in the original.

70 The original ends with some lines in Latin from Gray's "The Tear":

*O lachymarum fons, tenero sacros*
*Ducentium ortus ex animo; quarter*
*Felix! In imo qui scatentem*
*Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.*